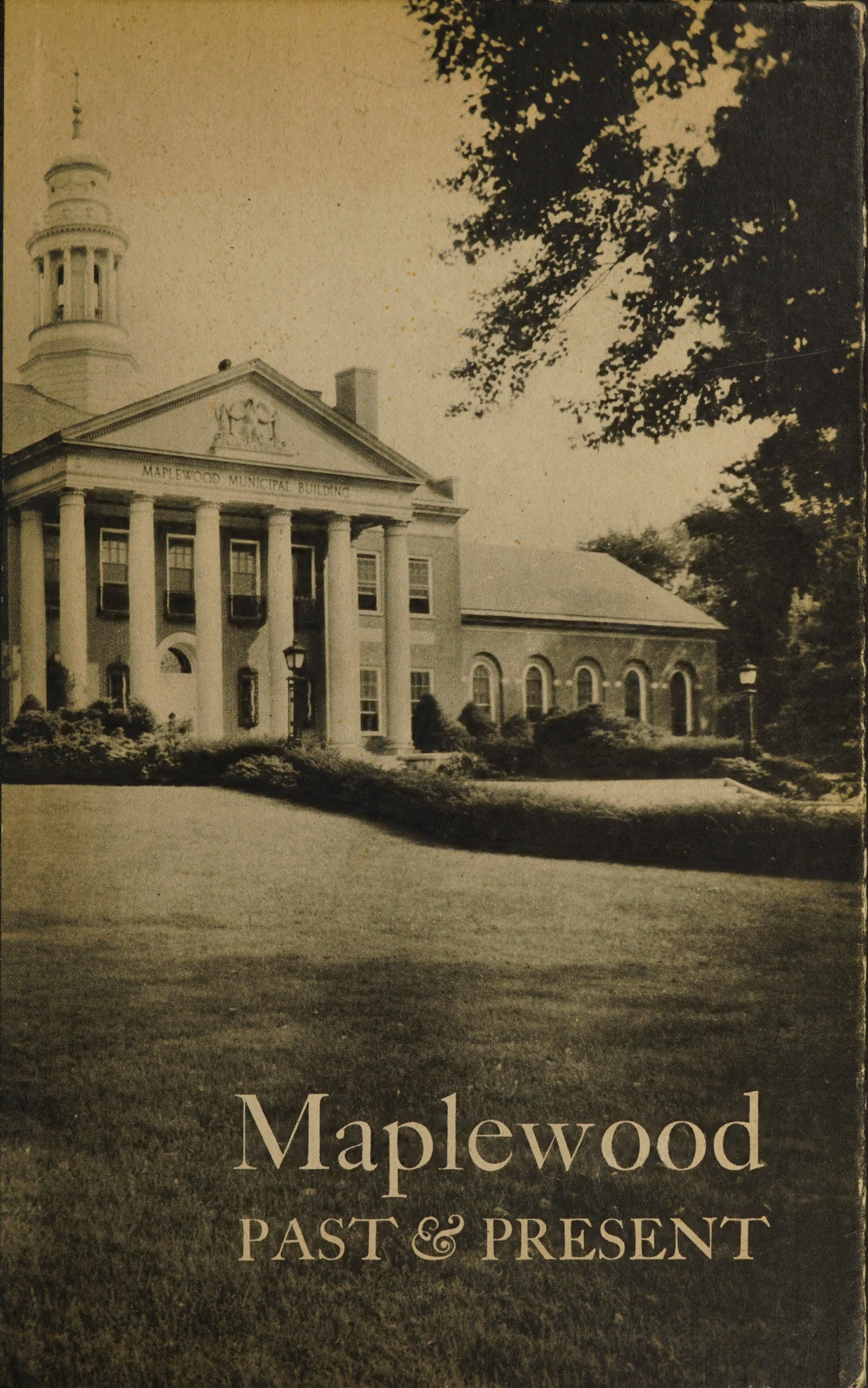
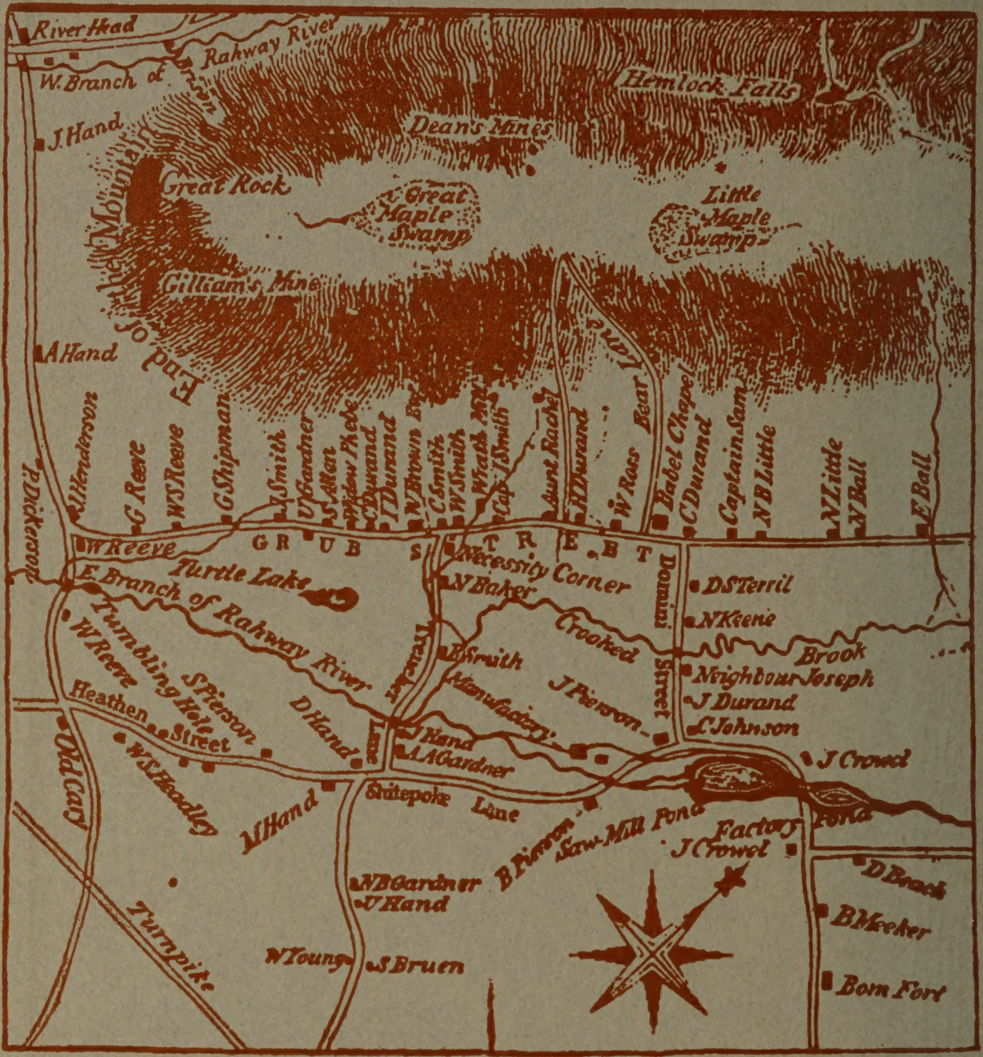

MAPLEWOOD MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Maplewood

PAST & PRESENT


River Head
Rahway River
W. Branch of
J. Hand
Dean's Mines
Hemlock Falls
Great Rock
Great Maple Swamp
Little Maple Swamp
Gilliam's Mine
End of the Mountain
A Hand
P. Dickerson
J. Henderson
G Reeve
W S Reeve
G Shipman
J. Smith
U Gardner
S Allen
Widow Phebe
C Durand
I Durand
N Brown
C Smith
W Smith
Wards Mill
Capt. J Smith
Aunt Rachel
H Durand
W Ross
Bear Lane
Babel Chapel
C Durand
Captain Sam
N B Little
N Little
N Ball
E Ball
W Reeve
GRUB STREET
Necessity Corner
N Baker
Turtle Lake
E. Branch of Rahway River
D S Terril
N Keene
Crooked Brook
Dominie Street
Neighbour Joseph
J Durand
C Johnson
Tumbling Hole
W Reeve
S Pierson
D Hand
Trencher Lane
E Smith
Manufactory
J Pierson
J Hand
A Gardner
Heathen Street
W S Headley
M Hand
Shitepoke Lane
J Crowel
Saw Mill Pond
Factory Pond
J Crowel
B Pierson
Old Cary
Turnpike
N B Gardner
V Hand
W Young
S Bruen
D Brack
B Meeker
Bom Fort

Jefferson Village, 1815

BEAR LANE NOW CLAREMONT AVENUE

GRUB STREET NOW RIDGEWOOD ROAD

DOMINIE STREET NOW JEFFERSON AVENUE

TRENCHER LANE NOW BAKER STREET

HEATHEN STREET AND SHITEPOKE LANE
NOW VALLEY ST.

TURNPIKE NOW SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 02950 4302

Gc 974.902 M32m

Maplewood, past and present

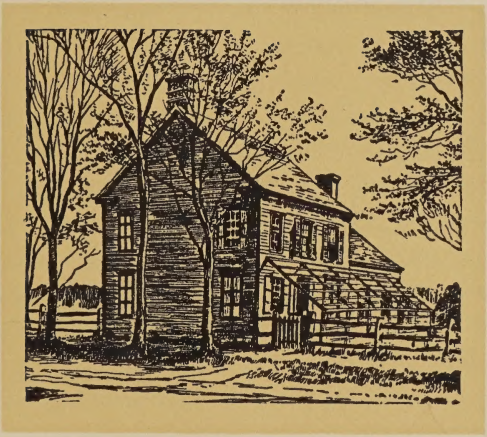
Maplewood
Past and Present

A Miscellany

Maplewood Past and Present

A Miscellany

EDITED BY HELEN B. BATES



MR. ELLSWORTH G. FERREIRA
13 HIGHLAND AVENUE
MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
1948

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY FRIENDS OF THE MAPLEWOOD LIBRARY

DESIGNED AND PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Foreword

This little book had its origin in a horse-and-buggy-days program arranged and presented by Everett P. Balch at a gathering of the Friends of the Maplewood Library in April, 1945. At this meeting Mr. Balch read from manuscript reminiscences which had been written at his request by a number of Maplewood people whose memories of the town went back forty years or more. The reminiscences aroused great interest and a proposal that they be put into permanent form met with such an enthusiastic response that a plan took shape to expand them into a Maplewood book to include other material as well. In the intervening three years this has been done, and *Maplewood Past and Present* is the result.

The book is in no sense a history of the town; rather, it is a miscellany written by numerous hands and presenting varied material, some old, some new, arranged in roughly chronological order to give a picture of the way people have lived in this valley from the time of its earliest settlement to the present. It is the hope of the editors that it may awaken pleasant memories in those who have lived here a long time, and that later comers may find their pride in Maplewood's present enhanced by an increased understanding of its past.

Acknowledgments

The Editorial Committee acknowledges with appreciation and gratitude its indebtedness to the following:

To Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to reprint material from *The Life and Times of A. B. Durand* by John Durand; to the Newark Museum for permission to reproduce the painting, "Woodland Scene," by Asher B. Durand; to the Newark Free Public Library for permission to use the line cut of the Seth Boyden house shown on the title page; to H. A. Foster for permission to use material from *The Evolution of the School District of South Orange and Maplewood, 1818-1927*, written by his father, Henry W. Foster; to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., through the good offices of Miss Nora Cordingly, Librarian of the Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Harvard University, for permission to reproduce the excerpt from *The Notebooks of Theodore Roosevelt*; to the late Mrs. Lewis Pierson, and to Hubert L. Pierson for the use of family documents and material; to L. D. Crowell for permission to use the manuscript copy of *The Annals of the Beach Family* written by the Reverend David Nelson Beach, as well as for old photographs and invaluable information; to Mrs. C. B. Riker and Miss Alice Carpenter for permission to make excerpts from the Notebook of their father, Daniel Hoagland Carpenter; to Mrs. George C. Wilson for biographical material about her father, James Ricalton; to Mrs. Stewart Des Brisay for permission to reproduce the 1815 Map of Jefferson Village, and the photograph of the kitchen fireplace in Washington Inn; to Mrs. Edmund R. Halsey for permission to quote from her booklet *Do You Remember?*; to Carol Van Ness Casey for use of the *School Reports* of his uncle, Andrew Van Ness; to Miss Marion Osborn for the loan of the bound copy of *This Week*; to Homer Fleming for old photographs and for permission to reproduce the wash drawings of the Fleming house; to Mrs. Charlotte Crowell Salter for the use of material in old family notebooks; to the Maplewood Free Public Library for generous aid; to the Irvington Free Public Library for information about early Hilton families; to numerous residents of Maplewood who contributed information,

suggestions, and recollections; and to those patient owners of early houses in the town who willingly allowed us to inspect, inquire, and speculate as to dates, changes, former owners, and associations.

We are especially conscious of our indebtedness to the late George K. Thompson and to his daughter Miss Gladys Thompson for unfailing encouragement and aid, for their help in securing and checking data, for putting at our disposal the wide knowledge of the town which Mr. Thompson had acquired through many years, and for permitting unlimited use of the unique collection of pictures of Maplewood now incorporated in the two Library volumes forming a Pictorial History of Maplewood—among these last, the photograph of Theodore Roosevelt as a boy, presented to Mr. Thompson by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr.

Finally, the Committee acknowledges its deep indebtedness to Everett P. Balch for the continuous interest with which he has supported the idea of the book from the beginning, as well as for his very practical backing without which the publication of *Maplewood Past and Present* would not have been possible.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

HELEN B. BATES, *Chairman*
ELLEN S. UPTEGROVE
MARY O. DAWSON

Contents

Foreword v
Acknowledgments vii
1. Jefferson Village in 1796, by John Durand 3
2. Asher Brown Durand, by Helen B. Bates 9
3. Life in the Valley, 1814, by Henry W. Foster 27
4. Elder Joseph Gildersleeve of the Baptist Chapel 35
5. Pierson's Mill, by Ellen S. Uptegrove 39
6. The Glen, by David Nelson Beach 43
7. Excerpts from the Notebook of Daniel Hoagland Carpenter 53
8. Jefferson Village—Maplewood Schools 60
9. James Ricalton, by Helen B. Bates 69
10. "The Hickories" and Theodore Roosevelt, by Bessie Sharp 76
11. The Hilton Section, by Mary Oakley Dawson 79
12. Middleville School Report, May 13, 1859, by Andrew J. Van Ness 121
13. "I See by the Papers," 1875 Style 123
14. Hilton Boy, by G. Clifford Jones 128
15. A Sheaf of Memories: 141
    E. Morgan Barradale 143
    Charlotte I. Crowell Salter 148
    Minnie Van Iderstine 152
    E. C. Balch, Jr. 152
    William H. Kemp 157
    H. N. Balch 159
    Warren S. Gulick 160
    T. B. Dally 165
    Everett P. Balch 168
    Frederic W. Smith 169
    Mrs. Lyall Harcourt 171
    D. B. Munsick 172
    William B. Sayer 173
16. Let's Not Forget! 175
17. The Crowell Cider Mill 179

18. Memorabilia of Maplewood, by John R. Charlton 182
19. Maplewood, 1902 188
20. The Ward Home 192
21. Some Early Maplewood Houses: 194
The Timothy Ball House 194
The Old Stone House 199
The Tichenor House 203
The House on "Necessity Corner" 204
The Fleming House 206
The Ripley House 207
The Amzi Ball House 208
The Littell House 210
The Aaron Brown House 211
The Brick House 212
The Pierson House 213
The Philander Ball House 214
The Sayre House 215
Index 217

Illustrations

Map of Jefferson Village made in 1815 by Cyrus Durand, belonging to Mrs. Stewart Des Brisay *Endpaper*
The House on "Necessity Corner" *facing page 4*
The Crowell House from an old photograph belonging to L. D. Crowell 5
*The Amzi Ball House 5
"Woodland Scene," a painting by Asher B. Durand in the possession of the Newark Museum 20
*House built by Asher B. Durand in 1869 21
Pierson's Mill 40
The Pierson House 41
The Old Stone House 48
The Brick Schoolhouse 49
*Theodore Roosevelt as a boy 76
A passage from the Notebooks of Theodore Roosevelt in the Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Harvard University 76
The Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt house, The Hickories, from a photograph belonging to Miss Bessie Sharp 76
The C. V. S. Roosevelt carriage and pair from a photograph belonging to Miss Bessie Sharp 76
James Ricalton, from a newspaper clipping 77
*Maplewood School, built in 1868 77
Columbia High School 77
The marker in the triangle on Springfield Avenue 84
Statue of Seth Boyden in Washington Park, Newark 85
*Seth Boyden's shop 85
*Olympic Park about 1905 100
*The Hilton School about 1880 101
The Arcularius House from an old photograph belonging to Mrs. Hazel Arcularius Dare 101
*Early timetable of the Morris and Essex Railroad 148
*Maplewood Railroad Depot about 1890 149

* Illustrations with asterisk are from photographs in the collection assembled by the late George K. Thompson and Miss Gladys Thompson, and presented by them to the Free Public Library of Maplewood and the Hilton Branch Library. The pen drawings of the corner fireplace, the Union Chapel in Middleville, and the Baptist Chapel in Jefferson Village are the work of Miss Ann Strieby.

Baker Street from an old postcard belonging to Miss Bessie Sharp 164
Parker Avenue and Prospect Street in 1880, from an old photograph belonging to Homer Fleming 164
View in Memorial Park 165
Morrow Memorial Church 165
The Fleming House in 1893 from a wash drawing by Homer Fleming, in his possession 165
The Tichenor House 180
*Crowell Cider Mill 181
Crowell apple orchard from an old photograph belonging to L. D. Crowell 181
The Timothy Ball House, now Washington Inn 196
Kitchen fireplace, Timothy Ball House, from a photograph belonging to Mrs. Stewart Des Brisay 197
Maplewood Woman's Club 212
Duck Pond, Memorial Park 213

Maplewood
Past and Present

A Miscellany

1 • Jefferson Village in 1796

BY JOHN DURAND

ASHER BROWN DURAND, distinguished engraver and painter of portraits and landscapes, was born in Jefferson Village, now Maplewood, in 1796. He was without question the most notable figure to come out of the early Jefferson Village days. A biography of him written by his son John contains a description of the Village in which his father was born, and it is here reprinted as the earliest known picture of our valley, and of life as it was lived here before 1800.[1]

"It is necessary to convey some idea of the region of country into which my father was born, as well as of his social environment. It is probable that the few houses, painted either dingy red or white, which stretched along the road at the base of the southern end of the Orange mountain, had no name previous to the Declaration of Independence, a document which rendered its author the most famous man of his time throughout the country. As a matter of fact, the few houses could scarcely be called a village; there was no blacksmith's shop, no grocery and dry-goods store, no tavern furnishing a lodging place for wayfarers, or a bar for toper or politician, no church: its devout inhabitants, chiefly Presbyterian, generally walked, on Sundays, to the church of that denomination at Springfield, the settlement that gave its name to the township in which Jefferson Village was located. The only public building in the village was a schoolhouse,[2] a building which, as the centre of a hamlet, forms the nucleus institution of American primitive life. Distant from the turnpike or toll road running between the two large towns of Morristown and Newark, the former at this time with two hundred and fifty inhabitants, and the latter with one hundred and forty-one houses and a population of one thousand, Jefferson Village lacked the usual stimulants of trade and travel which beget 'business,' the source of all progress in America; and accordingly for a long time it remained 'slow' and deficient in local enterprise. To atone for this deficiency, however, Jefferson Village possessed picturesque and moral advantages. Situated in a valley, formed on the west by the Orange mountain, and to the east by the opposite ridge of high ground declining towards Newark and the sea-level, it afforded for the lover of nature the centre of a quiet rural landscape, not everywhere to be met with. Generally of one story, each house was shaded by a pine, willow or black walnut tree, while there was attached to it a garden for vegetables, and a dooryard containing a grass-plot and flowers; in front, close by the road, there usually stood a well-curb, with an 'old oaken bucket' suspended to a 'sweep': by which any thirsty wayfarer, if he chose, could help himself to a drink. The house[3] in which my father was born was built midway up the mountain; below it, on the opposite side of the road, came the barn, an apple orchard, cherry and other fruit trees, corn and wheat fields, meadowland, and a stretch of woods beyond; behind it were the sheds covering the oven and wash-house. The woods reached to the top of the mountain, where the eye ranged over a vast expanse of lowland, consisting of nearly unbroken forest; a spire on the horizon beyond a blue expanse of water indicated the site of New York City. A fair wind brought the boom of a cannon from the fort on Governors Island, or a salute from a passing man-of-war, the only noises that reached the ear and reminded one of the great metropolis. A few steps back of the mountain to the west lay a wilderness, as it probably existed at the time of Hendrick Hudson, a primitive forest abounding with deer and other wild animals, and traversed by streams alive with trout. Game was plentiful—partridges, quail, woodcock, rabbits, squirrels of every species, raccoons and foxes; while occasionally a hungry bear that had trespassed on the farmyards in the vicinity would be tracked to its den and shot. One of these incidents gave the name of 'Bear Lane'[4] to a mountain road near the old homestead. The charm of wild solitude, the perfect repose of nature 'undisturbed by the voice of man,' which my father early enjoyed in his frequent rambles over this mountain, had much to do with

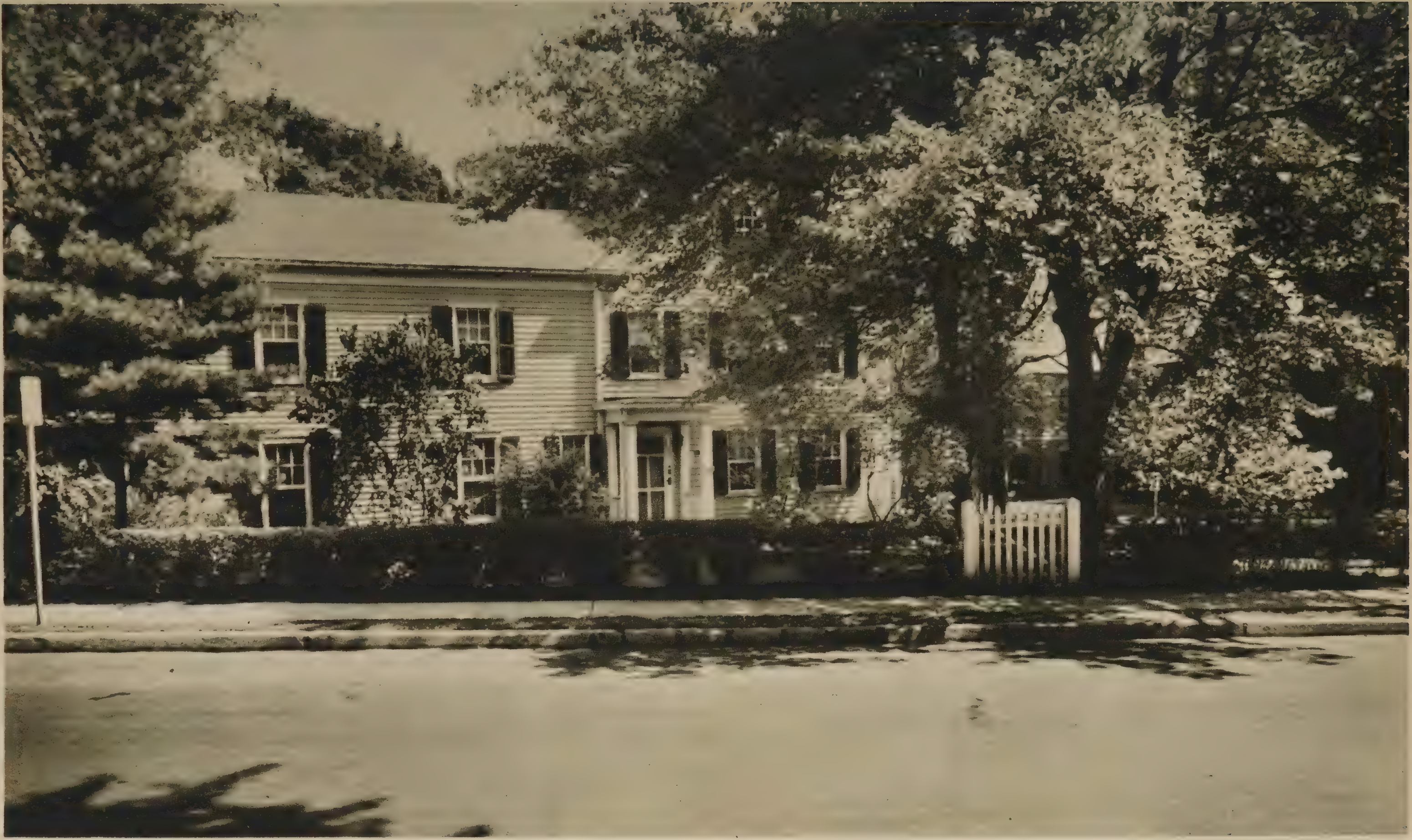
---

[1] Reprinted with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons from *The Life and Times of A. B. Durand*, by John Durand, 1896.

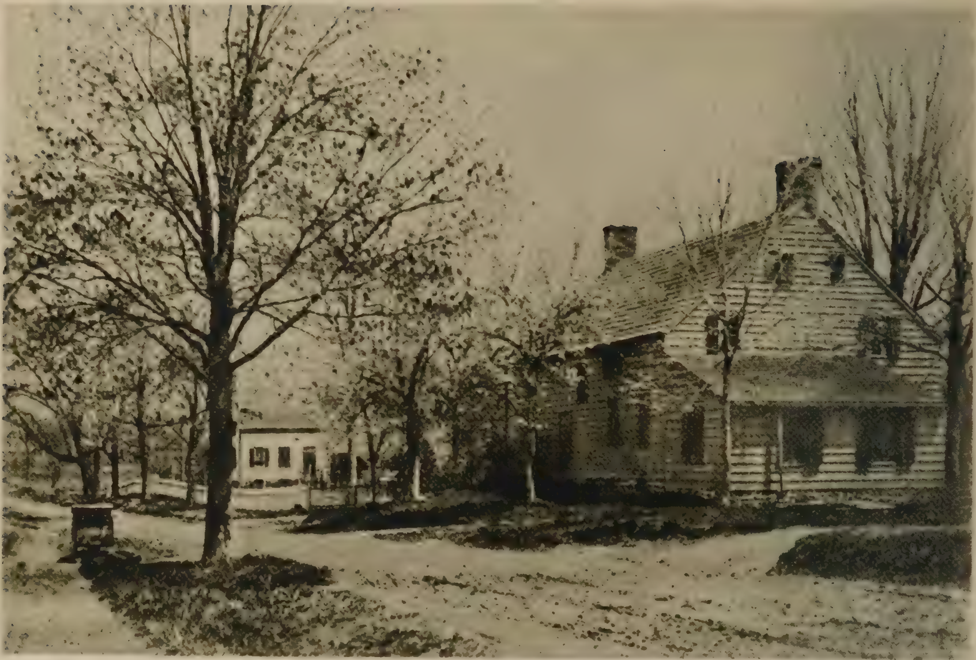
[2] Now a part of the house standing on the corner of Baker Street and Ridgewood Road.

[3] It stood on the southwest corner of Ridgewood and Durand Roads.

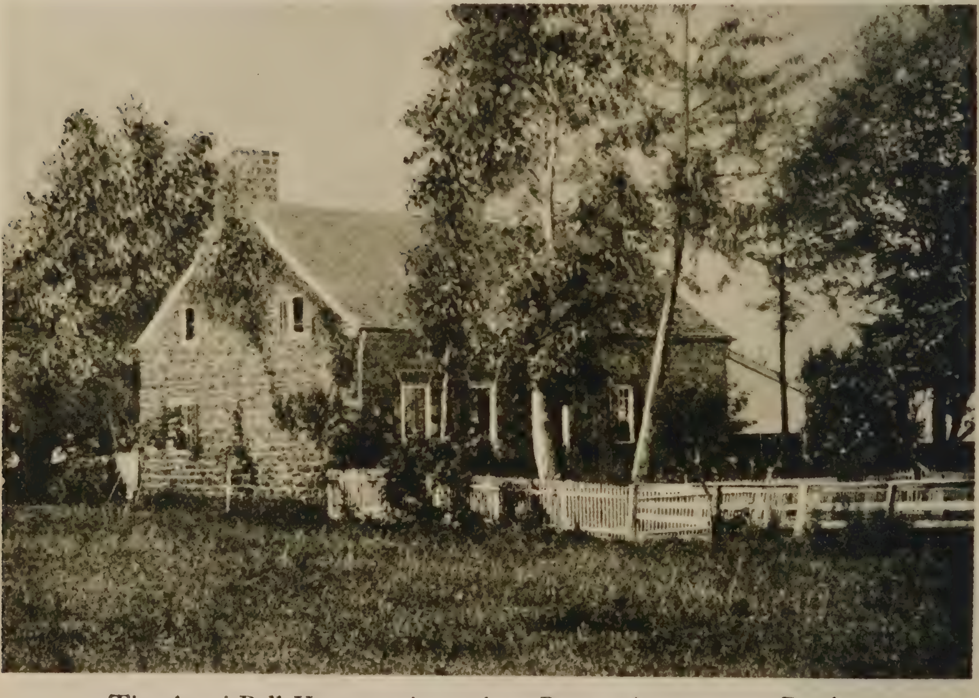
[4] Now Claremont Avenue.



The house on "Necessity Corner," Ridgewood Road and Baker Street



The Crowell House, standing until 1929, at Parker Avenue and Valley Street



The Amzi Ball House, as it stood on Parker Avenue near Boyden shaping his taste for art. Such was the outward world in which he lived, and, it may be added, the school in which nature was his only teacher. We now turn to the human nature of Jefferson Village, likewise of a primitive sort.

"Self-government—the delegation of personal rights to a representative, and considered as an abstract principle—really arose out of the slow and gradual comprehension by the people of the burdens of English taxation, coupled with the pretensions of the English Government to collect taxes by force. In Jefferson Village, before journalistic days, news of English encroachments of this sort spread in various ways. A neighbor would take a load of hay to market at Newark, and on his return home would tell what he had heard about the Stamp Act in his talks with others like himself, while standing by his wagon awaiting a customer. Another would encounter somebody who had walked over to Springfield and seen a passenger by the coach from New York, who had told him about resistance to duties on tea. Generally speaking, the most news was obtained on Sundays at the church door before meeting began, or, again, from the minister, who would communicate it privately, unless, when of great importance, he stated it from the pulpit. Whatever political discussion ensued always grew out of the effect of the news on common interests. On the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, the popular mind was thus well prepared to accept and act in accordance with its telling abstractions.

"After local politics came religious questions. Bigotry in Jefferson Village provoked the same moral virulence as in similar communities in New England. But theological rancors and disputes caused no disturbance in the Durand household. My grandfather and grandmother, both of equable temper, were averse to any heated manifestation of feeling or opinion. The remarkably even disposition of their sons in after life, their ever kindly ways, the absence of guile in them, and a singuarly honest, unworldly devotion to their respective occupations, were undoubtedly due to this parental trait.

"As to pleasure, it was chiefly connected with work. The women held quilting parties, spent afternoons at each other's houses in the intervals between washing, baking and ironing, and talked and gossiped over their needles. Young girls would assist in making rag carpets, and engage in spinning contests to see who could spin the most yarn in the shortest time. Husbands and fathers were so weary when the sun set as not to care much about recreation of any kind; to them, pleasure consisted of repose. The young men hunted and fished. Riding behind a fast horse in a gig or wagon was one of their pastimes; not to take anybody's dust, especially if accompanied by a sweetheart, was their great pride. 'Sparking' went on according to natural laws and sympathies; camp-meetings, revivals, and even prayer meetings were quite as often to see the girls and escort them home as for religious purposes. Music, generally sacred, brought together the young people of both sexes for singing-school practice in the meeting-house. In the winter, when the sleighing was good, there were occasional straw-rides in wagon bodies set on runners, to some remote tavern.

"Beverages, food, and the cooking of it, are important national details. In Jefferson Village, where the well-known 'Harrison' and 'Canfield' apples grew, out of which the famous Newark cider was made, this was the principal *natural* beverage. Add to this 'apple-jack,' distilled from cider and affording an excellent alcoholic drink. Root-beer, a decoction of sassafras and other herbs mixed with molasses and water, formed another mild local drink, to which add elderberry wine and cherry brandy. The principal imported beverage consisted of 'kill-devil,' or New England rum, distilled from molasses, obtained in the West Indies by New England traders. It was largely consumed everywhere, especially by farmers in summer when harvesting their crops.

"Cooking in those days was of the simplest kind, boiling, baking, stewing and frying, the last the most universal. The basis of alimentary supplies, in the way of animal food, consisted of pork. When a hog, fattened at home during the summer, was killed in the fall, fresh spare-ribs lasted for many days, sausages for weeks, and salt pork eternally. In winter, communication with the rest of the world was entirely cut off; the rivers and streams were frozen, and the roads more or less blocked with snow. It was accordingly necessary in the fall to lay in stocks of salt mackerel, dried codfish, smoked beef and ham, with one or two barrels of pork according to size of family. Potatoes, carrots and beans, with apples fresh or dried, and preserved cherries, constituted the principal supply of winter vegetables and fruits; these, with pumpkins and squash, were always available. Milk, eggs, and chickens, with buckwheat cakes, dough nuts, crullers, apple sauce, pumpkin-pies and sweetmeats, constituted the luxuries and delicacies of the winter table. In sum, for five months of the year, the breakfast, dinner, and tea, for every family, everywhere, rich or poor, consisted chiefly of salt food and hot cakes, soaked with lard, butter, or gravy. When spring came it was both theory and practice to purge and purify [the blood] by regular doses of Epsom salts, boneset tea, or sulphur and molasses. This system of cooking, feeding, and purging, not confined to New Jersey, extended more or less over the entire country. Is it any wonder that people were carried off by bilious fevers or affected by scorbutic maladies, which then abounded, and that stomachs were impaired by drugs, pills, and indigestion—in short, that dyspepsia became the national disease!

"One more housekeeping detail was the difficulty of procuring 'help.' The household of a farmer who had a daughter fared pretty well until she was taken off by marriage or death. If he had no daughter, and could obtain one of a neighbor who had two, and she was willing to 'hire out,' as was commonly the case, he was fortunate. This custom benefited the girl, for she was regarded by the family into which she entered as a friend on an equal footing; she merely served an apprenticeship with persons who were interested in her, which apprenticeship fitted her all the better for subsequent duties on getting a husband. Another peculiarity of village life must not be overlooked. The dressmaker, travelling around from house to house, conveyed the news and gossip of the neighborhood and was always welcome; while the schoolteacher, billeted on this or that family, was ever a welcome guest.

"It remains to give a final glimpse of Jefferson Village as it appeared topographically in its palmy days. About 1815, after the conclusion of the war with England, Jefferson Village had grown or 'progressed' with the rest of the country. It then numbered over thirty families, and was entitled to a post-office, which would have given it a certain national status. Application was accordingly made to the Government for this important adjunct of social development. In proof of the right of the people to make this application, my uncle[5] engraved a map of the village, showing the sites of its various dwellings, 'institutions' and streets. On this map appear 'Great Maple Swamp,' 'Little Maple Swamp,' 'Turtle Lake,' 'Factory Pond,' 'Crooked Brook,' and the east and west branches of the Rahway River, winding away to the south on the two sides of 'the mountain.' There is a factory, a saw-mill, and two mines, supposed, according to tradition, to have been dug for copper, a meeting-house called 'Babel Chapel,' and a fortification, if a name goes for anything, called 'Bom Fort.' The names of the occupants of the dwellings are given, among which are 'Captain Smith,' 'Captain Sam,' 'Aunt Rachel,'[6] and 'Neighbor Joseph';[7] also of the streets, which indicate a satiric vein, such as 'Dominie Lane' where the preacher lived who held forth on Sundays in Babel Chapel and wove rag-carpets at home on week-days, 'Grub Street,' 'Heathen Street,' and lastly, 'Necessity Corner,' where the schoolhouse was placed. Whether or not there was too much of a waggish humour in the delineation of this map—as, for example, the names of the streets to which even tradition bears no witness—or whether the postal department did not approve of trifling with serious matters, it is certain that its mines, its lake, its pond, its swamps, its 'institutions' and sawmill, all having disappeared like its old tenements and left scarcely a wrack behind, had no effect on the authorities.[8] Jefferson Village is gone. Thanks to a land speculator of these days, who bestowed the name of Maplewood on a railway station built at his own expense near the Village mainly for personal benefit, and which commemorates nothing but bygone maple swamps, Jefferson Village is scarcely more than an historical myth."

---

[5] Cyrus Durand, a brother of Asher, was also a skillful engraver and was very likely the maker of the map.

[6] Asher and Cyrus Durand's mother had been Rachel Post before her marriage.

[7] "Neighbor Joseph" was Elder Joseph Gildersleeve of the Baptist Chapel. See pp. 35ff.

[8] The implication is that this early application for a post office was unsuccessful. It was not, in fact, until 1947, one hundred and thirty-two years later, that the town, now Maplewood, attained to the dignity of its own independent post office.

2 • Asher Brown Durand

BY HELEN B. BATES

ASHER BROWN DURAND is considered by historians of the fine arts in this country to be the founder of the American school of landscape painting. He played a highly important role in its early development, and became one of the most popular landscape painters of his generation. For fifty-four years he identified himself with every organized movement in New York to foster the arts. He became one of the founders of the National Academy of Design and was its president for sixteen years. Admired and beloved as an artist, he was equally beloved as a friend. His great gift for companionship made him the friend of every artistic and literary person who came within the orbit of his activities. Among artists with whom he was on the warmest terms over a period of many years were John Trumbull, Thomas Cole, Washington Allston, John Vanderlyn, S. F. B. Morse and John Inman. Among his literary friends were John Howard Payne, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant. Bryant's devotion was constant for forty years, and lasted to the end.

Asher B. Durand was born in our town, in the early Jefferson Village days. It is for him that Durand Road is named, having been called, before that, "Artist Lane." John Durand, the father of Asher, had moved from Newark in the 1780's to a farm on the Orange Mountain, lying above and below Ridgewood Road, then a rough country lane, and extending from Durand Road on the north, southward toward Baker Street. The house in which Asher was born stood on the southwest corner of Durand and Ridgewood Roads.[1]

An account of Durand's life properly begins with a fragment of autobiography which carries him through the period of his apprenticeship to the engraver Peter Maverick of Newark. Of this early period he wrote:

"I was born on the 21st of August 1796, at a small village in the township of Springfield, county of Essex, state of New Jersey. My father was a watchmaker and silversmith by profession—at least, these were his principal occupations. He possessed, however, mechanical talent of great versatility, and could turn his hand as occasion required to such diverse trades that it would be difficult to say what he could not do, so far as the means were within his reach. When a young man, he followed the trade of a cooper for a time. An uncle stated in my hearing that he had seen my father actually manufacture from the rough nineteen barrels in one day. He often employed himself in this way within my recollection, making for family use whatever article was required of this description. In masonry, also, he was equally skilful; he would construct an oven, build a chimney, or plaster a wall equal to the best. I believe that there is still in the possession of some member of our family a brass gun which he manufactured entire, obliged as he was to make the tools himself. Besides being a universal mechanic, he was a farmer on a small scale: but for repairing clocks and watches he was unequalled in the country round about. His fame in this respect was well established, and he was constantly pressed with business, disordered timekeepers being sent to him from distances of twenty and thirty miles by partial owners who were unwilling to entrust them to others of the same profession. A more industrious man never lived. Yet with all his industry and resources he was unable to amass anything beyond the means for a comfortable living, owing chiefly to extremely moderate charges for his labour and the maintenance of a large family of children.

---

[1] It is the corner marked "Aunt Rachel" on the map of 1815.

"My mother was like him in industry and aptness; there was no requirement in household economy that she was not equal to; and for uniform, steady virtues as a wife, mother, and Christian, more than fifty years of unremitting toil bear witness.

"I am the sixth of seven brothers, and, if I may judge by earliest recollections, the feebleness of my constitution was in proportion to the order of succession. I remember a keen sense of insignificance compared with the rest of my brothers. I was, indeed, a delicate child, and, in consequence of this, received a greater share of maternal solicitude.[2]

---

[2] John says of this period: "Not being a rugged boy, as well as the youngest, and probably petted by his mother, he was not called upon to assist his brothers in work-

"At seven years of age I was sent to the village public school, where I was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, a little geography and the whole of the Westminster Catechism.[3] This instruction continued for five or six years, often interrupted, however, by the expiration of the terms of the itinerant teachers by whom the school was supplied. Intervals of several weeks often occurred, which afforded me a good deal of time to indulge certain tastes for outdoor diversions, as well as for sundry operations in my father's shop. The latter consisted chiefly of the manufacture of various metal and other trinkets, such as sleeve-buttons, arrow-heads, powder-horns, bows, and cross-guns, and, finally, the most absorbing one, engraving on copper plates, which fixed my destiny.

"My father and two of my elder brothers were accustomed to engrave monograms and other devices on the various articles manufactured by them, and in this art I was early initiated. But I was not content with this, having shown some skill in drawing animals as well as the human figure, excited to do so by my admiration for the woodcuts in school books, and by the copper-plate engravings that fell in my way, especially by the tickets or cards of watchmakers placed in watch-cases, designed with one or two emblematical figures, and again by the simple vignettes on

---

ing the farm, or to take any part in the village amusements and social gatherings. His aims centered on the mechanical pursuits of his father, as he watched these going on in a shop adjoining the dwelling. Out of doors, his pleasure-ground consisted of the 'illimitable bounds of nature,' where he roamed at will over the fields and in the woods, enjoying perfect freedom physically and mentally, and with no society but the creatures of his imagination. Extremely diffident in his boyhod, he would hide behind a tree or bush at the approach of a person or a vehicle. Habits of this kind, together with the gentle ministrations of his mother, furnish the key to my father's capacity and conduct in after life."

[3] A footnote by John says: "Grammar must be added, although he does not mention it. The textbook used by him in this school, decorated on the cover with a pen-and-ink scroll of leaves surrounding his monogram and bearing this inscription, 'Bought July 8, 1811,' is in my possession. In mentioning his studies, it is probable that he purposely omitted this one because, as he often stated, he learned all the grammar he knew from a machine constructed by his brother Cyrus. This machine rendered the abstract rules of grammar and the definitions of the parts of speech intelligible by objective means, through a combination of mirrors, slides, wheels and other mechanical paraphernalia, so manipulated as to show the reason why a pronoun should represent a noun, why the object should express the idea of action, and so on. It is sufficient to state that this machine made clear the meaning of the abstruse words, indicative, subjunctive, potential and infinitive, by concrete images. It does not seem to have been adopted outside of the village or family circle of students. Its ruins still existed in my boyhood in the attic of the old homestead, afterwards burnt."

bank-notes. On examining these with a strong magnifier, I could not refrain from trying to imitate their, to me, wonderful mechanism. Never shall I forget the joy I experienced on finding, after a few trials, that my efforts were, in a degree, successful. In these attempts I was not only obliged to make my own tools, but I had also to invent them, there being no one at hand to instruct me. Gravers I could easily manufacture and use, but I discovered, in the course of examining prints, that there were lines and dots produced by some other means: through diligent study and research, I at length found that they were the result of a distinct process called etching. But I could not reach the secrets of this art so as to make it practically useful. I ascertained that the plate was covered with a peculiar varnish of wax, and that the lines were traced through this with a needle and corroded into the metal by aquafortis.[4] I have still in my possession one or two specimens of these juvenile productions, and even now I cannot look at them without a degree of surprise at the tolerable imitation of etching in rendering foliage and the ground, such appropriate objects in nature for the etching needle.

"Among the many visitors to my father's shop, there were occasionally men of taste and intelligence, who, on seeing my efforts, agreed that he would do well to place me with some distinguished engraver without loss of time. One gentleman, Mr. Enos Smith, who was himself an amateur miniature-painter, volunteered to recommend the said artist, and undertook the necessary negotiations and arrangements for my pupilage. At length my father consented reluctantly to part with me, in case terms could be made consistent with his means. My friend proposed that I should call on Mr. W. S. Leney, then the most prominent engraver in the city of New York. Accompanied by two of my brothers, I proceeded to Newark, where we were joined by my patron. Thence we proceeded to New York, walking to Elizabethtown Point, and from there to the city by water in a periauger.[5] Never shall I forget the feeling of desolation which came over me on this my first visit to New York! I was then fifteen years old, and had never passed a day away from home—or, at least from among my relatives. But still more vivid were the impressions of the following day, when, on walking up Broadway, I paused in astonishment at what were to me the splendid print-shops in the vicinity of the City Hall! At no subsequent period in my life, not even in the great picture-galleries of Europe, did I experience such profound admiration of works of art as was then inspired by this display of coloured engraving! I could have lingered and gazed at them for hours. I remember continuing up Broadway to the vicinity of Grand Street, and then over hills and fields to St. Patrick's Cathedral in Prince Street, the walls of which were partially erected in the midst of vacant lots. On reaching the Bowery we were soon at Mr. Leney's house, and with what trepidation did I present my plates to him for examination! How gratified at his commendation, but how saddened and disappointed on hearing that he required one thousand dollars for the premium of admission to his *atelier*, and stipulated another condition, that the expenses of the term of my apprenticeship should be borne by myself!

---

[4] Nitric acid.

[5] Either a dug-out canoe or a two-masted, flat-bottomed boat.

"These conditions were so far beyond my father's means that all further negotiations were abandoned, and we returned home. But my zealous friend applied to Mr. Peter Maverick, then the most prominent writing engraver in the country, who had removed from New York to the vicinity of Newark, N.J., within seven miles from my native place. Mr. Maverick consented to receive me, on condition that I would 'find'[6] myself and pay for my board at the expiration of my apprenticeship, at the rate of one hundred dollars per annum, agreeing to take me into his own family. These terms were practicable, and accordingly, just entering my seventeenth year, I took my seat in his engraving-room, regularly apprenticed to him for a term of five years. His residence was about a mile from Newark, near the Passaic River, a situation which suited my temperament, and so satisfactory was it that I may truly say that the first eighteen months of my apprenticement were the happiest of my life.

"My career as an engraver thus commenced in October 1812. My first essay was a copy in lead pencil of an engraved head three or four inches long, the lines of which I carefully imitated. The effort was satisfactory to Mr. Maverick, and he immediately set me to work on a copper-plate. Mr. Maverick considered my execution of this task equivalent to one year's practice under the direction of a master, and from that moment gave me work to do on plates for his customers. I remember with what delight I applied myself to etching and 'touching up' these subjects. My progress was rapid. I soon surpassed my shopmates, and became the chief assistant of my master."

---

[6] Provide one's own living, that is, board and lodging.

The Autobiography ends abruptly at this point.

With his natural aptitude and newly acquired skills, Durand is said to have soon excelled his master. John declares that much of the work of these years which bears Maverick's name was really done, either wholly or in part, by Durand. His apprentice assignments were largely the making of encyclopedia plates, and the copying of English engravings to be used by New York publishers. When his apprenticeship ended in 1817 he was twenty-one years old, and so competent an engraver that Maverick made him his partner in an association that lasted for three years.[7] The partnership was terminated when John Trumbull, painter of the widely famed "Signing of the Declaration of Independence,"[8] engaged Durand to engrave the painting. It was a large plate and its execution occupied him for the greater part of three years. Durand received $3,000 for his work. With its publication in 1823 when he was twenty-six years old, his reputation in the art of engraving was well established. Partly because of its subject-matter and of the eminence of the painter, but because, too, of the high quality of Durand's engraving, this first independent work executed by him became one of the best-known engravings in the United States. To the end of his days Durand retained an abiding sense of gratitude to Trumbull, who, already an eminent artist, had entrusted to him, young and unknown, a commission of such importance.

He was thus well started on his chosen career as an artist, completely on his own and no longer sharing a vital part in the family life in Jefferson Village. Yet even during his years of apprenticeship he appears to have been looked upon by the home-folks as a promising and versatile young man, for in 1817, while he was still working under Maverick, he was invited to give the Fourth of July oration at the celebration in Springfield, the Township to which Jefferson Village then belonged There was a patriotic parade led by fife and drum played by two of Asher's brothers. His oration, flowery and high-flown, was typical of the time. The speaker, being young, rather more than ordinarily studded his effusion with references to "dazzling orbs," "the effulgence of resplendent day," "the glorious achievements of our immortal Heroes," "the indignant billows of convulsing anarchy," and "the ruffian hand of British cruelty." After all, the Revolutionary War was less than fifty years past, and the burning of the Capitol at Washington less than three.

---

[7] There are six engravings in the Newark Museum made by "Peter Maverick, Durand and Company." The "company" may have been Cyrus Durand, who is believed to have been in some way connected with the business. The engravings are illustrations foı Thomson's *The Seasons.*

[8] The Trumbull painting hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

He appears also to have tried his hand at writing verse during these early years, with sentimental references to "this Bachelorian shore" and to his living "so long alone." It is therefore not surprising to find that in 1821, when he was twenty-five years old, he took a wife in the person of Lucy Baldwin of Bloomfield, New Jersey. They settled in a house in Franklin Street, New York.

His son states that Durand had already arrived at a keen realization of the shortcomings of his formal education, especially in the realm of reading. The schooling that his father had received at Jefferson Village, says John, had done little to develop his powers of mind. What he retained as valuable from his early environment he had learned in his father's workshop, in his constant touch with the woods and fields on the mountain, and under the parental roof where the family ties were kindly and wholesome. Now, in his mid-twenties, Durand began to read intensively, especially in English poetry, and to seek the friendship and conversation of men who had enjoyed more educational opportunities than he. His favorite poems at this time were Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* and Thomson's *The Seasons*,[9] especially scenes of rural peace and beauty, of lonely haunts in forests and along streams. From this reading came the inspiration that in time resulted in his first original design and engraving, that of "Musidora," based on *The Seasons*.

Meanwhile he was increasingly aware of the necessity of making a living. No artist with family responsibilities could afford to be indifferent to the state of public taste in the field of art. Durand certainly was not unobservant of it, nor of the fact that engravings were popular and sold widely, provided they were not too large, and were reasonable in price. No subject could surpass the "Declaration of Independence" in the affections of the public, but engravings of Trumbull's painting were too large and too costly for general purchase. The heroes of the Revolutionary War who were represented in that painting were still popular in 1825, and were held in deep veneration in the public mind. So Durand, following the great success of the "Declaration," did a long list of "eminent patriots." He engraved two portraits of "Washington" after Trumbull and Stuart, "John Marshall," "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," "John Trumbull" himself, who, besides being a painter, had been an aide-de-camp of Washington, "Gilbert Stuart," "De Witt Clinton," "Alexander Hamilton," "General Jackson," "John Quincy Adams" and "David Crockett," among a long list.

---

[9] His acquaintance with *The Seasons* may have begun when he helped in illustrating them during his partnership with Maverick.

About this time, too, he undertook to engrave a series of portraits of ministers famed for the eloquence of their preaching, or for their theological soundness. He was assured by a friend that they would "sell like hot cakes." But in spite of the fact that religious zeal burned brightly in those days, the general public seemed not much interested in portraits of divines, and only by "hawking them about" among ministers and their congregations was Durand able, as he says, to get rid of them, and then with little profit to himself. In speaking of it afterward, he called it "the most humiliating work I ever did."

These were the years when the vogue of the *Annual* had reached American shores from England, and American *Annuals* were beginning to appear at Christmas time for the American public, especially the feminine American public. Durand was soon much occupied with the art work that these called for. An *Annual* was intended as a gift-book for the Christmas season, containing poems and prose by different persons, the verse and the tales or essays being written by native writers and illustrated by native artists. Such American writers as Bryant, Halleck and Irving, and such American painters and engravers as Morse, Inman and Durand, united their talents with enthusiasm to produce *The Atlantic Souvenir*, *The Gift*, *The Token* and *The Talisman.*

Much of this illustrating was of a high order and the *Annuals* did a real service in educating the public taste in art, and in creating an intelligent interest in it and a demand for it.

John Durand expresses the opinion that engraving, being the only art form that the public could afford to buy, was at that time, the first half of the 1800's, the only art form that could produce a reasonable living for the artist. Painters of portraits and battle-scenes were more than willing to turn them over to skillful engravers who, by means of a burin, were able to put them into a form that a skilled printer could turn out in numbers, and that the public would buy. In this day of the camera and its high realism, it is not easy to respond to these line engravings of a century ago. But in the hands of an able artist they were made to possess the chief qualities of a painting: composition, form, the subtleties of light and shade—almost everything except color.

The necessity for making a living weighed heavily on Durand during these years as his family grew, and he had a brief interval of giving long hours of his time to what is known today as commercial art. He had many calls for diplomas, lottery tickets, professional cards, and particularly for designs for bank-notes. The reason for decorating bank-notes, at that time issued by individual banks, was not for the sake of art, but for the purpose of rendering counterfeiting more difficult. Bank-note engraving had become a profitable business, and Durand's vignettes depicting classical figures and views, frequently combined with the emblematic American eagle, were popular with banks and public, and kept him busy. But even in such business art as this he did not relax the high quality of his workmanship. His designs have delicacy, grace and elegance and are executed with a care that merited a more worthy use. His brother Cyrus, with rare mechanical gifts, had meanwhile invented a geometrical lathe which could produce complicated wavy lines that made counterfeiting all but impossible. The two Durand brothers formed a partnership that was soon leading the profession. Asher's interest in it and in the whole bank-note engraving business did not last long, however, and by 1832 he had drawn out of it, feeling that he must no longer give time to such work.

Although Durand is said never to have been lacking in self-confidence, he set a high value on the approval of painters like

Trumbull, Morse and Allston. From his short business venture, he returned with relief to their congenial society and pursuits, and to his own serious study. He owned and pored over the works of the most eminent European engravers. American artists and the American public, too, were at that time completely under the spell of European pre-eminence in all things artistic. A self-taught artist like Durand who could not afford to live and study abroad had not only to make the best of it by developing his own new directions and new techniques, but especially by keeping in professional and friendly touch with artists like Morse and Allston who had had the advantage of study in Europe and had come home with much to impart.

Perhaps as a reaction from so considerable an application of his art to business purposes, he swung to an opposite extreme and produced shortly after this time, two purely imaginative works, "Musidora" and "Ariadne." The former, inspired by a scene in Thomson's *Seasons*, as has been said, was entirely original with him. The latter was done after a painting by Vanderlyn.[10] His choice of subject was determined this time by what he liked and desired to engrave, and not by what the public liked and would pay for. As a matter of fact neither of these works had much sale except among engraving enthusiasts, with whom they made a considerable stir. As for Durand, he received little in return except as they made clear to him his faults of draughtsmanship, and his inadequate knowledge of anatomy and of the texture of flesh.

The conviction of his need for more study and training in these vital subjects was intensified by the fact that he had begun to be dissatisfied with engraving and had for some time been trying his hand with paint and canvas. The monotony of portrait and landscape engraving had become positive mechanical drudgery in the case of the bank-notes. He was no "mere plodder for money," his son says, and by 1833, the year after leaving the bank-notes behind him, he began painting in earnest. His first successful canvases were portraits and he was soon receiving commissions that established him among the most sought-after portrait painters of the period.

---

[10] The large Vanderlyn painting hangs in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Before he made the engraving of "Ariadne" Durand painted a smaller copy in oils. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, the gift of Samuel F. Avery. The plate for the engraving is in the National Museum in Washington.

Durand was by this time enjoying a very substantial prosperity. Thanks to the returns from the bank-note engraving venture he had been enabled to build a pleasant house for his family on Amity Street, below Washington Square. This region was definitely up-town in those days, but the city was expanding swiftly in that direction with many handsome new residences. New York was still a small, neighborly city, and many of his friends lived within easy walking distance of his own house. Lunch clubs, where men of like interest met together for food and talk, were popular. They too were near-by. One such club to which Durand belonged had been founded by J. Fenimore Cooper. Its formal name was "The Lunch," but it was called by its members "The Bread-and-Cheese." Besides Cooper and Durand, The Lunch counted among its members William Cullen Bryant, Halleck, Vanderlyn and S. F. B. Morse. Durand's gift for companionship and sociability was strong, and here he was able to cultivate it to the fullest extent.

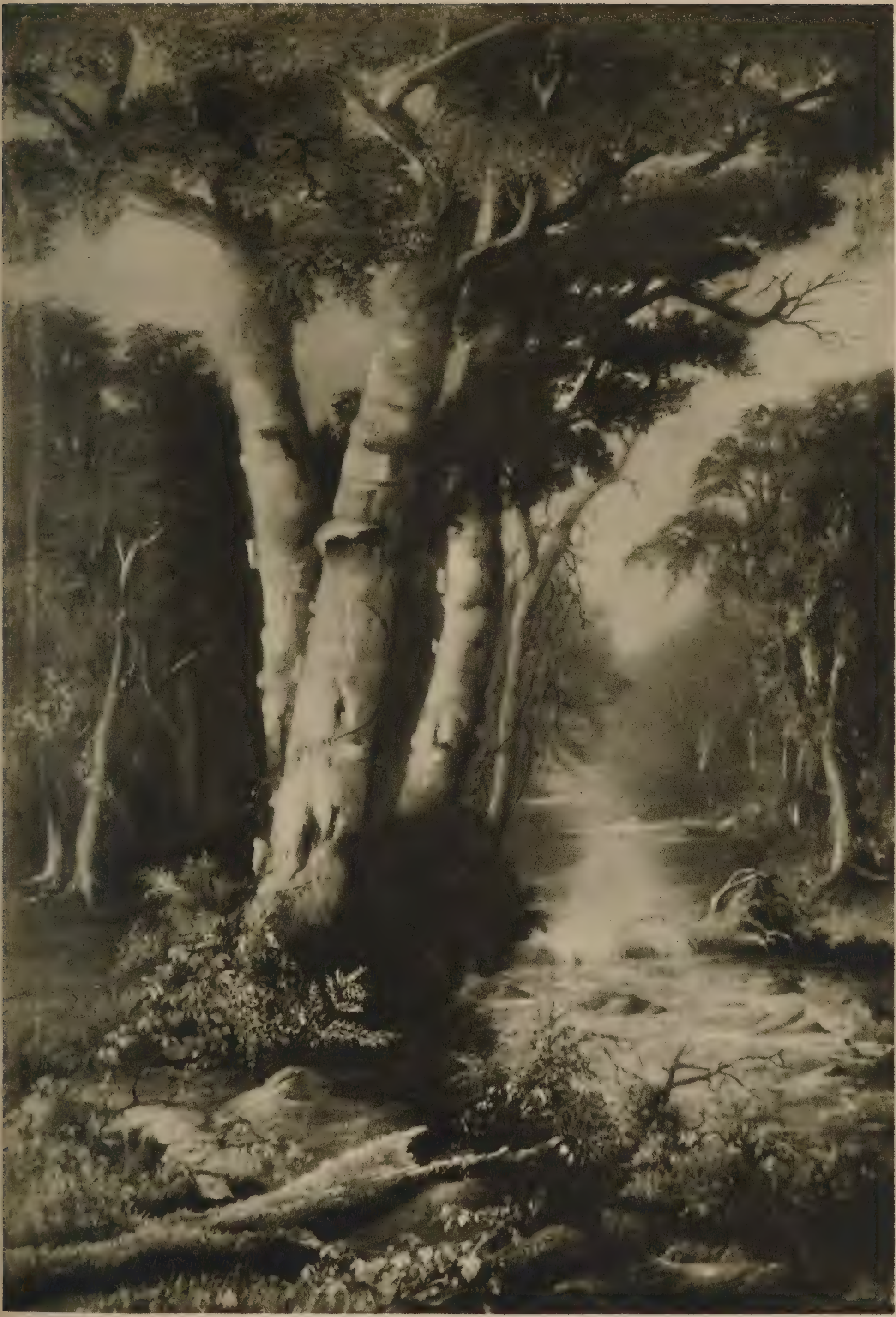
Although for purposes of his work, New York City was his chosen residence, he remained always deeply fond of country scenes. The nearest approach to these was across the Hudson River at Hoboken where the "Elysian Fields,"[11] a park of "noble trees," afforded him an opportunity to "stroll" with friends brought up as he had been, among woods and fields. He met many congenial companions there for it was much frequented by literary men and artists. It was a suitable resort for family gatherings also, so that all of the Durands, big and little, could enjoy frequent outings there in that day when the west bank of the Hudson was still a region of green and wooded beauty, of fresh air and blue water.

The Elysian Fields deeply stimulated his interest in nature as a subject for painting. He began taking drawing and painting equipment with him on his trips to Hoboken, and devoted his time more and more to drawing or painting from nature. He appears to be, his son declares, the first artist in America to paint direct from nature. The usual practice of the landscape painter was to make pencil sketches of the scene before him, writing in such notes on the margin regarding color and light as would aid him in finishing the canvas in his studio. Meanwhile Durand was studying hard at anatomy, also, and was attending drawing sessions at which he made studies of the human body, of facial expression and of costume. He pursued his studies so intensely that as a result of them he suffered a period of ill-health. The hitherto happy progress of his life, indeed, had already met with a sad interruption shortly before with the loss of his second child, a daughter, Caroline. Scarcely two years later, in 1830, his wife became ill and died also, leaving Durand with two young children, John, later to be his biographer, and a daughter, Lucy.

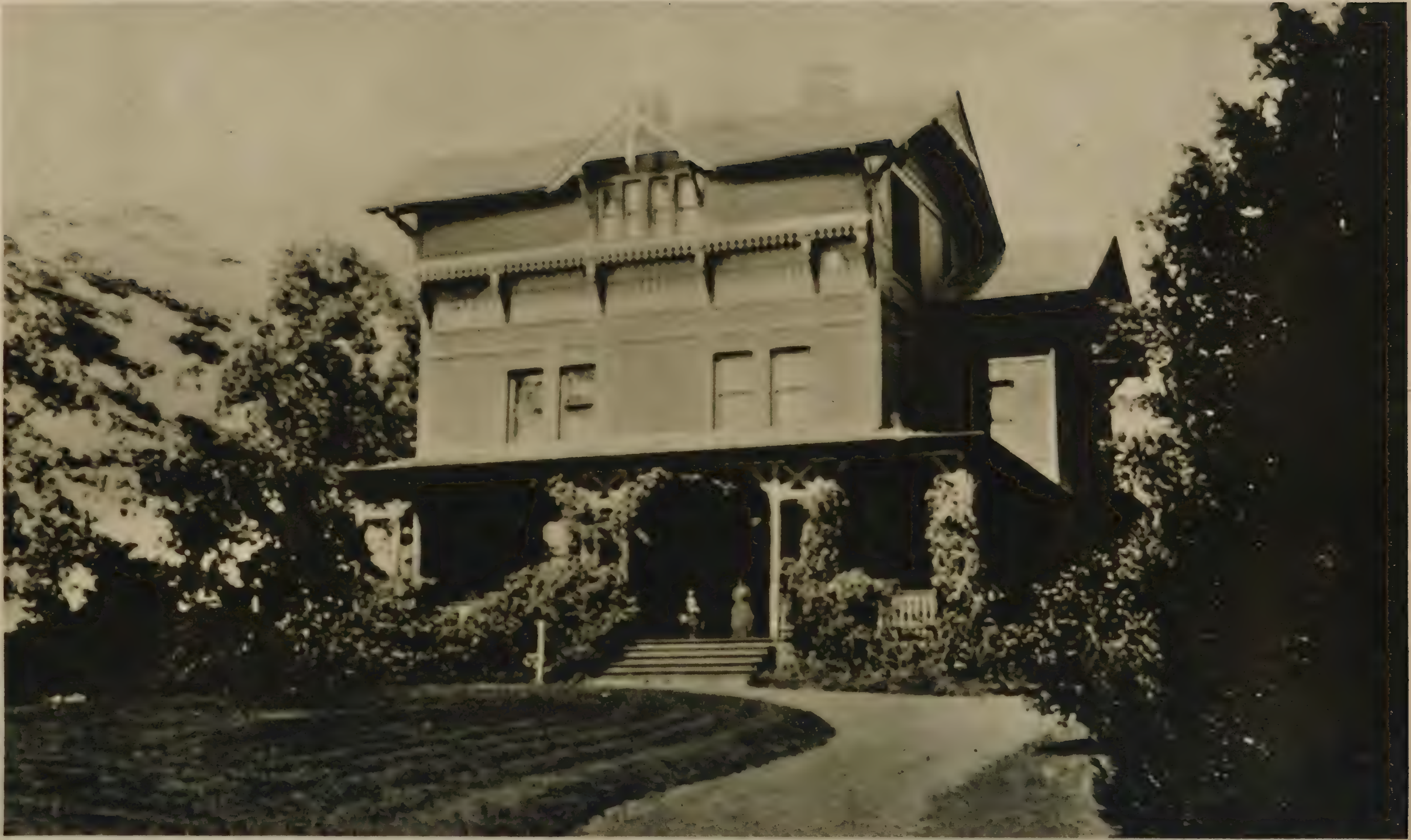
---

[11] The Elysian Fields were a part of the Stevens property in Hoboken.

Meanwhile, for a good many years there had been a growing interest among artists and art lovers in the formation of societies designed to stimulate public appreciation of art by holding exhibitions of the work of American artists. In all such movements during his active New York years, Durand was vigorously at the fore. The American Academy of Fine Arts had been founded in 1808 with Trumbull's backing. It was more an art society of laymen than of artists, and friction had early developed between the two groups. One thing it had done, however, that could justly claim the gratitude of all artists who still were interested in study. That was the importation from Europe of a collection of casts of classical and other statues to be used for exhibition purposes, and for study. They proved to have very little success with the public, and the cost of maintaining a hall in which to exhibit them was so great that they spent much of their time packed up in storage. But in 1825 a group of art students organized themselves into the "Sketch Club" for the purpose of practicing drawing. They dragged out the casts from the semi-oblivion to which they had been relegated, and began spending their evenings drawing from them. The membership was kept highly congenial by the one-black-ball method of exclusion. However, friends of the members, artists or not, were welcomed as visitors at these sessions which were often lively and convivial. By 1831 the membership numbered thirty, thirteen being artists of whom Durand was one of the most active. The rest were men of letters like Bryant and John Howard Payne, as well as lawyers, editors and ministers, all with warm artistic sympathies. Out of this group the National Academy of Design developed, and, as a kind of protest against



"Woodland Scene," a painting by Asher B. Durand



House built by Asher B. Durand in 1869 on the corner of Ridgewood and Durand Roads on the site of the house in which he was born in 1796 the exclusiveness of the Sketch Club, the Century Club was formed.

The National Academy of Design early began holding exhibitions. After a period of seeming to make little impression on the public mind, they gradually received more and more notice, went through a stage of being fashionable, and finally became established as one of the most highly regarded agencies of the day for arousing public interest in painting, and for creating and sustaining the support of a group of art patrons.

One of the first of these wealthy connoisseurs was Luman Reed. As a merchant he had early made a fortune which in his middle years he undertook to spend in a variety of humane and enlightened ways. Having a natural but untrained taste for art, he began collecting "Old Masters" which were soon exposed to him as counterfeits. He lost no time in getting rid of them, and, unsoured by the experience, he gave himself wholeheartedly to the encouragement of American artists who were painting subjects that he could recognize as true to the American scene. His first commission he gave to Durand in 1834. For Reed, Durand painted a portrait of President Jackson, and one of Henry Clay, spending several weeks in Washington in the winter of 1835, shuttling back and forth between the two aging opponents. Reed ultimately commissioned Durand to paint all of the Presidents of the United States, a collection which he presented to the Museum of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A complete set of duplicates he ordered for his own gallery, as well. For Luman Reed, too, Durand painted an historical canvas, "The Capture of Major André," and an imaginative one, "The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant"[12] after Irving's *History of New York*. Such figure paintings as these Durand greatly enjoyed doing, and with Reed's commissions he could well afford to indulge his pleasure in their execution. Although Reed lived to be only fifty-one years old, his influence was widely felt in the increased number of private collectors of paintings, of exhibitions held, and of works of art submitted by local artists for showing.

Finding the public cool to such canvases as "Major André," "Peter Stuyvesant" and "Rip van Winkle," Durand had to acquiesce in the popular fondness for portraits. Interest in them seemed to be unfailing and there was a steady stream of commissions. Exhibitions of portraits do become monotonous, however, and the wonder began to be openly expressed as to why artists didn't paint something else. There was a ready answer to that. Patrons, flattered by portraits of themselves and their families, liked to see them in exhibitions, and were willing to pay liberally for the distinction of being painted by a recognized artist like Durand or Allston.

---

[12] It is in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

But the interest in landscape had been growing among a small group of painters of whom Durand was one, and occasional landscapes began to appear among the portraits on exhibition walls. Critics and art patrons responded warmly to them and it was not long before Durand was painting a landscape called "Saturday Afternoon" on commission, and was even venturing on his own initiative to paint, exhibit and sell such canvases as "The Rainbow," "Western Emigrants" and "Sailing Party."

In 1834 Durand married Mary Frank of New York, by whom he had two sons, Frederick and Henry. He had added a studio to his house on Amity Street and, his family re-established there, he made it his home for thirty-one years. The time presently seemed ripe for a trip to Europe for which he had planned since his youth. In June, 1840, he sailed on the *British Queen* for England and for a year he visited galleries, cathedrals, exhibitions and artists in England and on the Continent. He crowded into one brief year all the Old Masters of which he had dreamed for three decades. Much he saw was as superb as he had anticipated, but he viewed everything with a discriminating eye and there was not a little that was less noble than he had expected. Seven weeks in London, where he met Turner, a brief stay in Paris, a month of ecstatic enjoyment of the Swiss landscape, brought him to Italy. In Florence he did some copying in the galleries, and in October he arrived in Rome, that ultimate objective of all the artists of his day. Here he was expecting to copy some Titians and Rembrandts on commission but he found copying to be uninspired and unrewarding compared to painting at firsthand the picturesque figures, young and old, who walked the streets of Rome looking for work as models with the art students who thronged the city. Several of these portraits and figure paintings, done during that winter, are said to have been among his best.

Home again in June, 1841, he went through a period of reminiscent painting of landscapes inspired by his European travels: views in Switzerland, Stratford-on-Avon, the island of Capri. All of these were done from drawings made in pencil, with cloud and color effects noted in margins, and by the standards of the day were less successful for being less faithful to nature. Once that fever of reminiscence was over, he turned his face resolutely toward American landscape with a sense of confidence in the maturity of his powers and reliance on the soundness of his own critical judgment. He found himself still having to do some portrait work, but with public interest turning more and more to landscape and with his position now firmly established as a great landscape painter, he was before long refusing to accept commissions for portraits.

In 1846 he had become president of the National Academy of Design, an office he held with distinction for sixteen years. He had followed Samuel F. B. Morse, who, doubly gifted, had by this time turned from painting as a profession back to an early interest in science and invention, and had, in 1844, given the world the telegraph.[13] The years of Durand's presidency of the National Academy were hectic ones due to various causes which in no way reflected upon him: one being a rivalry set on foot by the American Art Union, another the inadequate financial resources of the Academy, and another, recurring disagreement among the board of management. Durand had for some years been able to spend his long summers in the country painting woods, trees and water to his heart's content, but when he returned in the fall to the anxious business and temperamental turmoil in National Academy circles, he found himself increasingly disturbed and unhappy. In 1857 his wife died, causing further distress to one of his temperament, deeply rooted in his family, and himself no longer young.

Since 1841 when he had returned from Europe, the countryside around Hoboken appeared too mild to satisfy his fondness for the picturesque that had been so stirred in Europe. What he now needed and sought was a more remote and primitive region of forests, lakes, rivers and mountains. In the city "civilization" was to be desired; in the country the less of it the better. Corduroy and other back roads held no terrors for him and he penetrated the wilderness by means of jolting buckboard and stagecoach without a complaint, if only they carried him where there were rocks, trees and mountain lines that seemed to him unspoiled and beautiful. During these years he spent summer months along the shores of the Hudson River and westward into the Catskills where he became familiar with every nook and corner. He knew well the shores of Lake Champlain; he explored the Adirondacks and the mountains of Vermont; the White Mountains also, and southward, the less rugged country of the Berkshires. But it was Lake George that he came to know best and it was Lake George that held his deepest affection to the end. Its beauties he painted more than those of any other place.

---

[13] It is an odd coincidence that Seth Boyden as well as Durand should have been associated with Morse. Boyden gave him important assistance in his work on the telegraph. See p. 105.

The wild beauty that he loved appears in such canvases as "Franconia Notch," "Primeval Forest," and "Passage through the Woods"; his great fondness for trees is to be seen in "The Beeches," and "Genesee Oaks"; and his interest in light and shadow shows itself in "June Shower," "Sun Effect" and "Moonlight." His broader landscapes frequently comprise a sweep of meadows or valleys, distant hills veiled in summer haze,[14] a few carefully drawn trees in the foreground, and over all an airy sky filled with light. They were landscapes that completely harmonized with the taste of his day, and collectors watched for them and bought them eagerly. There are seven of Durand's painting in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, all of them being gifts or bequests from private collections. Besides "Ariadne" already spoken of, there is one of his best-known large religious canvases, "God's Judgment of Gog," and a landscape, "In the Woods," both given as memorials to Samuel P. Avery; there are two "Landscapes," one a bequest of Mrs. Sarah A. Ludlum, the other a gift of the elder J. P. Morgan; while "The Beeches" and "Summer Afternoon" are from the collection of Morris K. Jessup. In the Newark Museum there are two of his paintings, one a landscape, "Woodland Scene," the other a double portrait, "Mrs. Durand and Her Sister."[15]

---

[14] See p. 186.

By 1869 Amity Street had become distinctly down-town, noisy and crowded with uncongenial people who thronged the old houses of the neighborhood. A move seemed imperative, and Durand, now the owner of the family property in Jefferson Village, determined to return to his birthplace. The old home had burned, and on its site he built a new house designed for an artist, with spacious studio and excellent light.

In April, 1869, he settled in this house, having near-by the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Woodman[16] and her husband and family, who had built a house above his on the mountain. There were congenial friends at hand, also, among them Gaston Fay, an artist, Dr. Alfred Mayer[17] of Stevens Institute, Dr. L. P. Clover, an old friend and former pupil, and Dr. Whittingham of Millburn, whose society he greatly enjoyed. He began painting again almost as soon as he was settled, first finishing the canvas called "Primeval Forest" which he had begun before coming back to New Jersey. Although he was now living in the midst of a rural scene with mountain behind him and spreading valley before, he still turned to the wilder country of Lake George and of the Adirondacks for subjects to paint. He is said to have enjoyed roaming again the old familiar mountain wood-paths of his boyhood but there appears to be no record of any local scenes painted by him.

The remaining years passed comfortably and pleasantly for the artist, his mind retaining its native clearness, and his health and strength only gradually ebbing. New York friends came out now and then. On one occasion they executed a surprise party in the way of a summer picnic at the Durand home, presided over by William Cullen Bryant. It left a warm glow felt by the artist to the end of his life. He died in September, 1886, at Maplewood, having lived to be ninety years old. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

---

[15] "Woodland Scene" was received from the bequest of J. Ackerman Coles, 1926; the "Portrait" was the gift of Mrs. Helen Thompson Durand in 1935. They were both shown in the Fall Exhibition of 1945 of the Newark Museum and the portrait was on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City in 1939 and in the Newark Museum in 1947. A landscape, "After the Storm," is in the possession of the Maplewood Public Library, the gift of Mrs. Helen Thompson Durand and Mrs. Alexander Stoddard. Mrs. Durand was the daughter-in-law of Asher B. Durand, being the wife of Dr. Frederick F. Durand.

[16] Lucy M. Durand Woodman.

[17] Dr. Mayer was Professor of Physics at Stevens Institute. He lived diagonally across from the Durand corner. He was something of an astronomer and had in his yard a telescope housed in an observatory whose rounded dome was a familiar sight as late as 1910.

He said once in his old age: "To be able to stand for an hour before some fine tree, in direct sympathy with it! I had done so when a boy on long summer days, and now, when a man, I had a higher appreciation of it than ever, and enjoyed it all the more—the great happiness of standing face to face with nature!"

3 • Life in the Valley, 1814

BY HENRY W. FOSTER

In 1930 Henry W. Foster, Superintendent of the South Orange and Maplewood Schools from 1900 to 1927, wrote and published a local school history. Its somewhat forbidding title, *The Evolution of the School District of South Orange and Maplewood, New Jersey, 1814-1927*, belies the interesting and readable material that lies between its covers. In the earlier pages of the volume Mr. Foster has drawn a vivid picture of the way people lived in this valley in the early days. Filling in the background to his history of education in this area he says:[1]

"We are to bear in mind, in trying to set up in our imagination the conditions of life in this district in 1814, that this was a farming section. It was natural to call the southerly part of Orange Township 'South Orange.' There was a little hamlet or 'corner' around the junction of Valley Street and South Orange Avenue called South Orange, with saw-mill and gristmill, 'forge' or blacksmith shop, general store, tavern and a few houses near the center. There was no church, for the people attended church in Orange, the center of the Township, where a new meeting-house had been erected in 1813.

"At the junction of Boyden Avenue and Springfield Avenue was another hamlet called 'North Farms,'[2] of nearly as much importance as South Orange, on the main road[3] from Newark to Morristown. The road from Newark to South Orange[4] was not yet developed as a turnpike and toll-road, and the steep mountain road just ahead was a barrier that effectively halted through travel for Morristown and beyond, with no intermediate villages on the way. Such travel as there was turned at the foot of the mountain and followed Ridgewood Road by way of Jefferson Village, a small hamlet adjoining a gristmill on the Rahway, but of less importance and fewer inhabitants than either South

---

[1] Reprinted with the permission of H. A. Foster, son of Henry W. Foster.

[2] Later Middleville, then Hilton, and now the Hilton section of Maplewood.

[3] Springfield Avenue.

[4] South Orange Avenue.

Orange or North Farms, centering not far from the foot of Oakland Road. There was, of course, no railroad.

"It was upon the farms that the inhabitants were to be found, long established families, with names that show their New England origin. Nearly every given name was derived from the Bible. They were prosperous, and many of their houses stand today to show that they had the means to invest in homesteads in which they had reason to take pride. No better example, perhaps, can be found than the old Ball homestead near the corner of Parker Avenue and Boyden Avenue, built in 1784 of cut brown stone.[5]

"Except for our fine roads and wire fences, the farms then appeared much as the best farms of north Jersey appear today. There were, of course, no silos, nor mowers and reapers, nor traction plows, nor automobiles, nor telephone lines. But plowed lands and growing crops looked just the same; and one does not now have far to go to find dirt roads, narrow, stony, with rail fences, and neglected weedy borders.

"This was a wonderful apple-growing section, and the fine orchards extending from Caldwell to Plainfield were famous. With small market for ripe fruit, there was a great one for dried apples, cider, vinegar and applejack or cider spirits, which in some quarters has borne the name of 'Jersey lightning.' The cider mill was always near at hand, one of which, in active operation up to 1910, was back of the Crowell house,[6] at the corner of Parker Avenue and Valley Street. There were many distilleries, for the making of both cider spirits and rum—rum such as that for which New England was famous. Some of our older inhabitants, familiar with the times from 1850 to 1860, say that there was a cider mill on nearly every farm, and a distillery on about every fifth or sixth.

"An enormous amount of honey was produced. Bee-hives were to be seen in every orchard. In every group of out-buildings there was a smoke house for curing hams, and the hogs from which the hams were to come rooted up the soil in the orchards.

"It was customary here for an old farmstead to include in the title a wood lot on the mountain and several acres of salt-marsh meadowland. No coal, except a little in blacksmiths' forges, was burned, for extended coal mining did not begin in the United

---

[5] See pp. 208ff.

[6] See pp. 179ff.

States until 1820. Soft coal for forges was brought to Newark by boat from the upper reaches of Virginia rivers. Iron stoves burning wood had begun to be used, although in many houses the great fireplace in the kitchen was still in use for cooking, and sometimes two chimneys at each end of houses typical of that time had fireplaces to warm the rooms on each floor.

"It may be said with truth that, fundamentally, there was comparatively little change in human life on the farm, from the middle ages down to the period of invention of farm machinery. Hand work and burden bearing there was for every member of the family. Yet the American farmer was a great advance over the peasant, because he could hold his lands in fee simple, as the lawyers say; and his family,—sons and daughters,—could grow in the dignity and independence that was their birthright. Milking cows, handling horses, shearing sheep, killing hogs, and chopping wood he did in the same old way, but, entirely free from any feeling of personal inferiority, he dignified his hard labor in his own self-respect, and was proud of his strength and skill and of his ability to make the land show her increase and the trees of the field their fruit.

"There was the great fireplace, just the same until stoves came into use; there was the loom along with the spinning wheel for making homespun; there was the leaching of lye from wood ashes and the boiling in the great iron kettle outdoors of fat scraps and lye to make the usual brown soft-soap; there was the molding of tallow candles; there was the mowing with the scythe and reaping with the cradle and threshing with the flail.

"No friction matches until 1836; bedrooms rarely heated; windows almost hermetically closed in the coldest weather; no bed springs nor mattresses; no kerosene lamps; yet so far as contentment is concerned, one never misses what he knows nothing about, and they did have luxurious feather beds!

"The number of people on the farm was necessarily large. It has been estimated that in 1830 it required 210 minutes—three hours and a half—of human labor to produce a bushel of wheat, whereas a recent report of the production of wheat in Oregon on large farms, using the most improved machinery and scientific methods, gives ground for an estimate that this has been accomplished with about 13 minutes of human labour. Naturally work at home called for the help of the children and, while the school was in session every month of the year, school days for the big boys and girls began in late fall and ended in early spring. There were hired men and hired girls in most farmers' families, and, to some extent, slaves. In 1810 the slave population of Essex County numbered 1129.[7]

"Aside from the hired man or hired girl, there might be in any family a redemptioner or an apprentice. A redemptioner was one who had agreed with the master of a vessel, perhaps from England, perhaps from Germany, for his passage to America, binding himself to service for a certain number of years, and on his arrival had been sold under the terms of his agreement.

"An apprentice was a youth from 14 to 21 years of age, bound out to learn a trade. In many of the farm houses here the making of shoes was carried on, in others hat-making, in others nail-making; and besides, there was at the center the blacksmith with his forge, or the wheelwright and wagon maker, or the cooper, necessary adjuncts of the country-side.

"The apprentice was bound, with his own consent, to work for the master and the master to teach him the trade, the contract giving great authority to the master over the apprentice. With good will on both sides and an earnest desire on the part of the youth to learn the trade, the system worked well; but there were many instances where the severity of the system resulted in rebellion.[8]

---

[7] A resolution of the parish of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange in 1815 requested the Trustees "to call on the slaveholders for the annuity on the pews set apart for their slaves."

The following advertisements appeared about this time in the *Newark Sentinel of Freedom* among many others of the same sort:

"For sale—A black girl about 20 years of age, sober, honest, healthy, and active."

"For sale—A negro girl about 11 years of age. She is healthy and active and has had smallpox and measles."

[8] Advertisement in the *Newark Sentinel of Freedom*:

"FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

Runaway from the subscriber on the 23rd day of July last, an apprentice boy of the shoe making business named Moses Hand, Jun. about 19 years of age, slender built, a very little hair on his head, owing to having what is called scald-head, his left forefinger cut off at the middle joint; had on and took with him when he went away a short black coat, fur hat, nankeen pantaloons, and light cassamer do. [ditto] patent cord waist coat, and Marseilles do. blue. Whoever will take up said boy and

"The farm produced nearly all that the household consumed. Companionship was not lacking in the big family in the big house, and there was little occasion to find something interesting to while away the time. Family visits, the gossip at the general store, or at meeting of a Sunday, supplied most of the news. As such active people never read much, there were few books and almost no periodicals in the house, the one most consulted, aside from the Bible, being the Almanac, hung from the end of the mantel. The County fair is not to be forgotten, of never ending interest, where competition added to the labor of production a zest which did not exist merely in the hoped for prospect of income from the crops and the stock, marketed from time to time through the year.

"It would take many pages to revive in memory all the life of that period, in what it was different from the present: the dark cellars under the houses used for storage of perishable products, and of barrels of cider and vinegar, or salt pork or corned beef; of the threshing-floor of the barn, where in fall and winter the flails beat in rhythm, of mowing with the scythe and reaping with the cradle; of the cowhide boots pulled off with a boot jack, lined up before the fire to dry out, to be well greased with lard before starting out in rains or in the snowy mornings of winter; of butchering hogs and sheep and cattle; of wood cutting on the mountain, and chopping and splitting for the wood shed; of breaking colts and trading horses; of the habitual use of oxen and the ox-cart; of making butter and cheese; of carding wool and flax, and spinning and weaving homespun; of the black nights in cloudy and rainy weather, and the tin or copper lanterns lighted by candles; of the tin peddler and his wares; of saving rags to sell for paper making; of the 'raisings' when barns were erected; of hunting with muzzle-loading guns, and troubles with hunters who let down fences and failed to put them up, letting the cattle stray; of the horse thieves that at night unhitched the saddle horse from the post in front of the meeting house or stole him from his stall in the barn or from the pasture lot; of the cattle that strayed and were impounded; of the closed

---

return him to his master, or confine him in any jail, and give information so that his master can get him again shall receive the above reward and all reasonable charges.
Aaron A. Gardner.
Jefferson Village, Aug. 7, 1809."

'parlor,' stuffy, unused except for visitors, or funerals, or weddings; of the fine furniture in the houses of the well-to-do, rosewood sideboards, Windsor chairs, and four-poster beds; of styles in dresses and shawls and 'fur' hats, and coats and vests and pantaloons; of manners and courtesy. Through it all can be seen the all-around skill of the housewife and her never-ending round of responsibility and work, and the forceful character, hard common sense, variety of handicraft and knowledge of weather, crops and animals required of the good farmer.

"There was also a beginning of trades and the mastery of special handicrafts, which were superseded by the factory when machinery took the place of handwork. Of these, hat-making, shoe-making and nail-making were carried on by many in this neighborhood. A cloth mill was built in nearby Springfield in 1810, when it was quite a center before the railroad passed it by."

GENERAL STORE in South Orange in 1809[9]

ON South Orange Avenue opposite the foot of Valley Street there stood in 1809 a general store which appears to have served all this area in the south part of what was then Orange Township. Parts of a day-book of this store are in existence, and their contents shed much light on the way people lived in this region in the early 1800's. Among the persons to whom merchandise was sold, often in exchange for articles made by them or for services rendered, were a good many early Maplewood names: Balls, Crowells, Durands, Freemans, Gardners, Piersons and Tichenors.

Scattered through the pages of this day-book are the names of fifteen men in the region served by the store who were making shoes either whole-time or part-time in 1809, and bringing them to the store to exchange for merchandise. One such shoemaker brought in "50 pairs shoes," receiving a credit of 12 pounds, 10 shillings for them; another brought in "60 pairs corse shoes." Similarly, there were several hat-makers in the community who exchanged their product at the store in the same way. William Pierson, for example, brought in "2 caster hats" on one date, and "3 fur hats" on another; the caster hats were made of beaver fur, the "3 fur hats" may have been made of muskrat.

---

[9] Based upon material in Henry W. Foster's *The Evolution of the School District*, etc.

There were other articles for which the store gave credit. Caleb Durand brought in "7½ lbs. Rags" (probably for paper-making), and "7 lbs. Beeswax." Samuel Brown was credited with "29 lbs. Pork" at one time, and "63 lbs. Pork" at another; Hannah Brown with "10-12 doz. eggs" and "7 lbs. Cheese"; and Jabez Pierson received credit for "1 load wood." Credit was given for rabbit skins, 5 lbs. shoe thread, 1 snaffle bridle, 1 load salt hay and 7 lbs. pitch. Work done could be credited as well: "By 1 day's work in salt meadows" (mowing with the scythe), "By carting 1 hogshead molasses," "By repair of a sleigh," "By carrying load of shoes to the hoock [Paulus Hook, now Jersey City] and to Orange."

A varied assortment of merchandise was to be found on the shelves of the store. Although each farm home produced most of its own food, there were certain things that the farm could not provide, such as ginger and other spices which were to be had by the pound, raisins at 25 cents a pound, chocolate at 33 cents a pound, rice at 31 cents for seven pounds, the best sugar at 14½ cents a pound, brown sugar at 10 cents a pound, three kinds of tea ranging from $1.00 to $1.25 a pound. No coffee is listed. Certain other more common staples could be bought, too, such as molasses at 75 cents a gallon, butter at 20 cents a pound, eggs at 12½ cents a dozen, rye flour at 31 cents for 14 pounds, wheat flour at 53 cents for 14 pounds, Indian meal at 22 cents for 15 pounds; potatoes at 56 cents in February and at 75 cents in April; fine salt at 25 cents a peck; pork was 12½ cents a pound, and veal was 6 cents.

Nearly all clothing was made at home, by hand, and the store therefore carried a considerable variety of materials by the yard:[10] broadcloth, calico, cambric, cassimere, chintz, corduroy, dimity, red or yellow flannel, brown holland, gingham, brown linen, six grades of muslin, nankeen, sprig-muslin and even black velvet. There were needles, two for a penny, binding, bonnet-paper for stiffening, button-molds, gilt buttons, shirt buttons and cambric and silk thread.

There were miscellaneous articles like hymn-books and spelling-books, writing-paper, candles, quart jugs, dishes, knives and forks, pails, chamber-pots, hair-combs, cedar wash-tubs, suspenders, fur hats, camel's-hair shawls, silk shawls, sealskin shoes, worsted stockings, a bedstead with long posts, segars (25 cent for 100), tobacco for smoking, tobacco for chewing (4 to 6 cents a plug) and snuff, 10 cents for one-fourth pound.

---

[10] The length of a yard was marked off on the edge of the counter by tacks or nails driven in. The yard length itself was divided into 2½-inch spaces called "nails." Sprig-muslin, for example, is listed at 2s 6d for five nails. There were 16 nails to a yard.

The shoemaker could buy such necessary items as awls, bottoms and soles for shoes, shoe-lasts, leather, rosin, shoe-tacks, shoe-thread, uppers, needles and beeswax. The farmer could find there hoes, rakes, lath, wrought nails, 8-penny nails, trace-chains, clover and flax seed and brushes for whitewashing.

Finally, as "Evidences of the need for a Temperance Movement," Mr. Foster says: "In 1809 the use of liquors of all sorts was so common that charges for liquor in this store were more than those for any other goods. The total number of charge customers was 123. In August, for example, 86 of them had goods charged, and 40 of these included liquor in their purchases, making of course a number of such purchases during the month. On one day there were eleven charge customers and nine of them included liquor. Of those buying liquor during the month, 17 had from one to five gallons; 23 had from 1 pint to 3 quarts. More than 52 gallons in all were charged. The charged items did not include all the drinks consumed. The liquors included whiskey, rum, gin, cider, cider-spirits, wine and cordials—rum more than any other one kind."[11]

---

[11] Whiskey is listed at 6s or 75 cents a gallon; rum at 8s or $1.00 a gallon; gin at 10 cents a pint; cider-spirits at $1.00 a gallon; wine at 3s or 38 cents a quart; cherry-wine at 12½ cents a quart; and cordial at 6 cents for one gill.

4 • Elder Joseph Gildersleeve

OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL

PREVIOUS to 1811 Jefferson Village was so scattered and so loosely knit a community that it had no organized religious group and, of course, no church. The majority of the inhabitants were Presbyterian, and as there was a flourishing church of that denomination in Springfield, and another in Orange, it was natural that those families living in the southerly half of the town should attend services in Springfield, while those living in the northerly half should go to the church in Orange. The story is still told that the great walnut tree, standing even today before Washington Inn on Ridgewood Road, as early as 1800 marked the dividing line between the Springfield and the Orange worshipers in the Village. Be that as it may, before 1812 such local religious services as were held in Jefferson Village were conducted in the schoolhouse by visiting or itinerant preachers.

During the first decade of the 1800's a handful of Baptists in and near the Village organized themselves into a church group and in 1812 they built a chapel on a plot of ground lying at the corner of Bear Lane and Grub Street.[1] The land had been given for this purpose in 1811 by Caleb Durand, who in all probability is the "C. Durand" whose house is marked on the 1815 map as standing next to the Chapel. The same early map designates the little church as "Babel Chapel" in harmony with "the satiric vein"[2] that gave such derisive names to the local roads as "Grub Street" and "Heathen Street."

Joseph Gildersleeve had become pastor of this little flock even before the building of the Chapel, and its pastor he remained until his death in 1846. He lived in the house marked "Neighbour Joseph" on Dominie Street,[3] so-called, no doubt, because of his residence there. On Sundays he preached the Gospel to his neighbors and on weekdays at home he wove rag-carpets. He was

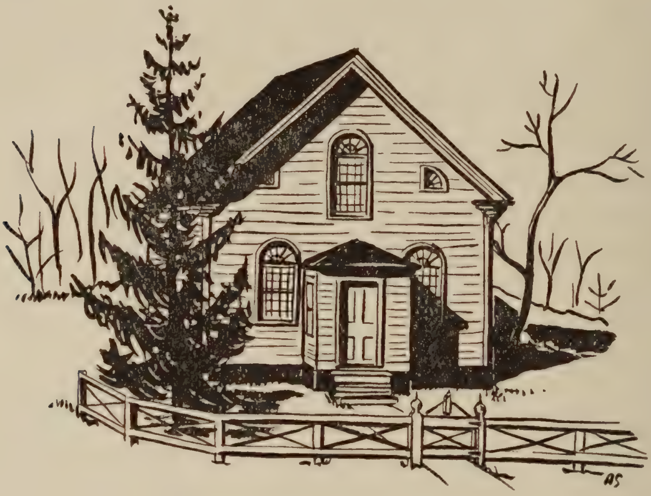
[1] Now Claremont Avenue and Ridgewood Road. See the map of 1815.

[2] See John Durand's description of this early map made by his uncle (probably Cyrus Durand) in 1815, pp. 7ff.

[3] Now 90 Jefferson Avenue.

spoken of with respect as "Elder" Gildersleeve by his flock, and affectionately as "Neighbour Joseph" by others. He had grown up among them and had been known from his youth to everyone in the valley.

The Gildersleeve family had from an early time been living in this vicinity and had long owned land here, as certain recorded deeds and wills attest. A deed dated "Oct. 24, A.D. 1786," lists a transfer of land from John Gildersleeve[4] to Ezra Gildersleeve, Ezra being the father of Joseph. Elder Joseph Gildersleeve after his father's death owned the house in which he was living on Dominie Street, and some of the surrounding land as well. In 1798, Joseph Gildersleeve himself, at that time twenty-four years old, bought from Samuel Allen for a consideration of nineteen pounds, sixteen shillings, a plot of land lying between Crooked Brook and the present Ridgewood Road.



BAPTIST CHAPEL

The will of Ezra Gildersleeve, Joseph's father, was probated in 1810 when Joseph was thirty-six years old. In his will Ezra bequeathed "to my son Joseph Gildersleeve—all those lots of land and buildings on the north side of the road upon which he now liveth.[5] I also give unto him the ten acre lot of land lying over against him on the south side of the road. Also I give unto him one equal undivided half of a lot of wood land lying over the first mountain; also one equal undivided half of a lot of wood land lying near Abner Crowell's." To his son Ezra he bequeathed land also, including the second halves of the two wood-lots. To his sons Samuel and Cyrus and his daughter Mary, he bequeathed twenty-five pounds each, and to the two children of his daughter Sarah, he bequeathed twenty-five pounds and a feather-bed each. Joseph and Ezra were to divide equally between them all his movable estate and were to act as executors.

---

[4] There is in the possession of Mrs. Blanche Bryant a Bible inscribed "John Gildersleeve his book given me by my father Asa Gildersleeve Mar 25, 1753." Mrs. Bryant is the fifth generation in line of descent from John Gildersleeve.

The will of Elder Joseph Gildersleeve was probated June 19, 1846. After ordering all his just debts to be paid he lists the following bequests:

"Item. To my wife Mary Gildersleeve one feather-bed and bedding, one cow and one hundred dollars in money, also such household goods as she may select.

"Item. To my daughter Elizabeth Reeves wife of Isaac Reeves the use of five-hundred and forty dollars during her life and if her situation in life may require more than the interest of said sum, then she may receive the principal from time to time as may be necessary for her support.

"Item. To my daughter Rachel Townly, wife of Clark Townly, sum of five-hundred and forty dollars.

"Item. I give and bequeath to my son John Gildersleeve one half of the lot of land on which his barn stands on the north side of the road leading from the Morris and Essex Rail Road to the Baptist Church, the said John Gildersleeve to have the east side of said lot; I also give and bequeath to the said John Gildersleeve all my lands and premises lying on the southerly side of said road containing about nineteen acres more or less; also one half of my wood lot between the Mountains containing about twenty-five acres more or less.

"Item. I give to my son Caleb Gildersleeve—wood lot of twenty-five acres and four hundred dollars.

"Item. All the residue of my estate both real and personal I give and bequeath to my said son John Gildersleeve, he paying all my debts and legacies herein directed to be paid. Also to furnish his mother with sufficient wood to support one fire and the keeping for one cow. Lastly, I hereby appoint my said son John Gildersleeve sole executor of this my last Will and Testament."

---

[5] Jefferson Avenue.

Elder Joseph Gildersleeve was seventy-two years old when he died in 1846, leaving the above will. He was buried in the little graveyard behind the Chapel where two of his children had been laid to rest years before, Sally, aged twenty-one, and Ezra, aged ten. His wife Mary did not long outlive him, dying the following year in 1847, and being buried beside him.

John Gildersleeve continued to live in Jefferson Village on the land inherited from his father and seems to have been a substantial citizen. He is one of the six members of the congregation whom Daniel H. Carpenter names as present at the first church service which he attended in "the little Chapel at 'Bear Lane' " in the spring of 1868.

An entry dated March 2, 1869, in the Minutes of the Township of South Orange, to which Jefferson Village then belonged, gives another brief glimpse of him. The entry, apparently for the record only, is this:

"The following description of an Estray was this day filed with the Clerk of the Township by Mr. John Gildersleeve: Found tied to the fence in front of the M. E. Church in Jefferson Village on the twenty eighth day of December Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Eight, A Dark Bay Mare supposed to be about twelve or fourteen years old, Marked with a star in the fore Head and one white Hind foot. Said Mare is fourteen Hands and three inches High.

Victor F. Reeve
Clerk"

5 • Pierson's Mill

BY ELLEN S. UPTEGROVE

"SKATING on Pierson's Pond" is one of the vivid memories of the boys and girls who were growing up in Maplewood about 1900, as expressed in the "Memories" included elsewhere in these pages. Several earlier generations of boys and girls must have enjoyed the same wintry sport on the same pond, for Pierson's Mill was built in 1831, and the East Branch of the Rahway River which flowed through the Pierson farm had been dammed up at that time to furnish water-power for the mill. The pond thus formed covered about fifteen acres and is remembered as a wonderful place for skating.

Pierson's Mill is one of the oldest landmarks still standing in our valley. Its disinction is unique in the town, for during the long 115 years of its existence it has been actively managed by five successive generations of Piersons, and never in its long history has it been closed. This notable record was maintained even after a disastrous fire which broke out in the Mill on the night of June 6, 1946, and did great damage. By morning a battery of telephones had been installed, ruined stocks had somehow been replenished, and business proceeded as usual. In spite of the difficult building conditions existing at the time, repairs to the Mill were completed in about three months, and it stands today much as it was in the beginning.

The first Pierson was Samuel, who came originally from Connecticut to Newark. In 1776 he moved to the more open, sightly area at the foot of the Orange Mountains near their southern end. The section was at that time described as "wooded, wild country." A small settlement on the slope of the mountain was beginning to be called "Jefferson Village." Samuel Pierson bought 250 acres of land between what are now Springfield Avenue and Ridgewood Road, then little more than country lanes. Springfield Avenue became early a turnpike or toll-road, and was an important highway between the growing town of Newark and the thriving settlements of Springfield and Morristown. Our present Valley Street, which roughly paralleled the Rahway River for a distance, was a direct road to Springfield, and on that road Samuel Pierson built a store and a house near the site of the present Mill. The first house stood on ground that lies directly in front of the present large, columned white house, and it was torn down when the present house was built. The store, later used as a school for eight years after the building of the Mill, still later became a dwelling house for the miller. Eventually, after several moves, it came to rest on Valley Street near Millburn Avenue, where it may be seen today.

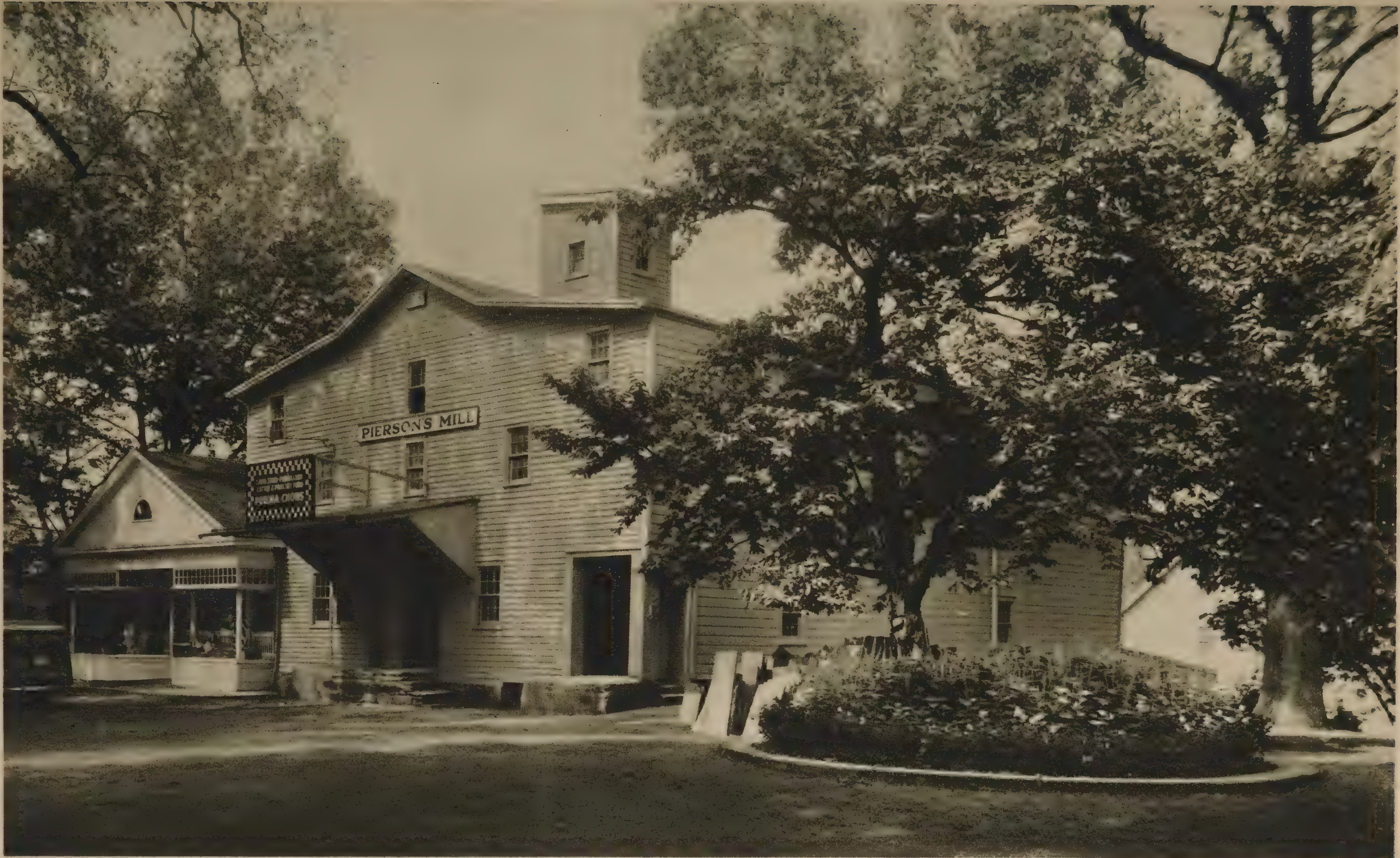
Samuel's son Lewis, born in 1801, expanded the family business to include milling, and it was he who built the gristmill in 1831, and dammed up the Rahway River to produce the necessary water-power. The old hand-hewn oak beams and posts which went into the building of the Mill were brought down from the wooded hillside near our present Springfield Avenue, and they can be seen today sturdily pegged together and stout as ever. A millrace brought the water pouring over the dam into the Mill where it was sluiced around two turbine wheels, slowly turning huge millstones between which the grain was ground.[1] The local farmers brought their wheat, corn, oats, barley and buckwheat to the Mill, and took home feed for their poultry and stock, and, as one writer says, "flour for bread and pancakes."

Twelve years later, in 1843, the family took up spring and summer quarters in the barn, while the present fine, classic-pillared home was building. An entry in the diary of Abby Susannah Pierson for 1843 reads: "May 3—Clear this morn, clouded up soon with a cold stormy wind. Have moved in the barn today while we can have a house built." Four weeks later Mrs. Pierson writes: "May 30—Our house has been raised today." And a third entry reads: "Sept. 16th—A beautiful clear day. We have taken tea in our new house this eve for the first time; not half our things in."[2] Running water was brought into

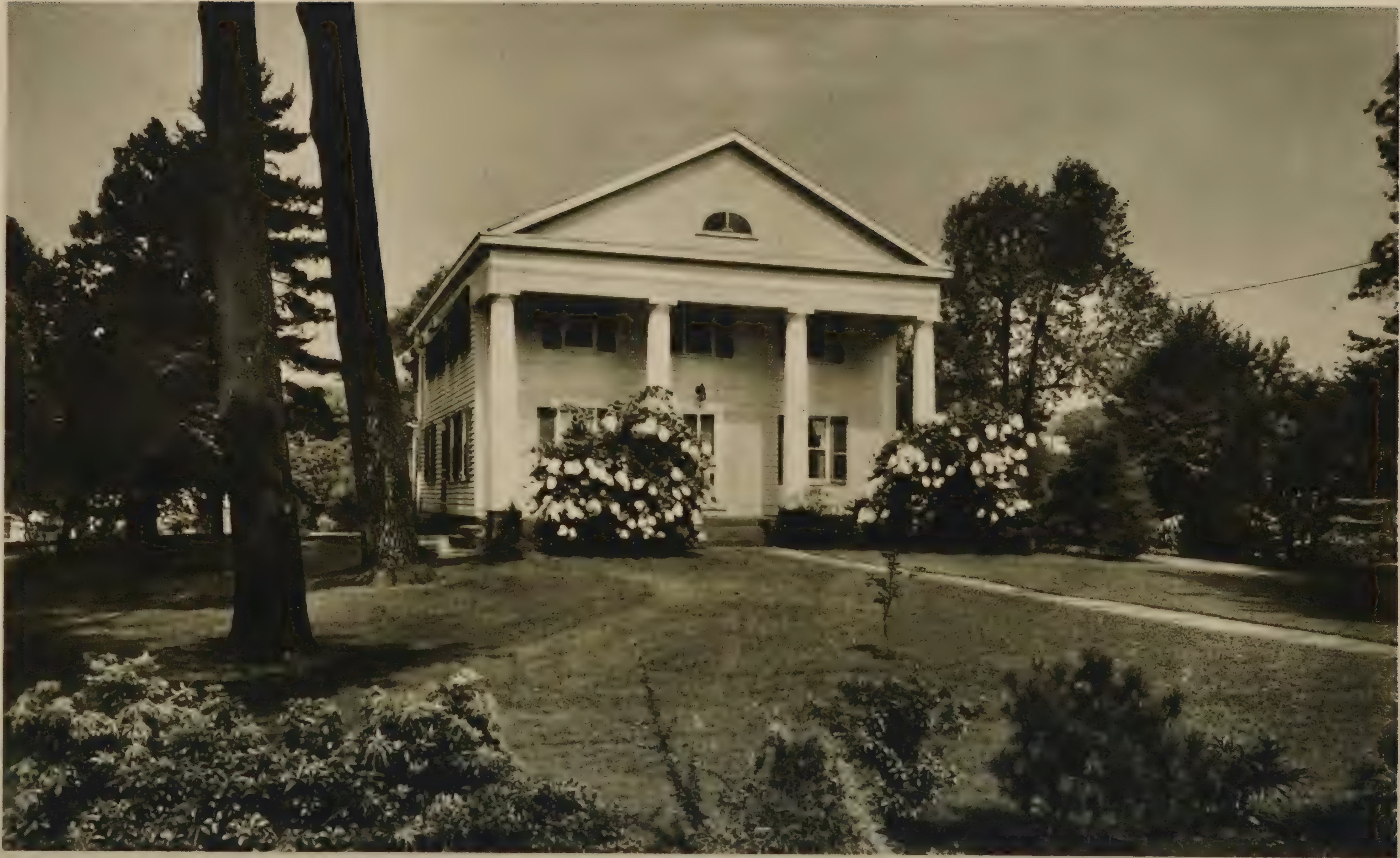
---

[1] See pp. 45ff.

[2] From an unpublished diary kept by Abby Susannah Pierson, 1842-1843, in the possession of the Pierson family. Abby Susannah Pierson had been Abby Susannah Beach before her marriage to Lewis Pierson. She belonged to the Beach family whose land lay along the north side of Parker Avenue eastward up the hill to Prospect Street. It is for this family that Beach Street, extending from Prospect down to Academy Street, is named, the land for the whole school tract there having been a


PIERSON'S MILL

Pierson's Mill



The Pierson House, Valley Street

the new house from a spring which also supplied water for a much-admired fountain. At this time the estate was known as "Vaux Hall."[3]

Changing times brought changing conditions, and in 1909 when the Mill had been operating seventy-eight years by water-power, a major alteration was made: electric-power was substituted for water by Lewis Pierson's grandson, Lewis Henry, the great-grandson of Samuel. The old turbine wheels were discarded, and new machinery was installed. Now when one enters the sunny offices and salesroom, built about 1938, he steps upon one of the old millstones imbedded in the concrete in front of the door. Installation of the new, heavier machinery necessitated reinforcing the old oak beams with steel. Otherwise, except for new bins and chutes, the interior was not changed. The new machinery ground in an hour the quantity that formerly required a day.

As the years rolled on, the surrounding farms rapidly gave way to residences, and urban life encroached upon that of the country. The Mill met this challenge of changing local conditions successfully. It began to ship in its grain from the Middle West, and today its four levels are stacked high with great bags of wheat, oats, corn, soy beans, etc., brought from a distance. These grains it grinds into poultry and stock feed, supplying much of the intervening country between here and Morristown. It grinds whole wheat, corn meal and oats also, for those who enjoy freshly ground grains bought directly from the Mill. To meet suburban needs, the Mill today carries lawn and garden seeds, fertilizers, spray materials, garden tools and the like.

The great barn in the rear, built in 1898 and now used as a warehouse, was at one time part of an extensive layout of stables

---

part of the Beach farm. A book of reminiscences of the Beach family written by the Reverend David N. Beach says of his Aunt Susan:

"She was a noble woman, of the strictest integrity, industrious, capable, highly competent. When one went to her home, he found it beautifully kept, everything admirably arranged and managed. We all loved to go to Uncle Lewis's and Aunt Susan's for the pleasantness of their establishment, and for the excellent viands set before us."

[3] In the Beach *Family Reminiscences and Annals* we read: "It was typical of Uncle Lewis that he built him a house in one of the Grecian orders of architecture, with great pillars and Ionic capitals, and that he introduced from a spring on a hillside on his farm, not only running water for his house, but supplied with this water likewise a somewhat pretentious fountain, the admiration of the neighborhood. This estate of his he used to style 'Vaux Hall.' " For the name "Vaux Hall," see p. 150, footnote.

and horse-sheds that could accommodate as many as 250 horses, which were boarded there during absences of their owners in the Oranges, Llewellyn Park and other near-by communities. This group of three buildings standing today seems perfectly at home in its modern setting. The open fields of the golf course, built on land leased from the Pierson estate, continue to provide the open country setting, even to a little stream flowing through. The mill-pond which provided so much good skating in the old days, was drained in 1916.

A great elm standing in front of the big white house went down in the hurricane of 1943, but two tall old evergreens remain, a pine and a hemlock. In front of the Mill there are two fine elms well over a hundred years old still standing near the street, and it is to be hoped that they may long continue to lend dignity and grace to the Mill and its setting.

6 • The Glen*

BY DAVID NELSON BEACH

Out of the center of South Orange, New Jersey, a little west of south, runs Valley Street. After about a mile it intersects Parker Avenue. Should one get off the streetcar at that point and express to an inhabitant his satisfaction at being again in the *Glen*, he would be likely to look into eyes doubtful of his mental competence or derisive as to his taste in landscape. For now it is no Glen. The passion for levelling rolling country by grading; the zeal to disuse "white coal"[1] by abolishing all dams on the river, and especially the wide and massive ballasting of the Lackawanna Railroad which replaced our beloved Morris and Essex, and the disposition to sell fifty-foot front lots and put on them cheap buildings, have been the principal cause of the changes that have come. But for five generations of Beaches, father and son, this was a *Glen*, and was of extraordinary beauty.

The bases for the beauty of the Glen were first, the West Branch of the Rahway River which paralleled Valley Street, drawing rather near to it on the west as we reached Parker Avenue. Next to that was the First, or Orange, Mountain which had the kindness to end abruptly some three miles farther south, beyond which, rolling away toward the southwest, could be seen the lovely hills known locally, for what reason I know not, as Turkey Mountains. This First Mountain had something of a break in its slope toward the east, along which, north and south, ran the highway,[2] and between which and the river there was a somewhat abrupt ridge. Thus, toward the west were ridge and mountains, with the mountain's picturesque termination, while on our side east of the river there rose a very considerable abrupt ridge[3] which made our skyline to the east.

To complete the perfection of the scene, only a few feet north of Parker Avenue the river was dammed and a picturesque bridge was just below the apron of the dam. The water thus impounded was led by a race-way, skillfully engineered, for perhaps a third of a mile along the roadway which it turned and paralleled, around an abrupt hill, and then to what in our time was a paper mill,[4] but which had been a woolen mill, and I know not what more.

---

* *Beach Family Reminiscences and Annals*, by the Reverend David Nelson Beach(?), with the permission of L. D. Crowell.

[1] Water-power.

[2] Ridgewood Road.

[3] Generally called, in an earlier day, the Clinton Hills.

This race-way left the pond perhaps fifty feet to the west and it also had a bridge, below which there was a small pond with only slightly sloping banks where wagons could be driven for wetting their felloes and watering their horses. To this smaller pond were brought, particularly in the summer time, appreciable herds of cattle which were found in the neighborhood.

It was the larger pond which gave an indescribable grace to the whole landscape. There would be low water and high, but the stream was sufficient always to leave a good amount of water in the pond and race-way, and in freshets huge volumes of water would pour thundering over its dam; and the substantial bridge just below it, with its heavy timber railing, was a glorious spot from which to see the rush of the waters and to listen to their great roar. In this pond there was a bit of island with huge trees upon it, and beyond this toward the north the pond stretched on and on again, bending off soon toward the left and extending under the railroad bridge far to the north, partly pond, partly wooded islands. It was a veritable voyage of discovery to pass under the railroad bridge in a boat and pick one's way through the rambling and often partly divided courses of the pond.

This pond was of no great depth, not much of it over the head of a reasonably tall man, but it was the center of no end of pleasure for children and for grown-ups as well. There in summer one could swim, or fish, or "bob" for eels; and as for boating on it, it was superlative. Below the bridge there was a considerable stretch of land once used as a pasture through which the stream had wandered, and perhaps five hundred feet farther south there were the remains of a somewhat extended earlier dam that now existed only as broken hillocks. One wondered about the builders of that ancient dam, and to what purpose its powers had been applied.

---

[4] See p. 151.

In my childhood Valley Street did not intersect Parker Avenue as it does now, but ended abruptly at its farther side. West of the Crowell house[5] was a second house, a kind of an almost "lean-to" construction, the Broadbent house, as it was then called from the name of its occupant. Mr. Broadbent had in that house a loom for making "rag carpets." It was an interesting sight to go into his weaving room and see the balls of "carpet rags" and the skill with which he arranged his warp and with which, throwing his shuttle back and forth, he fabricated admirable specimens of that ancient and excellent type of carpet.

Parker Avenue crossed the bridge, and the second and smaller bridge, and then, turning south, it skirted the race-way for a considerable distance, till the race-way turned to the left to be engineered around a hill which the road skirted to its right. Just beyond the pond was the old Stone House.[6] This was an ancient structure and at the front of it was a platform constructed of masonry and earth, at which trains of the Morris and Essex Rail Road stopped in the earlier days. This house, with its squared brownstone cutting, was at one time the home of our father's second brother Daniel who was husband to a Miss Durand, a sister of Asher B. Durand,[7] an eminent artist, friend of the poet William Cullen Bryant, and at one time president of the National Academy. She, our beloved "Aunt Betsy," was a genius, full of rhyme and sentiment and practical common sense, while her husband was an uncommonly skilled machinist.

The river, after about an additional mile, had another water privilege, Pierson's Pond. This pond was more distinctly artificial in its construction than ours. The water was impounded for a great distance with a natural slope of land for its east bank, and for its west bank, farther along, an embankment. Out of it ran, for a short distance, another race-way, and then came the grist mill. At that time the miller was our Uncle Lewis [Pierson], who had married the eldest sister of my father, Abby Susannah Beach,[8] known to us as "Aunt Susan." The grist mill was a sight of itself. Hither were coming from time to time loads of grain which would be bought by our uncle, or ground in lots for the persons who brought them. There were at this mill three or four sets of stones. The sharpening of these stones from time to time, the hoisting of them for the purpose and the whole operation, was a fascinating sight. The mill was a two or three story building. It had machinery for producing fine flour and various grades of meal. On the upper floor there was grain as well as flour and meal in store. Besides this there was in the mill a hoisting apparatus, with a considerable platform, which could serve the several floors. Compared with a modern elevator this was as ancient as Noah's Ark, but it was ingenious and effective.

---

[5] On the southeast corner of Valley Street and Parker Avenue.

[6] This house still stands at 22 Jefferson Avenue. See pp. 199ff.

[7] See p. 199.

[8] See p. 40, footnote.

The water of the race-way, in running the mill, poured onto a huge water wheel of the "breast" type. The wheel was wide, and of great diameter. The water was caught in a series of horizontal buckets around its circumference, and there was something awesome, not to say awful, about the rush of waters upon and under the great wheel. When occasionally the wheel needed repairing or rebuilding and expert millwrights came to do it, it was wonderful to witness the process.

Between our pond and our uncle's pond there was a paper mill. Various grades of wrapping paper were manufactured in it. Huge loads of rags were coming toward it and huge loads of paper going from it, driving invariably by our house.

Notwithstanding an immeasurable solitude in the Glen, there was much that added a human touch to its natural beauty. Since in our early days Valley Street did not intersect Parker Avenue, to proceed south at that point one had first to turn west on the old Parker Avenue road, cross the bridge, turn south again past the old Stone House, then swing back over the river, and so on south toward Springfield. Since all this involved a considerable detour, in due time Valley Street was extended beyond Parker Avenue, through the west part of the Crowell farm and beyond, until it joined the south end of what is now Valley Street south of Oakland Road.

Our schoolhouse[9] was about a mile toward the south and not far from Uncle Lewis's pond and mill, and in going to school we did not make a detour over the river and back again, but went "cross lots" through the Crowell farm and land beyond it until we came to the road.

---

[9] The Brick School House, still standing at 18 Tuscan Road.

In point of fact, Valley Street was a new road. It does not appear on the older maps. Along Valley Street toward South Orange, there were a series of risings and fallings of the land. An instance of it occurred perhaps a thousand feet north of Parker Avenue, on our own farm. We were in a glacial moraine. On a part of our farm west of Valley Street there was a Y-shaped "kame" or hillock running northwest, with a branch to the left and a branch to the right. All in all, from Parker Avenue to South Orange there was a picturesqueness to that street which it has entirely lost. About halfway to the village, on the left, was our little "grave yard." This cemetery was only half its present size, but it was remarkably kept up, and it was a lovely spot. Among the first interments in it was my grandfather's. Just beyond the graveyard there was a stretch of woods, a kind of terror in the night to a child having occasion to traverse it after dark.

Valley Street early became the name of that road, but Parker Avenue was a modern name. I was eight years old when the Republican party was formed. Fremont and Dayton in 1855, the Republican candidates, were ingloriously defeated, but 1860 changed that. The area that our school district covered was reactionary to a degree. We were taunted as "Black Republicans," and our clan fell under that reproach which soon ceased to be such. It happened in my school-days that an elderly kinsman, Ashbel Brown, did not vote the Republican ticket but was a propagandist of the contrary faith. About that time New Jersey had a distinguished Democratic governor by the name of Joel Parker.[9a] Through Brown's influence Governor Parker's name got attached to the road and it became Parker Avenue.[10] The Valley Road, more and more as time went on, took the place of Prospect Street nearer the top of the eastern ridge, which had long been the old road north and south between our area and South Orange itself.

This is the order in which the houses of the numerous Beach families and our connections came, beginning near the river and going east up Parker Avenue: first, at the "Stone House" was Uncle Daniel, and next there was Uncle James Crowell, and his son John, with his family; then the carpenter shop of them both near by; then a small house for rent, I suppose, by them; then the bridge; then just above the bridge, at the northwest corner of Valley Street and Parker Avenue, the great barn of my father; then in the northeast corner[11] of the same street crossing, the David J. and J. Wycliffe Beach house, our old home; and on the southeast corner, opposite, the Aaron and I. Newton Crowell house, with the Broadbent house, soon torn down, to the west of it, and as yet no extension of Valley Street to the south; and after that, going "up the hill" along Parker Avenue, on the left the Gillam house, formerly the David and Juniah Beach house, father and son; beyond that the old Tichenor place,[12] known in our time as the Betsy Hand house, her maiden name having been Tichenor; then on the right, on the ridge, opposite Prospect Street which there ended, the Bond house and the Albert J. Beach house; just beyond that, going east, the Charles H. Beach house, that of his eldest son, Albert J. Beach, built when he himself married; then on the left the Aaron C. Brown house;[13] and farther on the left the Smith-Taylor house,[14] and nothing further until beyond the top of the ridge where there were some scattered houses.

[9a] Joel Parker was elected Governor in 1861, and again in 1871; he enjoyed great popularity all his life.

[10] The name "Hilldale" by which the upper, east, end of Parker Avenue was early known clung to it much later than this, but finally gave way to "Parker." In other quarters the street is declared to have been named for Cortlandt Parker, a noted lawyer and jurist and staunch Republican.

Excepting the Charles H. Beach house, built much later, and the Broadbent house, early torn down, this made ten houses within a distance of well on toward a mile, excepting that there was on Valley Street, after about a thousand feet northward from Parker Avenue toward South Orange, a slow beginning of the erection of houses along that relatively new road.

There was then comparative solitude. It was hardly silence. Farming operations went on. The blacksmith shop of the Beaches, the carpenter shop of the James and John Crowells, and, at the proper season, the grinding of apples for cider on the Crowell place, gave forth their sounds. Also there was the laughter and play of little children. There were the sports of the young people, shared in from time to time by the married ones. In short, there was life, and plenty of it; but there was also the mountain,

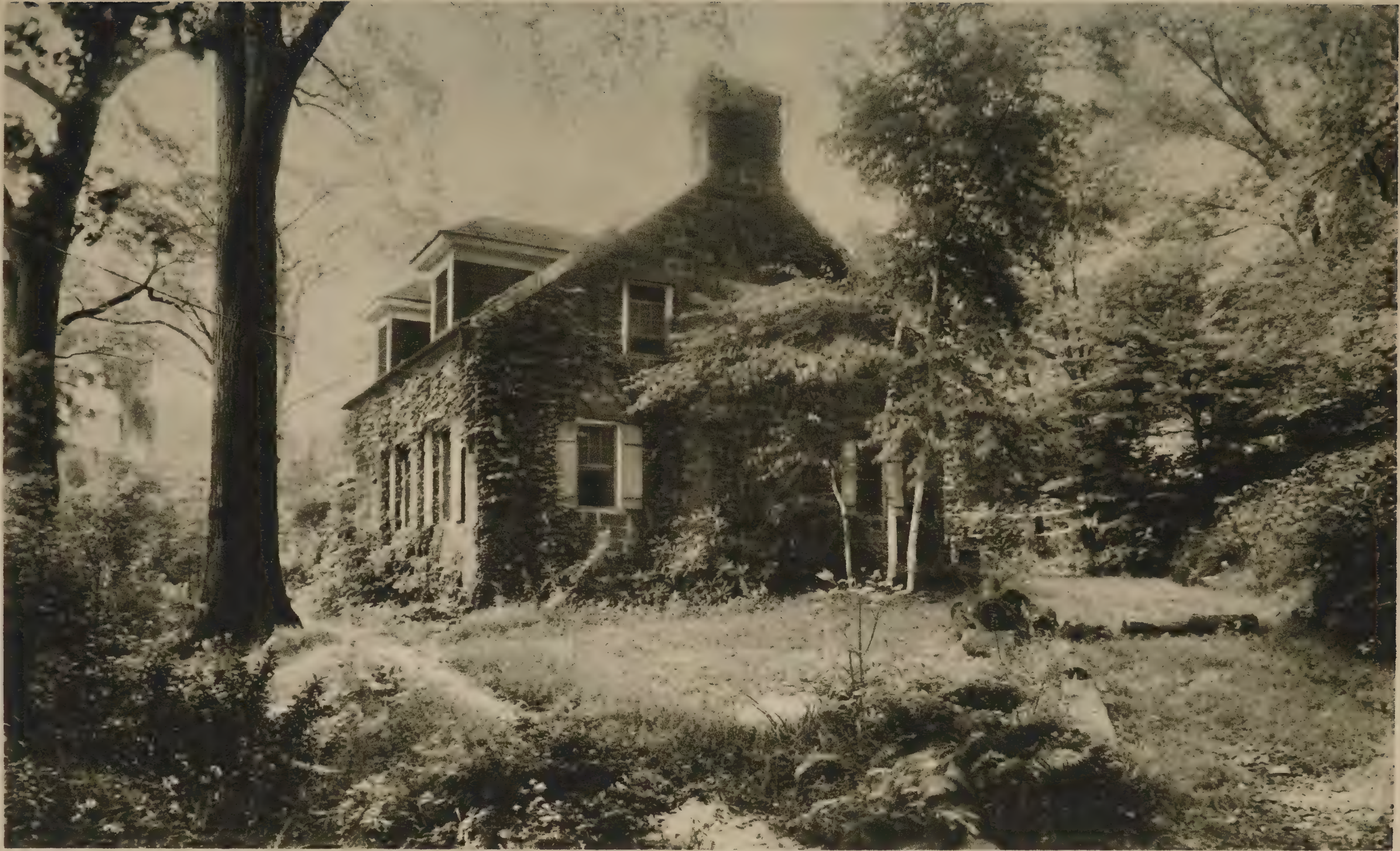
---

[11] Now a part of the Columbia High School grounds.

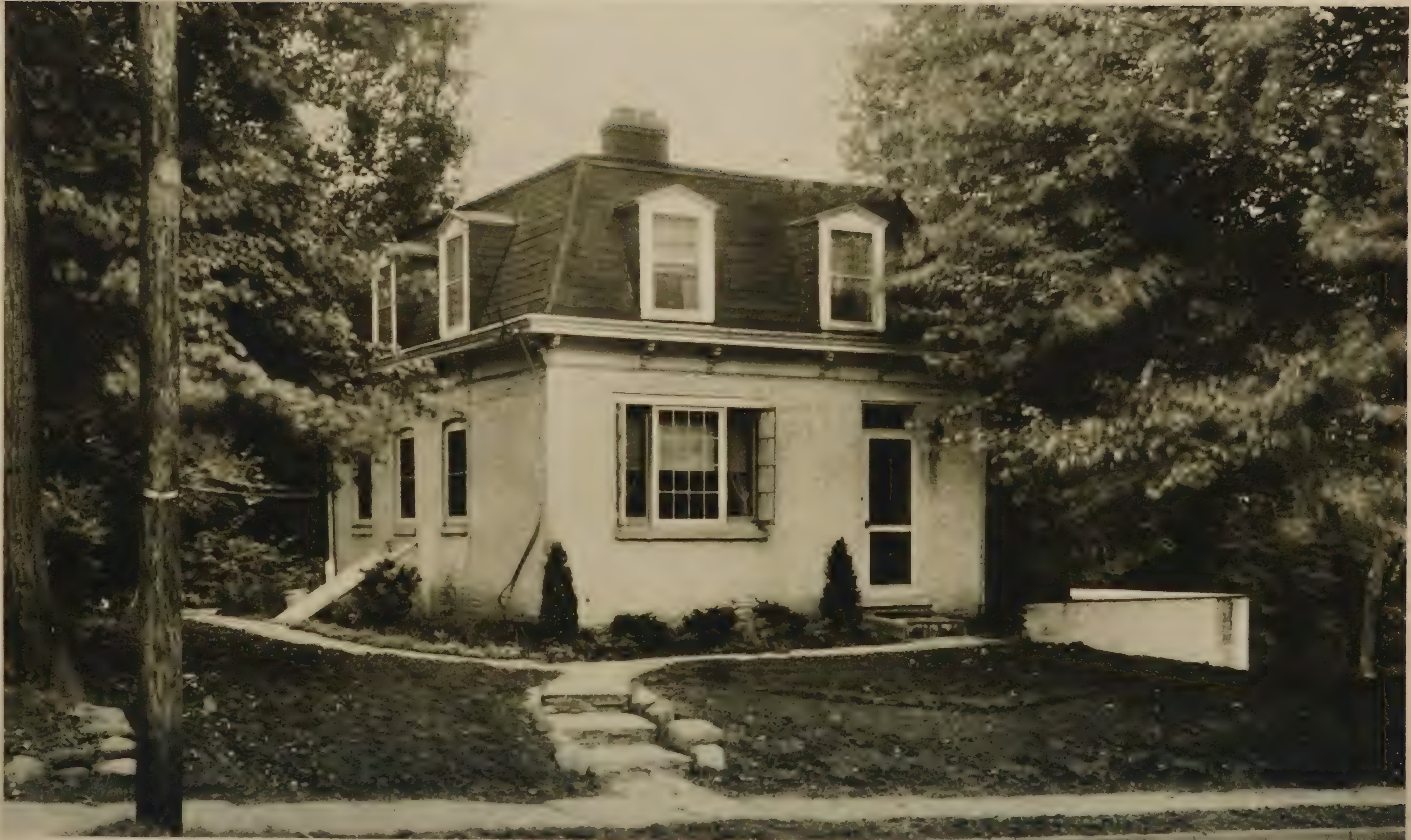
[12] Still standing at the corner of Parker Avenue and Academy Street; see p. 203.

[13] Still standing at 81 Parker Avenue.

[14] Still standing at 103 Parker Avenue.



The Old Stone House, Jefferson Avenue



The Brick Schoolhouse on Tuscan Road near Valley Street, as it is today there was the great eastern hill, there was the river. Westerly was the landscape off toward Turkey Mountain. The whole Glen seemed ensphered within the sky above, the river beneath, and the scene of natural beauty that always enthralled me.

The early forest had mainly disappeared. There was a stretch of woods along Valley Street. South of Parker Avenue, somewhat to the west of Valley Street, were considerable stretches of woodland, with an abundance of trees. They were around the pond. They were along the roadways. The apple ridges on our farm and on the Crowell farm added the grace of their blossoms, their foliage and their fruit. To the east was the ridge. Over it would rise the sun, and the great full moon. North and south was the beauty of farm and wooded pond, and when the foliage disappeared, in the winter time with the sun toward Turkey Mountain running very low, there was an indescribable splendor about the old home. On the other hand, the sun running north would be looking down upon us at its setting, almost abreast of our house. In my eighth year, for weeks, I should say, there hung over Orange Mountain an indescribable magnificence, the great comet of 1858.[15] This unusual visitant from the depths of space to our solar system gave such a splendor to our nights that even a child could gain a sense of the magnitude and glory of our star-lit sky.

Our farm produced huge crops of timothy and clover so that in the late summer the mows of hay were wonderful to behold. There were fields of Indian corn and garden stuff, too, and my father was interested in growing small fruits. On what a true line he set out an orchard of dwarf pears! He had an acre of Lawton blackberries. Happy were the berrying days for the children, and considerable was the pin money which we and the neighbors' children earned by picking them. He early appreciated the possibilities of growing popcorn, and for many years he grew a very choice grade of this, which was not only shelled but winnowed cleanly and put up in two-bushel bags, and a journey would be made by wagon to a dealer in Brooklyn who paid him a handsome price for such a choice product. These journeys were memorable to us children, as one or more of us would be given the privilege of the eighteen-mile journey and back, for the dealer's place was perhaps two miles beyond Brooklyn Ferry. And with what eagerness we would watch and count the bridges over the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers, and the two ferries across the Hudson and East Rivers!

---

[15] This was probably Encke's comet which made a notable display in 1858.

Our plain farmer's life had a variety of enrichments. First of all, there were back of us four generations of skilled mechanics, and Uncle Daniel[16] [Beach] was not only a blacksmith but a machinist, and he added to his father's plant, which itself included two forges, a small brass foundry for making mechanical bearings and a horse-driven power plane for driving lathes. James Crowell, a brother of our grandmother, was a skillful carpenter and cabinet-maker, and his son John Durand Crowell succeeded him, and their shop just across the river from our side of the Glen had an admirable outfit of tools, and Uncle John made, for instance, a wonderfully strong and fine sled for coasting. Added to this was the circumstance that the Aaron Crowell place, across Parker Avenue from our home, carried on for generations a cider mill[17] for the making of vinegar, and in fact one of the local names for our immediate neighborhood was Vinegar Hill. Uncle Daniel invented and patented an admirable apple-grinding machine, an appliance much sought-after in those days.

There is a story about David Beach, our forebear and the first known Beach to carry the name David, who had a blacksmith shop on Parker Avenue on the left side as one went up from Valley Street. On a day in the autumn of 1759 he stood at his forge in that shop and someone came and said that such and such a person had the smallpox, and his family in a panic had deserted him. David Beach brought his hammer down on his anvil with a mighty ring, and said, "I will go and take care of him if I die for it." He took off his leather apron, proceeded to his house, made every arrangement including his will, went and cared for the sick man, and did die for it.

It was at the time of the scourge of virulent smallpox in New Jersey in 1758-1759, which amongst others took off Jonathan Edwards, less than a year president of Princeton College.[18] There was no vaccination nor inoculation for smallpox, nor knowledge of how to treat it. David knew, as the preparation of his will shows, that he was very likely going to his death. His age was thirty-five. He was buried in the graveyard of the church at Connecticut Farms. It was this David who has caused the name of David to appear and reappear in our line since, a wholly fit memorial.

---

[16] In the Old Stone House; see p. 199.

[17] See pp. 179ff.

[18] Timothy Ball died in this epidemic also. See p. 195.

His son Juniah was a blacksmith too. His account-book, parchment-bound, and having its earliest entry in January, 1775, and continuing into the early eighteen hundreds, is full of interesting implications. Tradition has it that he was sent out of the Revolutionary army as a skilled blacksmith to make bayonets. On ancient handmade paper is a stitched-together series of accounts marked "Company Account." It is entered here, "To so and so for a bayonet," "To so and so for two bayonets," or "repairing hilt on sword" and the like. There is a further tradition that when Washington was campaigning in this neighborhood, Juniah repaired the General's watch. I have not counted the names in the "Company Account" but he must have made close to 200 bayonets. It was private arming in those days.

Revolutionary action was close to our area. The well at our house, a well that went with a house much earlier than ours on the same site, was used for hiding valuables when the British were near. In our time, that old dis-used pre-Revolutionary well provided us with a perfect cooler into which forty-quart cans of milk descended almost to the water itself by means of a windlass in a strongly built well-house.

The Fabian strategy of Washington toward the enemy at that time involved no little use of Orange Mountain. There is a tradition that from a sightly crest of this mountain the women from our neighborhood who had fled into the mountain, and had carried with them fabrics of various colors, organized a ruse to mislead the enemy; arraying themselves in these bright colors and forming a line that marched from the woods and returned into the woods, but which was really a continuous circle, they would expose themselves to the view of the British in a way to give the impression that they were Colonial troops.

Springfield, the center of a minor Revolutionary battle, was some three miles south of our neighborhood. The wife of the minister of that church was shot by a British soldier through a window, as she was nursing her baby. The Springfield church still stands, but the meeting-house at Connecticut Farms was burned to the ground.

About our old house: on the top course of masonry, at its front northeast corner, was a stone marked 1720, the characters archaic but graceful, and in that sense beautiful. I was always going to that stone as I had opportunity, to note again the figures and their grace. It was the tradition in our home that those figures were not the date of the building of that house but were the date of the building of a house which had stood where our house came to stand, and our house was simply erected on the old ruins. The fact, too, that the well at its east end had been used during the Revolutionary War seemed confirmatory of this view, the house gone, but the well remaining. It was supposed that, in building the later house, stones were taken from that old ruin for the foundations of the new building, and that these stones included the one bearing the date of the prior building. This later house was in two parts, the taller and fresher-looking part on the west and an ell on the east. I understood in my childhood that the western end was first built and then the east end; also that the dates of construction were west end 1805, and east end 1825. Having a little aptitude in cutting letters and figures in the soft red sandstone, which was the foundation of both parts of the house, I cut into a stone of the west part the two dates, 1720-1825, meaning to indicate thereby that there had stood the other and original house gone to ruin, and that the later house was built on its site.

7 • Excerpts from the Notebook

OF DANIEL HOAGLAND CARPENTER*

I REMOVED from New York City to Maplewood, New Jersey, on May 1st, 1868. I have lived here since that time—up to this date, December, 1895.

The place which I bought for my home in 1868 was situated exactly opposite the Rail Road Depot. There was about an acre and a quarter of land nicely laid out, with fruit and shade trees, shrubbery and garden; the house was then considered a very pretty one indeed.[1]

I very well remember my first Sunday in this our country home. It was a beautiful day, everything around was so bright, clean and sweet, the Air so balmy & fragrant—the birds sang and twitted as I never before noticed—and so still: no clattering milk-wagon, no noisy news boy, no jingling car bell. My way to church was up the quiet street that led from the Depot to the more traveled highway—they had no names then—now, they are "Baker Street" and "Ridgewood Road." We, that is, my two boys & two of my daughters, started out to find our way to the Methodist Church, there was no sidewalk or sign of a beaten path for us to walk, so, like the horses, we took the middle of the roadway; it was "jolly" for the children and I didn't mind it,—though my shoes looked rather the worse for the dust. We found quite a congregation gathered at the little chapel[2] at "Bear Lane." Rev. Colin Murchison was the pastor, and some of the worshippers were Mr. R. M. Lockwood, "Aunt" Hannah Trenchard, Mrs. Lucy Smith and her son Wm. H., Mr. Edw. Badger, Mr. John Gildersleeve.

At Hilton [old Middleville] on "the Tuscan Road" there stands an old stone and brick house which bears a rather rudely cut stone having this inscription:

---

* This Notebook is now in the possession of Mr. Carpenter's daughters, Mrs. C. B. Riker and Miss Alice Carpenter, who have given their permission for the use of this material.

[1] His house and plot were part of a development called "Villa Plots," the first of such improvements in that locality.

[2] See page 35ff.

1733 E.17.B.73.M

The house is now occupied by "The Tuscan Club of Hilton."

D. H. C.
Nov. 2, 1897

Maplewood History

At the date of my first coming to this village, 1868, it was a very quiet place. There were only two or three regular "Commuters" going to New York. The occupation of the villagers was that of farmers, gardeners and a few mechanics. The entire number of families could be numbered within a score, and I doubt if more than one hundred and fifty names could be reached by the Census taker.

The original name of the place was "Jefferson Village," which included more acres than are now claimed for Maplewood. The change of name took place with the purchase of a tract of land by John W. Shedden,[3] who laid out his purchase in Villa Plots and built two nice Cottages thereon. He persuaded a few of the residents to join in giving an acre of land to the Rail Road Company, building on this acre a cosy and neat Depot and calling the Station "Maplewood."

To say that it is a "beautiful Section of Essex Co." is only doing the locality partial justice, for in very few places in the entire state can its natural attractions be equaled. In this valley, bounded easterly by the high hills of Clinton Township and westerly by the spur of the Orange Mountains and drained by the Rahway River, is found one of the healthiest districts in the world.

There are two principal roads paralleling the Rahway. One is termed the "Valley Road" and the other the "Ridgewood Road." From time beyond memory of the oldest resident these roads have been used to and from Morristown, to Orange and

---

[3] D. H. Carpenter also appears to have bought land for development and to have "erected thereon a number of beautiful dwellings, changing the whole character of the section, from a forlorn and unsightly aspect to a delightful and attractive neighborhood."—*History of Essex County.*

Newark. No doubt they were originally Indian foot-paths, following the natural gravity of the river down to the Bay and Ocean, making an easy way to the fishing grounds on the one hand and leading gently up to the forest and mountains, their hunting grounds, on the other.

The early settlers built their dwellings on these two roads, and, showing their English descent, set their houses close on the street, as if out of all their acres they could not afford to spare a few feet of land for a "door yard." On Ridgewood Road the farms run up in narrow strips to "the top of the Mountain." And on the Valley Road in the same manner to the top of the Clinton Hills.

When I first came to Maplewood in 1868 the fields were divided by nicely built stone walls. And for the last thirty years the owners of these fields, mostly "unworthy sons of worthy sires," have lived by selling off these stone walls for building purposes, till now hardly a wall is to be found. [Jan., 1898.]

As I have before stated, the early settlers here were of English origin. They came with that company of emigrants who first purchased lands at Newark and Elizabethtown, and were at a still earlier period at Stamford, Conn., and Hempstead, Long Island. Up to about the year 1700 only the names of Smith, Brown, Pierson, Freeman, Ball and Gildersleeve appear as owners of land. Each of these had large tracts and as large families to divide their possessions among, and when a stranger a century later asked his way to a "Mr. Brown" he was told that he could go North or South, East or West and be sure to find him! And this applied equally as well to the Smiths and others.[4]

Of course this was an agricultural section, the soil, although in many places stony, was well adapted to the raising of wheat, rye and Indian corn, and because of its brooks, streams and springs was unequaled anywhere for its dairy products. Added to these advantages, fruits of all kinds flourished bountifully and for a period up to 1850 the orchards of this valley were noted for their "Newark Cider" made expressly from the "Harrison Apple"—a tree which is now scarcely to be found. [1898]

---

[4] Other old names mentioned are Ezra, Calvin and Elijah Gardner, Headley, Hogan, C. V. S. Roosevelt, Asher B. Durand, Wm. Eggert, Hezekiah Dare, Hannah Trenchard, Elias Vanderveer, Newton Crowell, John and Caleb Gildersleeve.

One Grist Mill,[5] whose power came from the East Branch of the Rahway River, gave good facility for the grinding of grain. This mill has been the means of making "the Piersons" the wealthiest family in Maplewood, and in 1868 was owned and run by Lewis Pierson; now in 1898 his only son Hubert L. Pierson, the sole survivor of the name, is the owner and has added largely to the business by the erection of a steam mill, elevator, etc., at South Orange.

There was but one store in the village. It was a general country store where a little of everything was kept. Charles R. Crowell was the proprietor in 1868. Up to 1893 there was no Post Office nearer than South Orange. Letters for Maplewood were handed to anyone going there "to be left at the store."

The health of the people of Maplewood has never yet [1898] demanded the settlement of a resident physician. They rely upon South Orange and Millburn for such help as may be needed in time of sickness. Dr. Job and Dr. Whittingham were the principal practitioners.

At the time of my coming, there were two schoolhouses in the district. One of these stood on the land now owned by C. V. S. Roosevelt's widow; the other, known as the "Brick School House," was a small building on Tuscan Hill Road, and is now owned by the heirs of Isaac S. P. Brown. At a meeting of the voters of the district, held on April 20, 1869, it was resolved to sell both these houses and purchase of Mr. Thomas Baker an acre of ground on what is now known as Maplewood Avenue where the present school is located.[6] For this acre the price agreed upon was $1,000. Mr. C. V. S. Roosevelt very generously paid $2,000 for the [school] house and land which at the time stood near his farmer's dwelling. And the Brick School building and land sold for about $400.

On this acre of ground the district erected a very nice and, for the time, a very suitable building which has well served the village for School purposes and Village Hall.

I have always felt much interest in this "New School House" and trust I may be pardoned for saying that only for my personal exertions in the matter it would not have been built. I copy the following Memoranda from my Diary, and from my report as Secretary of Trustees:

---

[5] See Pierson's Mill, pp. 39ff.

[6] Now, in 1947, used as the main building of the Maplewood Public Library.

Aug. 23d, 1869, Plans for School House agreed upon.
Aug. 24, 1869, Lot staked out and Site located.
Aug. 25, Cellar commenced. (D. H. C. dug 1st shovel full)
Sept. 6, '69, D. H. C. elected Trustee (treasurer & secretary).
Sept. 8, Contract Awarded, viz: $3,250 for Carpenter work, Asher Teller; for Mason work, Crane & Brown, $1,394.50.
Oct. 8, 1869, Frame of building raised.
Nov. 18, Building enclosed. (Thanksgiving Day)
Jan. 31, 1870, Building dedicated.
Feb. 1, 1870, School commenced.

The entire cost of Building, Furniture and Ground was $7,500. The sale of the two old houses and sites realized about $2,500. So, leaving a balance of $5,000 which was paid off in one year by an extra tax rate.

On Dec. 7th, 1811, Caleb Durand gave to the Baptist Church of Jefferson Village a plot of land situated at the corner of "Springfield Road and Bare Lane." Here was erected the very first churchly edifice of which Maplewood can boast. It appears to have been built during the year 1812 and was occupied by the Baptist Society until 1846 when occurred the death of their only pastor, Elder Joseph Gildersleeve,[7] who for nearly half a century had faithfully and conscientiously preached the Gospel to his neighbors in this place. He was buried, with his wife and other members of his family, in the Cemetery that adjoined the Church where their remains still lie.

After the death of Elder Gildesleeve, the Church was unoccupied for a number of years and was fast falling to decay. A proposition was made to the remaining trustees by a few Methodist brethren, who for a length of time had been holding meetings in the village, to have the property conveyed to them, they agreeing to repair the building and properly furnish the same for the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This proposition was accepted and on July 10, 1858, Noah Ball and John B. Clark, surviving trustees of the Baptist Society, conveyed the property to Charles M. Ball, Calvin H. Gardner, Odell Trenchard and Edward Badger as Trustees of "the Methodist Episcopal Church of Jefferson Village."

---

[7] See pp. 35ff.

From this date 1858 to 1870 the name of the Church was as above. In this latter year it was changed to "the Methodist Episcopal Church of Maplewood," which name it retained until Dec. 12th, 1897, when by vote of the Congregation it assumed the name of "the Morrow Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church."

In 1890 Mr. Carpenter copied in his Notebook the names on the gravestones in the "Yard back of the Church." He states that "there are 40 or 50 graves which are unmarked save by the mound raised over them." He drew a plot of the ground and indicated by numbers the location of those marked graves which he lists. The rows, he says, "are divided by a narrow path—being about ten feet from the rear wall of the Church."

"Elder" Joseph Gildersleeve, who served the Baptist Chapel so many years, died in 1846, aged 72 years, and was laid to rest in this cemetery. Beside him was his wife Mary who died the following year, aged 73, and two of their children who had died in 1817: Sally, aged 21, and Ezra, aged 10. Among the other names are those of Phebe Terrill, wife of David S. Terrill, aged 21 years; and "My Mother" Phebe Terrill, aged 91; Caleb Durand, aged 45, and Susan Durand, wife of Cyrus, aged 32; Ira Hogan, aged 49, and Caleb his son, aged 18; Maria, wife of Ezra Gardner, aged 29; Caroline Smith, aged 29; and Dr. Bonnel Brown, aged 74, his wife Hannah Baker Brown, aged 68, their son Cyrus Durand Brown, aged 23, and their daughter Susan, aged 14.

Among the forty or fifty unmarked graves noted by Mr. Carpenter may have been those of fifteen soldiers of Washington's army reputed to have been buried there. No verification of this belief has as yet appeared. Since the Chapel was not built until 1812 it seems improbable that burials were made in the plot during the time when Washington's army was in the vicinity, in 1775 and in 1780. Subsequent burials there of Revolutionary soldiers would scarcely have gone unmarked. Mr. George E. Low in a brief "History of Maplewood" states that "we learn that there were the remains of fifteen soldiers of the Revolution" in the Bear Lane cemetery. Their names are not all preserved, he says, but "among them were Aline Little, J. Beldome, Joseph Lyon, and Adjutant Durand, an uncle of Asher B. Durand, who served with General Washington." No source for this statement is given.

8 • Jefferson Village—Maplewood Schools

It is not known when the first school began in Jefferson Village. Norris Baker[1] is listed as having taught a school there in 1784, but between that date and 1818 there are no official records. Asher B. Durand, born in 1796 in Jefferson Village, states in his Autobiography,[2] however, that he was sent at seven years of age, that is, in 1803 or 1804, "to the village public school." Besides reading, writing, arithmetic, "a little geography" and grammar, he was instructed, he says, in "the whole of the Westminster Catechism." For five or six years he went to this school, but since the teachers were what he describes as "itinerant," the sessions were irregular and there were many weeks when there was no teacher and consequently no school.

In 1818 a School Association was incorporated in Jefferson Village under the State Legislative Act of 1794 permitting the incorporation of Societies for the Promotion of Learning. At this time five trustees were elected in the Village. They were Dr. B. Brown, Joseph Gildersleeve,[3] Uriah Gardner, Aaron A. Gardner and Uriah Hand. Though it had a Board of Trustees duly elected, it was the Association of parents who selected the teacher and decided the charge he might levy on his pupils. As in North Farms, the school was not "free" but was paid for by the parents on terms agreed upon with the teacher. If a parent could not or would not pay the fee, his child went without schooling. A close watch over the school was kept by the members of the Association, as in North Farms: they passed resolutions about a "proper discipline" to be maintained, about how many times a day the "schollars" should be "instructed" in spelling and reading; and they ruled that the teacher was free to relinquish his teaching job at any

[1] Norris Baker settled in Jefferson Village and became the grandfather of Thomas C. Baker, long Township Assessor, and the great-grandfather of Harry Baker, whose "General Store" was widely known in the 1890's. Baker Street derived its name from this family.

[2] See p. 11.

[3] At this time, pastor of the Baptist (Babel) Chapel on Ridgewood Road.

time by giving a week's notice, and that the Association had the "same liberty of discharging him."[4]

In 1822 Samuel W. Smith, the teacher, was allowed to charge fourteen shillings—$1.75—for each pupil for a term of thirteen weeks, or one quarter; in 1825 John Baldwin charged the same for reading and arithmetic, and $2.00 if grammar were added; and he was instructed to buy the stove wood for the school and assess the cost among his pupils. In 1827 Mary Dickenson was appointed teacher, the first woman to teach the Jefferson Village School, and the fee per pupil went down to "one dollar and twenty-five cents per scholar." She was "to keep regular hours and to teach reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic and sewing, for the space of thirteen weeks." It was customary to pay a woman teacher not more than $1.50 a quarter for each child. If she would teach for less, she got less. There were seldom more than thirty pupils in the Jefferson Village School before 1850. Previous to 1873 a teacher was employed for only thirteen weeks, or a quarter, at a time. Few stayed as long as a year, and occasionally there were as many as four different teachers in one year. In 1842 in particular, the Jefferson Village School seems to have had a hectic year. Of the four men listed as teachers, one taught only ten days and was dismissed, and one "absconded" after teaching nearly his whole quarter. Mr. Foster observes that "it must have been a rather tough school that year."

Until 1833 the schoolhouse stood at "Necessity Corner,"[5] now Ridgewood Road and Baker Street. It still stands on the original spot, being now the dining-room of Mrs. G. H. Taylor's house. In essential structure it is little changed, the oak beams, the woodwork, the fireplace, the floors, remaining as they originally were. During the approximate one hundred and fifty years of its existence, the little building has served successively as tavern first, then as schoolhouse and meeting-house where preaching services were occasionally held, and as store; some of the old shelves still remain along which bottles and supplies were lined; and finally for forty years it has been an incorporated part of a dwelling that has itself become a landmark.

---

[4] From Chapters XII, XVI and XIX of *The Evolution of the School District*, by Henry W. Foster.

[5] See map of 1815, and pp. 204ff.

In 1833 a movement for a new schoolhouse developed and at a meeting of "The Inhabitants of Jefferson Village," in May, it was "Resolved—that the Trustees should sell the School House lot to Calvin H. Gardner for what he has offered that is sixty dollars for the lot and ten dollars towards a New House." At a September meeting "the inhabitants of the viledge met at thare school house agrable to preveous notis to take into consideration the building of a new school house and whare it shall stand. A motion was carried that it should stand on the hill and likewise that we should sell the oald lot to Calvin H. Gardner for the lot on the hill 44 x 55 and thirty-five dollars." In the end the old lot was sold to Gardner for $65, and a new lot was bought from William B. Smith for $40. The new lot "on the hill" lay on the westerly side of Ridgewood Road nearly opposite Highland Place, just north of the gateway at the entrance to Hickory Drive. To raise a building fund a collection was taken up among forty-one heads of families in the Village and the resulting sum amounted to $219.03. With this money the new schoolhouse was built before the end of 1833 and it is so "certified" in the record.

An interesting old notebook in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte Crowell Salter relates that in addition to one Jefferson Village School on the mountain side of the valley, there were two schools in the present Valley Street-Tuscan Road section which successively served the families living in that general area. One settlement was known both as Clinton Valley and Cherry Valley and lay along Valley Street between Oakland Road and Oakview Avenue. Another, known as Vaux Hall, lay toward the southwest in the neighborhood of Pierson's Mill and beyond. Drawing on the notebook, Mrs. Salter says, "About 1830 a small building owned by Mr. Lewis Pierson (formerly used by his father as a store) was moved to a point about 300 feet or more southwest of Tuscan Road on the northwest side of Valley Street and used as a school house. It was known as the Vaux Hall School. This building was in use about eight years, then moved back again near the Grist Mill, where it was changed into a dwelling for the miller. When Pierson Road was put through, the house was moved again and it now stands on Valley Street near Millburn Avenue."

The Brick School House, built in 1831 on Tuscan Road a short distance above Valley Street, followed the Vaux Hall

School. It was in use until 1868, when, after merging the three schools into one district, a new central school was built on Maplewood Avenue, and the Brick School was closed, and then sold. During the thirty-seven years of its use as a school, church services were frequently held there on Sundays. The Diary[6] of Abby Susannah Pierson, written in 1843, refers more than once to going on Sunday to attend the preaching at the Brick School House. It still stands at 18 Tuscan Road.[7]

In 1840 Jefferson Village was a part of the Township of Springfield, while Vaux Hall and all that area to the east of Valley Street lying on the slope of the Clinton Hills belonged to the Township of Clinton, now Irvington. For some time both school districts had been receiving shares of both state and town school funds in small amounts. In 1846 each town was required by law to raise by taxation for its school as much as it received from the state. In 1850 the Jefferson Village District received from the town $46.60; in 1854 it received $220.80. In 1867 the Jefferson Village and the Vaux Hall Districts having been merged into one School District, as has been said, the trustees two years later sold both old buildings and undertook to erect a new schoolhouse on a more centrally located site.[8] Mr. C. V. S. Roosevelt bought the Village schoolhouse on Ridgewood Road for $2,000 and added it as a summer kitchen to the rear of the house in which his gardener, Mr. Sharp, lived. The Brick School House was bought by Samuel P. Brown for $400, and was turned into a dwelling.

Daniel H. Carpenter was one of the most active proponents of a new, modern school building. He had moved to Maplewood with his family in 1868 and he became at once a forceful and influential member of the community. The vigor with which he pushed the project of the new building is clearly set forth in his Notebook.[9] The plot selected for the new school building was an acre in extent and adjoined the railroad, the latter feature seeming of no great importance at the time, since in 1870 there were only four trains each way daily on the Morris and Essex Rail Road. It could hardly have been foreseen that before many years trains puffing or roaring through Maplewood would become so numerous that considerable time each day would be lost in the classrooms due to train noise. In 1896, after twenty years of negotiating, the town reluctantly sold to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, which had succeeded the Morris and Essex in 1866, one-seventh of the acre in the school plot, thus making even smaller the grounds in which the schoolhouse stood. For thirty-three years, from 1870 to 1903, this "handsome frame building"[10] served Maplewood, "a pleasant little neighborhood between South Orange and Millburn," as its school building, afterwards to become successively Town Hall and Main Library, which latter it still is, in 1947. At seventy-seven years of age it still stands sound and substantial, a highly creditable witness to the integrity and workmanship of the men who planned and built it.

---

[6] In the possession of the Pierson family.

[7] See p. 212.

[8] On Maplewood Avenue opposite the Bank.

[9] See p. 57.

In 1862 there appeared for the first time in the school records of Jefferson Village the name of Daniel Morrison. He was elected School Trustee in that year. "From this time on," says Mr. Foster, "Daniel Morrison was with few interruptions connected with the school in this neighborhood as trustee or clerk or janitor for many, many years." Nine years later, in 1871, the Trustees, says Mr. Foster, "interviewed a Mr. James Ricalton, an applicant for situation as Teacher and hired him for a term of twelve weeks at two hundred dollars for the twelve weeks." At this point, then, there entered a second notable figure in the annals of the Maplewood School. For twenty years James Ricalton dominated the school scene in Maplewood and left an unforgettable impression on the memory of every child who came under his teaching. Whether the town realized it or not, two unusual and colorful characters were working together during those years in the service of the Maplewood School, James Ricalton as Principal and Daniel Morrison as Trustee-Clerk.

Mr. Ricalton proved to be an able teacher, of marked individuality and character. The school record of these years, part of the time kept by Daniel Morrison, shows however, that the relationship between Mr. Ricalton and his Board had its ups and downs. On March 22, 1873, it was recorded that the "Trustees met at the house of Mr. Gardner. All present. Unanimously resolved to send Mr. Ricalton a note of dismissal. Squared up all business for the year and adjourned." But, by April 18, they had changed their minds about the dismissal and rescinded the resolution of March 22, and asked "the Teacher" to remain for the rest of the year. In June "The Resolution to hire no teacher for a longer term than twelve weeks was repealed, and an offer was sent to Mr. Ricalton offering him $900 to teach our school from the first of September 1873 to the last of June 1874, which offer has been accepted." On July 7, 1877, a meeting of the Trustees was "called to see about employing Mr. Ricalton again as teacher, Mr. Ricalton being present, and there was so much said about the teacher receiving so much wages [his salary was $1,000] that it was agreed to take off ten per cent of the salary making the salary ninety dollars per month instead of $100. Mr. Ricalton agreeing to accept the school with the reduction, the trustees then agreed to employ Mr. Ricalton for the ten months." It was not lack of funds that prompted this reduction apparently, for "there was a motion made to employ an assistant teacher, there being enough money in the hands of the collector," and subsequently an assistant teacher was hired.

---

[10] From a contemporary newspaper account, Foster, p. 123.

Later in this year, however, the trustees appear to have felt the pinch of economy, for early in January of 1878 the record shows that "the janitor's fees was the cause of the meeting, as it was thought too much to pay the janitor one dollar a week building fires and sweeping the rooms, so it was proposed to cut him to seventy-five cents a week. No further business coming before the meeting, they adjourned." On February 14, "the question was brought up about the assistant teacher as the money was getting low. Mr. Brown was in favor of discharging her, but the other trustees were in favor of keeping her until the annual meeting and let the people have a vote on it." On July 17 the "object of the meeting was to engage a teacher for the ensuing year. The teacher, Mr. James Ricalton, being present the Trustees agreed to employ him as principal and Miss Lottie Manners as assistant teacher. The wages of the principal were to be $80 per month; the assistant agreed to take the position for the sum of $20 per month. But the trustees did not engage the assistant teacher for a longer term than one month on trial, for the reason that they would not engage a new teacher for a longer period, but if Miss Manners did not hear anything from the trustees at the end of the month she should keep on with the school and consider that she was engaged for the balance of the year."

Later in the year it is recorded that "the trustees then took into consideration the damage done to school property during vacation and they appointed Mr. C. R. Crowell a committee to wait on the parents and tell them about what was done and who done it, and that the trustees expected them to pay for it." At the next meeting "he reported that there was no hope of getting anything from the parents and the Trustees agreed to put up a notice next vacation against trespassers." "There was a motion made and carried that the trustees would not vote any money for sweeping the school rooms any more from this time. Mr. Brown said that when he went to school that the scholars done the sweeping and they would have to now." "And they said that the assistant teacher would have to teach for less money and appointed D. Morrison a committee of one to wait on her and see if she would not take $15 in place of $20—after the first of January." "D. Morrison went to the school house and had a talk with the assistant teacher in reference to her receiving $15.00 per month in place of $20.00 as per agreement and she said that she would go and see Mr. Brown and Mr. Crowell about it and I[11] saw a note afterward stating that in consideration of the money falling short (for they told her it would) she would teach the school for $17.50 per month instead of $20.00 per month as per agreement which was a compromise between the amounts of $15.00 and $20.00."

At the February meeting of 1888 it is recorded that "Prof. Ricalton[12] requests the trustees to release him from the charge of the school for the balance of the school year to accept what he considers a very much more advantageous position with the Edison Electric Light Co., which the trustees granted." In 1889 Miss Elizabeth Ricalton, a daughter of Mr. Ricalton, was engaged as assistant, and she remained a teacher in the Maplewood School until 1912.

Daniel Morrison became janitor of the school building in 1888 at an annual salary of $150. By this time a secondhand furnace had been bought for $50 by the Board and had been installed, and the system of heating by means of a stove in each room was definitely past. In 1889 Mr. Ricalton returned from his Edison assignment of searching for a fiber suitable to use in electric bulbs, and in 1890 he was re-engaged as principal at $1,200 with three teachers under him. In 1891, however, he finally resigned to become official photographer and war correspondent for Underwood and Underwood of New York. J. B. Maxwell followed him as principal, continuing in that position until 1903.

---

[11] Daniel Morrison, Clerk.

[12] See pp. 69ff.

Meanwhile, in a reshuffling of town lines, Maplewood and Hilton had become parts of South Orange Township, of which South Orange Village itself was a part. The schools within the boundaries of the Township were united in a township system of education. In 1904 the Village of South Orange withdrew from the Township to become a separate municipality. The rest of the Township, comprising Maplewood and Hilton, continued to be called South Orange Township until 1923 when the name was officially changed to the Township of Maplewood. The schools of the Village and the Township, though the municipalities were separate, were supported and operated jointly by the School District of South Orange and Maplewood. A Board of Education made up of elected representatives from the three communities now conducted and still conducts the schools. No longer was the Maplewood or the Hilton School a strictly neighborhood affair. It became the business of the Board of Education to appoint the teachers, determine their salaries, select the janitors, make the decisions about new buildings and where they should stand, and see that the money necessary for all these matters was in no danger of "falling short."

By 1900 the Maplewood School building was described as "dilapidated"[13] and overcrowded. The railroad, furthermore, was on the point of changing a curve on its line, bringing the tracks within forty-five feet of the building on Maplewood Avenue. A proposal for a new building on a different site found support with preponderant opinion strongly favoring a location again near the railroad station and the town center. A far-sighted suggestion made by W. H. Kemp of a larger site more distant from the crowded center did not meet with favor. Instead, the knoll on Baker Street was decided on and an eight-room building of brick was erected there in 1903. That building is now the central portion of the Maplewood Junior High School. Growth in the population necessitated additions in 1910 and 1914. The railroad was still near enough to be a distraction, there was increasing street traffic, and the plot afforded no room for playground space. In the light of these developments the wisdom of Mr. Kemp's suggestion appears unassailable. Fielding School was built in 1914, Tuscan in 1921, Jefferson in 1924 and finally Columbia High School in 1927. Asher Brown Durand, studying the Westminster Catechism in 1805 at the Jefferson Village School where the teachers were "itinerant," could hardly have imagined so astonishing a change.

---

[13] Foster, p. 153.

9 • James Ricalton

BY HELEN B. BATES

In the annals of the Jefferson Village School there was one figure among the succession of teachers hired by the School Trustees who attained an eminence far beyond the confines of his schoolroom. His name was James Ricalton. A stern disciplinarian in the eyes of his pupils, he was known to be a kind and genial friend to those who had an interest in the things that interested him: his travels and his scientific explorations.

He was born in a log cabin near the town of Waddington, New York, on the St. Lawrence River, in 1844. His parents were Robert and Betsy Ricalton who had come from Scotland in 1820 in a sailing vessel that took six weeks to cross the Atlantic. Landing at Montreal, they went by boat up the St. Lawrence to Waddington, and moved themselves and their belongings by oxcart to "Half-Way House," a school and meeting-house a few miles distant where some Ricalton cousins were already settled. The newcomers bought a farm on Brandy Brook, cleared the land, and built a cabin. Here James was born, one of ten children.

His education began at the Half-Way House School where his eager mind quickly mastered the subjects that were taught there. Following this he went to St. Lawrence University, and in 1866, at twenty-two years of age, he returned to teach at the Half-Way House School. In 1871 he accepted an offer to become the teacher at the school at Jefferson Village, by this time officially named Maplewood. Here he remained for twenty years, from 1871 to 1891, except for a year and a half when he was on leave.

These twenty years represent the first appearance in Maplewood School records of a sustained direction of the school over a considerable period of years by one individual. Hitherto it had been the custom of the Trustees to hire a teacher for a quarter at a time.[1] Dismissals in the middle of the school year were common. There was up to this time, therefore, little continuity either in instruction or personal influence. Mr. Ricalton's tenure gradually changed this situation, and although the idea of short terms and precarious tenures still persisted, it was definitely on the wane. J. B. Maxwell, for instance, who succeeded Ricalton as Principal in 1891, continued in that position for twelve years.

---

[1] In Daniel H. Carpenter's address at the Dedication of the new Maplewood School, January 31, 1870, he said that down to 1860 there had been forty-five teachers in forty-two years, "of whom only one had taught more than three quarters." From Foster's *Evolution of the School District*, p. 122.

During his twenty years Mr. Ricalton gave, as teacher, a full and just service to the Maplewood School.[2] But it seems probable that while his mind was faithfully attending to the minutiae of schoolroom instruction and discipline, his heart was there only under protest. It is impossible not to conclude, after hearing and reading of his exploits as traveler and explorer, that he must have often felt like a spirited young horse harnessed to a treadmill, with dreams of a foot-loose freedom to go where he pleased haunting most of his waking hours.

It was inevitable that for a large part of these years of teaching his traveling should be confined to summer vacations. His first trip was to Iceland, a land scarcely known at all in the 1870's. On this trip he took some of his earliest pictures for he was already much interested in photography, and he carried a camera with him which, although it must have been primitive, took excellent pictures of the country and its people. He early realized the educational value of photography. In order to extend its educational reach, he interested himself in the stereopticon and projector, and was soon developing the finest colored slides of the time. As his travels widened, his collection of negatives grew until it numbered more than 100,000.

One vacation he spent exploring the Amazon. He penetrated fastnesses that had hitherto been considered impenetrable, and he photographed great waterfalls that had never before had a camera leveled at them. He took a walking trip of 500 miles through the British Isles one summer; and in 1886 he went on foot from Archangel on the White Sea to St. Petersburg in Russia through wild and often uninhabited country. He was held up by bandits and threatened by wolves, but he completed his journey unscathed and with his photographic equipment intact. "His mode of travel was unique; he built a light dormo-cart[3] which he pushed along by day and slept in by night. He had a well cut in the center of it, so he could walk under cover in inclement weather—somewhat in the manner that one would propel an overgrown kiddie-car."[4]

---

[2] During his early years, when he was the only teacher, he sometimes had as many as eighty pupils and taught them everything from A, B, C's to Latin. Now and then he held an evening school two nights a week.

Up until this time there were probably many people in the town who looked upon this summer wandering in foreign parts as somewhat eccentric. And the directions that his travels took were in fact rather oddly at variance with the usual travel interests of his time. During the Victorian Era, those Americans who could afford to "go abroad" tended to converge upon the well-worn tourist paths on the Continent of Europe. The faces of most American travelers, however, were turned not toward Europe but toward the Far West, for from the California Gold Rush of 1849 when James Ricalton was five years old, throughout the whole of his most active life, the tide of movement in America from the East westward never ceased and scarcely even slackened. New Jersey itself was but a bridge across which multitudes of immigrant people from Europe moved ceaselessly toward the West. That westward impulse had brought his own parents to the New World in 1820. Yet he himself never turned toward the West with the tide, but toward the East against it, or toward those unfamiliar lands where there were as yet few traveled paths. He was a staunch and self-contained individualist who was not to be swerved from his own interest because there were not many who shared it.

The first distinguished recognition of his unusual interests came when Thomas A. Edison, who was then working to perfect his first incandescent lamp, asked Mr. Ricalton to go to Ceylon, India and Burma to find a bamboo filament which would burn the longest possible time in his new electric light bulb. A year's leave of absence was granted to him by the School Trustees, and on February 22, 1888, he left Maplewood, his pupils being at the station to bid him good-bye. He reached Ceylon on April 1, sailing from Liverpool through the Suez Canal.

Of his year's search he wrote: "Three and a half months were spent in that Eden of tropical luxuriance,[5] where nearly 100 different species of bamboo and palms were found and tested. In these searches I visited every part of the island, often sleeping in the dense jungle by camp-fire, where insect pests are multitudinous and merciless. The most revolting specimen was the land leech, twenty of which, mostly filled with my blood, were removed from my body after emerging from the jungle.

---

[3] This cart was among the curios that later filled the museum in his house on Valley Street. It was seen there and is remembered by many.

[4] From *The Life of James Ricalton* by his daughter, Kathryn Ricalton Murphy.

[5] Ceylon.

"The most magnificent species of the bamboo family is found in Ceylon. It is called the giant bamboo and clumps of 100 to 200 canes may be seen reaching to a height of 120 feet and measuring from ten to twelve inches in diameter.

"From Ceylon I crossed to India and proceeded to Cape Comorin; then to the Himalayas, visiting different bamboo regions and obtaining samples of every species. After exploring the jungles in the vicinity of Madras, Bombay and Delhi, I tested the different wood fibers at the base of the Himalayas, then worked my way into the highlands as far as the Sutlej River, where civilization is so attenuated that the only means of crossing the river is on inflated bullock skins.

"From Sutlej I descended to the plain and followed the Ganges to its mouth. On the north of Calcutta I again ascended the Himalayas to an altitude of 6000 feet, where I found some fine specimens of the bamboo family. I then returned to Calcutta where I sailed for Rangoon.

"From Rangoon I followed the Irrawaddy River to Mandalay testing samples of bamboo along the route. Then I followed the Malayan coast to Singapore where I selected specimens from the surrounding country and proceeded to Hong Kong; then to Canton where I secured more specimens.

"I did the same thing in Japan where the search was much simplified by the complete collection of bamboo in the Botanical Gardens and Museum at Tokyo.

"In two localities of the tropical belt through which I passed I found fiber which stood a much higher test as carbon than that furnished as a satisfactory sample by Mr. Edison, but I have since learned that its splitting qualities were not so good. My search was intended to include Java, Borneo and other East India islands, but with perfect confidence in the sufficiency of two different fibers already found, I turned my course from Japan toward San Francisco, and reached home on the following 22nd of February, and was met at the Maplewood station platform by my faithful students—exactly one year after my departure.

"When I met Mr. Edison on my return he simply said, 'Did you get it?' I explained the merits of the two species I had found and Mr. Edison used one of the particular fibers for several years, until, after much investigation, he produced a compound which promised better results than bamboo fibers. However, for nearly nine years all Edison lamps were made with bamboo filaments.

"I felt it an honor to serve one of the most widely known inventors in the world today. In all my journeyings I have been many times astonished to find Edison's name so well known. My donkey boy in the streets of Cairo was endeavoring in broken English to tell me something about the Khedive, whereupon I asked him the name of an American Khedive. He shook his head. I mentioned the President's name but he did not recognize it. When I mentioned Edison's name he smiled cognizantly and drawled 'Ed-ee-sone' while pointing to a dim light in front of a hotel. Edison's name is truly a household word to the ends of the earth."

Returning to the Maplewood School for a short time, he resigned in 1891 to become official photographer and war correspondent for Underwood and Underwood of New York. During the next fifteen years he photographed and wrote about such diverse events as the Boxer Rebellion in China, the Durbar at which Edward VII was crowned Emperor of India, an elephant hunt in which he was treed by a surging and trumpeting herd of angry elephants whose pictures he coolly took from his precarious perch, and the Russo-Japanese War. In the last assignment he was granted unusual privileges behind the lines by the Japanese, and he secured many highly-prized photographs for which a gold medal and citation were presented to him by the Mikado through the American Ambassador, and the Secretary of War. His fine sense of composition and his technique were highly valued by the Underwoods. Many of his foreign pictures were used as illustrations in school textbooks, and some of them are still to be seen occasionally in geographies and readers.

In 1909, at sixty-five, being still a great believer in the virtues of walking, he undertook a journey on foot from Capetown to Cairo. Twenty native porters carried his baggage of which the most precious item was still his camera. He photographed elephants, hippopotomi, antelopes and wild buffalo, and he and his porters hunted and shot a variety of big game. From this trip he sent and brought home many of the trophies that soon filled his museum. It is an interesting coincidence that in this same year Theodore Roosevelt was in the African jungle hunting big game and collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1912 Edison had recently perfected a new moving-picture camera. He asked Ricalton to take it and give it a thorough test. Under Edison's direction Ricalton and his son Lomond set out for East Africa where they experimented with the camera in taking pictures of the wild animals of the region in action. This journey came to a sudden and tragic end when Lomond contracted typhoid fever while they were in the jungle, and died after two weeks in a British hospital and was buried in Nairobi, British East Africa.

From this last trip Mr. Ricalton returned alone to his home and family in Maplewood. During the twelve years following he lived there in retirement. The collection of foreign objects that he had gathered from the remote places of the earth had by this time been housed in a new wing which he had added to his house on Valley Street.[6] There he arranged his collections on long tables where all who cared to come to see them were welcome not only to look but to handle any articles that interested them. Many did come to see and to examine, and to listen to him talk about his adventures. There had grown to be a definite local pride in the distinction of his accomplishments and in the recognition that had come to him. He was modest about his exploits, an interesting and understanding talker whose eyes, deep-set and sparkling, glowed as he spoke. One of the pleasant things remembered by visitors to his house was his custom of touching a Chinese gong when callers came, its deep and melodious tone vibrating in the air for long minutes afterward. There are grateful memories of his kindnesses to those who were ill or shut-in, especially children, to whom he took collections of his foreign pictures to help while away the tedium of illness.

When he was eighty his thoughts turned toward Waddington again, where he was born, and he made preparations to move back there to spend his last years. Hoping that the people of Maplewood would value his collections as a nucleus for a future museum, he set a modest price on them and offered them to the town. Obstacles arose, however, and nothing was done,[7] with the result that the collections were removed to Waddington with him. He was generous in giving curios to friends[8] who appreciated them, and there are many of his gifts still cherished in the town. Returning to Waddington in 1924, he spent five pleasant years among the scenes of his youth.

---

[6] The Ricalton house stands at 644 Valley Street, and it is very much as it was when he and his family lived there. The wing on the south is the extension he added to house his collections.

"He had traveled six times around the world, had photographed four wars, added much knowledge to the craft of picture taking, and played an important part in the development of science and exploration. He died October 28, 1929, at the age of eighty-five years, having lived the full life, wherein most of his dreams came true."[9]

[7] Subsequently, a group of citizens in South Orange and Maplewood proposed that the Board of Education acquire the Ricalton collections to be "housed in a fire-proof museum to be added to one of the school buildings." In an editorial the *South Orange Record* strongly advocated the move, and it was warmly seconded by several letters to the editor written, among others, by Frank J. Parsons, the Reverend Charles A. Anderson and Mrs. Clayton D. Lee. A petition was circulated, but the movement came to naught.

[8] Ricalton curios given by him to Mrs. A. E. MacKenzie include among other things a blind-man's bell and a cricket-cage from China, besides Chinese shoes, hairpins and an inkwell and brush; a club, spear and a long siege knife from India; an Icelandic lamp, and a prayer-wheel from Ceylon.

[9] From *The Life of James Ricalton* by his daughter, Kathryn Ricalton Murphy. The Ricalton collections were finally disposed of as follows: musical instruments and minerals to the Museum, Potsdam, New York; gun collection, sporting rifles, primitive weapons, to various collectors; stereopticon slides and lanterns to Dr. Hoffler, Newark, New Jersey; photographs and negatives, to the Hepburn Library, Waddington, New York; shells and ammunition from Russo-Japanese War to Waddington Park; Chinese and Japanese art, porcelain and ivory to his daughters, Mrs. Leonard Murphy of Waddington and Mrs. George C. Wilson, Wyoming, New Jersey.

10 • "The Hickories" and Theodore Roosevelt

BY BESSIE SHARP

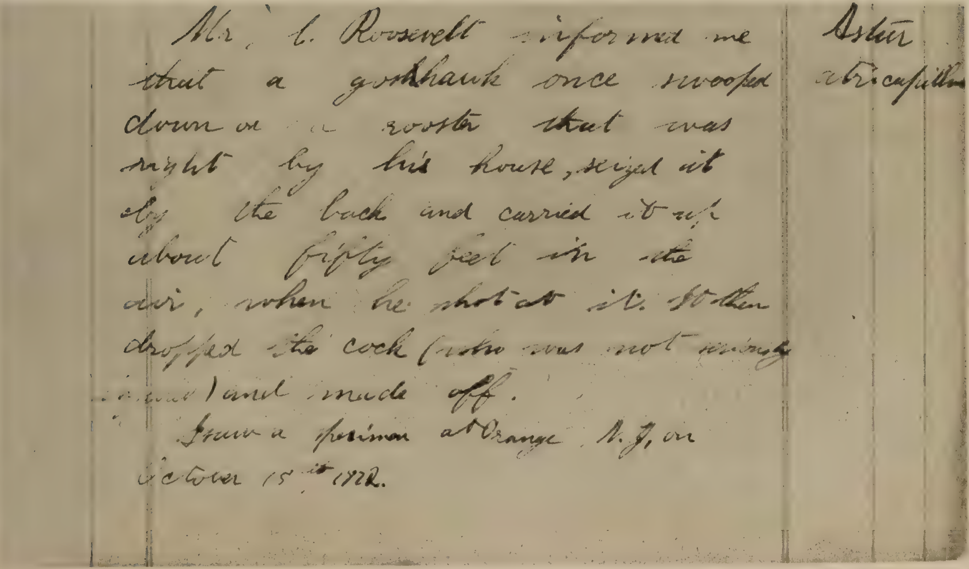
In 1862 Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, came out from New York and purchased the farm of Isaac Smith in the Village. It comprised about one hundred acres of land extending up the mountain from Ridgewood Road beyond Wyoming Avenue, and from Durand Road to Curtiss Place. Set into one of the gateposts at the foot of Hickory Drive there is a stone inscribed "J. S. 1766," said to have been rescued from an early Smith farmhouse.

Near the center of the tract Mr. Roosevelt erected a large house of spacious rooms and wide verandas, surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubs. A picturesque mountain stream flowed close by, its banks studded with wild flowers of many kinds, and mingled with ferns. Spring water from the mountain sparkled in fountains on the lawn. Two rustic bridges crossed the brook and led to beautiful beds of roses and other flowers in the midst of a velvety carpet of grass. Below the garden the brook ran along beside the entrance driveway, now Hickory Drive, and flowed into a pond where, in the winter, ice was cut and stored in the icehouse for summer use. Another drive, in the rear, entered the grounds off Artist Lane, now Durand Road.

Above the house toward the mountain, there was another border of roses, and still farther back was the vegetable garden. Apples, peaches, cherries and grapes grew in sloping orchards above. Chestnut trees and hickory trees were abundant, especially the latter, which gave the name of "The Hickories" to the estate.

The Roosevelts kept a carriage and a team of handsome horses, driven for many years by John Doody, a familiar figure in Maplewood in that day. One of his chief duties was to go to South Orange for the mail, for there was as yet no post office in Maplewood. My grandfather, Peter Cockburn, was Mr. Roosevelt's gardener for many years, and my mother's uncle, Walter Laid-

Theodore Roosevelt as a boy

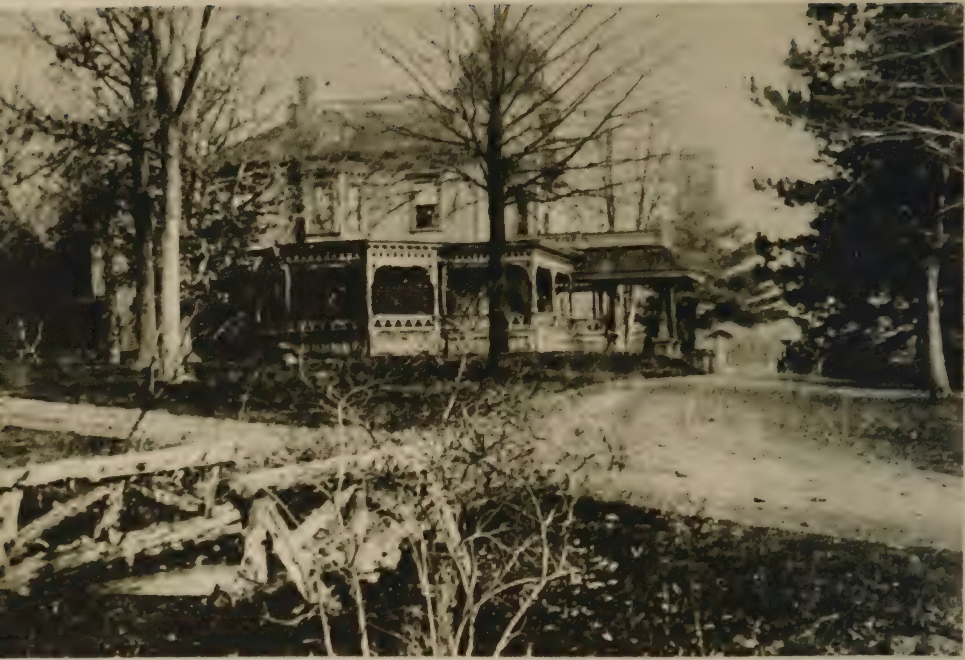


Mr. C. Roosevelt informed me
that a goshawk once swooped
down on a rooster that was
right by his house, seized it
by the back and carried it up
about fifty feet in the
air, when he shot at it. It then
dropped the cock (who was not injured) and made off.

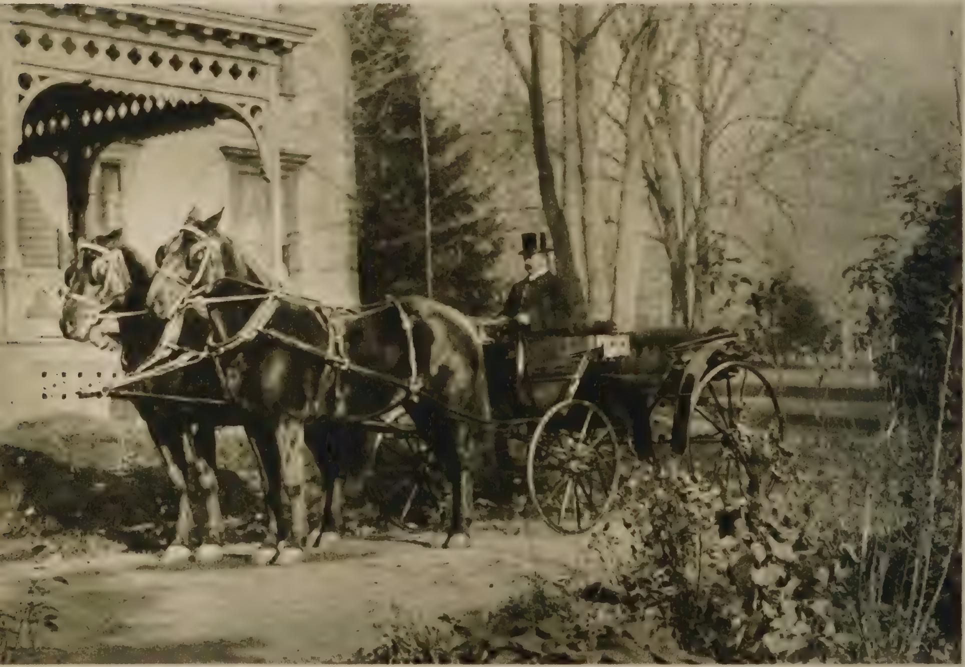
I saw a specimen at Orange N. J. on
October 15th 1872.

Astur
atricapillus

A passage from the Notebooks of Theodore Roosevelt in the Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Harvard University



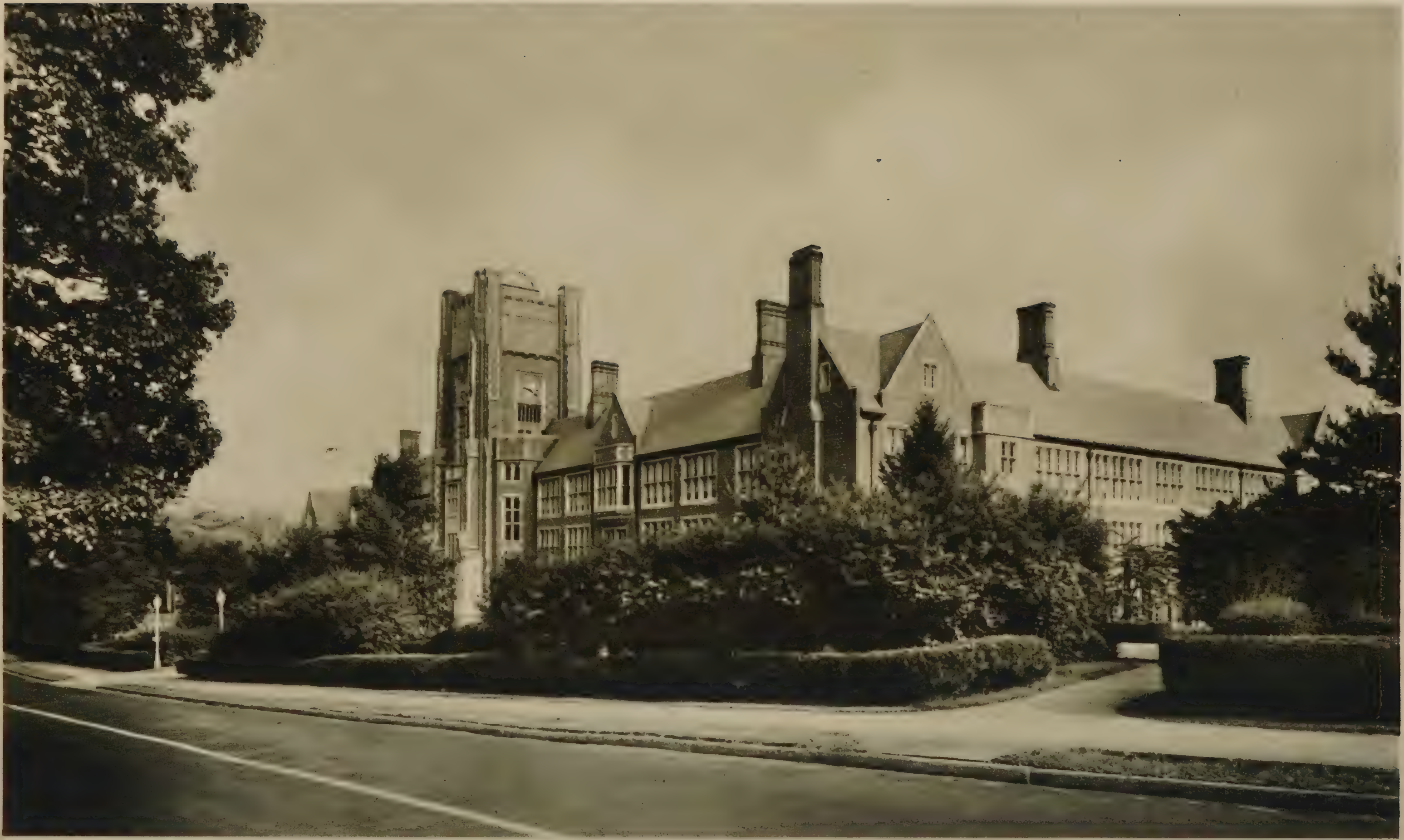
The Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt House, The Hickories



The C. V. S. Roosevelt carriage and pair driven by John Doody

James Ricalton

Maplewood School, built in 1868, now the Maplewood Public Library



Columbia High School

law, was superintendent of the estate for sixteen years. My father, Thomas Sharp, succeeded Mr. Laidlaw as superintendent.

The farmhouse in which we lived stood at the corner of Ridgewood Road and Curtiss Place, and originally had six rooms. At that time, and since 1833, a little one-room schoolhouse stood a short distance north of us near the entrance gates. In 1868 the town built a new, centrally located schoolhouse, and the little one on Ridgewood Road was offered for sale. Mr. Roosevelt purchased it and moved it down to the rear of the farmhouse where it became our summer kitchen. Behind the house were the barns, well filled with hay from our own fields, the corn cribs, the stables for the farm horses, sheds for the wagons, the cow barn, chicken house and pig-pen. Up the slope back of the barns where Curtiss Place now is, there were grassy pasture lots with wild flowers adding beauty to the scene.

In this pleasant country home of his uncle, Theodore Roosevelt spent parts of a good many summers during his boyhood. He was born in 1858, so that his childhood coincided almost exactly with the years when the Cornelius Roosevelt family was most actively interested in this estate and farm in the country. The boy's health was frail and he was at this early time being privately tutored. He was accustomed, therefore, to pursue his own interests alone. The farm setting seemed ideal for such a boy; and in Theodore's case, with his native interest in wild animals, birds and plant life, it was all but perfect. The stretch of mountain above and behind the farm offered him complete freedom to tramp in the woods and to observe all that went on there.

He kept a series of notebooks during these early years that throw light on the things he noticed and thought worth writing down. In one small notebook, the cover of which is labeled, "Notes on Natural History," he devoted a page to a list of twelve animals and birds native to this area. The entry is dated "Orange, New Jersey, Sept. 16, 1872," and the names are in Latin. They are written in a boyish hand, yet with such care that it seems probable that he copied the list from some book on the natural history of the region as a guide to him on his exploratory walks. The animals he lists are the raccoon, the white-tailed deer, the red fox, the mink, the gray and red squirrels, the chipmunk and the cotton-tail rabbit; and the birds are Wilson's snipe, the quail, the partridge and the Carolina rail. Whether he ever found any of them on the mountain he does not say, but he notes the fact that "seven minks—entered the barn of Mr. C. Roosevelt." He describes at considerable length a fight between a robin and a squirrel which his uncle had observed "while on his piazza," and had recounted to his nephew. However formal their relationship may have been, they seem to have had a certain community of interest in animals and birds.

Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt died in the Maplewood house in September, 1887. After his death Mrs. Roosevelt continued to come to "The Hickories" for the summer, bringing her brother and family friends to provide companionship. She lived until 1900, dying in New York in March of that year. Two years later the property was sold to W. H. Curtiss, who began its division into building sites. It was subsequently bought by the T. B. Ackerson Company of New York and further divided into building lots and streets. It was at this time that the developers gave the name of "Roosevelt Park" to the tract. Curtiss Place was named for W. H. Curtiss, Kermit Road and Quentin Court were named for two sons of Theodore, while Fairview Terrace and Sagamore Road were named for his Oyster Bay estate. During the construction of the new houses, the old Roosevelt house was completely destroyed by fire in November, 1905.

11 • The Hilton Section

BY MARY OAKLEY DAWSON

First Beginnings: *North Farms*

At the southern edge of Maplecrest Park today, there lies a triangle of grass and shrubs whose sides are formed by Tuscan Street, Tuscan Road and Springfield Avenue. At its apex, in a smaller triangle cut off by Vermont Street and hardly visible amid the shrubs of a small rock garden, stands a weathered brown milestone which informs the wayfarer that, from that point, it is "5 miles to Newark." A bronze tablet placed on the stone June 14, 1933, adds that "This stone was placed here over 125 years ago."[1] Remote as that time may seem to us now, the recorded history of this locality, known to us today as the "Hilton Section" of Maplewood, is much older even than 139 years. Close to this spot the earliest settlers in this area built their houses.

Within the larger triangle there stood until recent years the old, stone Arcularius house, one of the earliest houses in this region, of Dutch architecture, and having, over its great fireplace, a rising-sun mantel. Those who remember the house say that there were loopholes in the stone walls for defense against the Indians, that it had been raked by bullets during the Revolution, and that it was used during the Battle of Springfield as an emergency hospital. Edward R. Arcularius, for many years Township Clerk of Maplewood, was born in this house, and his father before him. His grandfather, coming from Holland at an early time, had lived there as well.

Across from the Arcularius house on Tuscan Road, Thomas Ball built a house in 1718. He was a son of Edward Ball, one of the original company that settled the town of Newark with Robert Treat in 1666. Edward Ball was a man of importance in Newark

[1] The belief has been expressed that this marker originally stood on Springfield Avenue near the Double Woods (just below Prospect Street), and that the marker was removed to the triangle when the latter was improved; as a relic rather than as an accurate marker. A four-mile marker is remembered as standing on Springfield Avenue opposite Chancellor, and the belief is said to have been general that it was four miles from Hilton to Newark, and not five.

and his son Thomas was a constable there. When in 1718 Thomas took up land near North Farms, he built a house beside Tuscan Road in what is now Maplecrest Park. He died there in 1744 "near the site of 'Tuscan Hall' built by his son Ezekiel."[2] Another of Thomas Ball's sons was Timothy, the builder of what is now Washington Inn. Tuscan Hall may perhaps be "the old stone and brick house" mentioned by Daniel H. Carpenter in his Notebook[3] as still standing in 1897 and marked by a stone cut with the cryptic notation. It is possible that the initials "E" and "B" stand for Ezekiel Ball, while "M" may have been his wife's initial. This does not, however, clear up the dates. The marker[4] on Ridgewood Road at the corner of West Cedar Lane says that "these stones were secured from the ruins of the old Homestead of Ezekiel Ball who lived in Tuscan Hall on Tuscan Road near Springfield Avenue in South Orange Township." Tuscan—sometimes spelled "Tuskin"—Hall was bought by John E. Courter in 1831, and by Ernest W. Hausmann in 1854. It was put to various uses as a clubhouse in its later years. It was still standing in 1900 and was being used then as a polling place for the election district.

1733
E.17.B.73.M

Besides the little settlement that centered about the triangle, there was a similar one called "The Harbor,"[5] at the foot of Boyden Avenue where it now runs into Stuyvesant. At that time Stuyvesant Avenue was known as Log Hill Road and was a main artery of travel between Philadelphia and New York. As early as 1700 stage wagons, called at the time "flying machines" because of their amazing speed, stopped at the Harbor to change horses, for this point was a relay station on the pioneer mail route which had early been established between the two cities. Its stages carrying the mail could make the trip from Philadelphia to New York in only three days.

By 1797 the early settlement near the triangle had become a thriving village known as "North Farms." At this time a stagecoach was lurching four times a week past the spot where the marker now stands, on its way from Morristown to Paulus Hook, now Jersey City. On Tuesdays and Fridays at six A.M. four horses pulled the east-bound stage out of Morristown through Chatham, Springfield and North Farms, down the old road to Camptown, now Irvington; and from there into Newark by what is now Clinton Avenue. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the west-bound coach toiled back over the same route on its uphill journey from Paulus Hook to Morristown. If all went well the trip could be accomplished in a single day for the price of $1.25 per passenger.

---

[2] *The Struggles and Triumphs of a Long Life*, by the Reverend George W. Clark.

[3] See p. 54.

[4] See p. 196.

[5] There appears to be no authentic explanation of the name.

From North Farms to Millburn the stage road did not then follow what is now Springfield Avenue, for that section of road was not cut through until 1806. Going west from North Farms to Millburn, the early road in use during the Revolution followed the present Tuscan Road to Valley Street, and thence left to Millburn Avenue. In 1806 the Newark and Morristown Turnpike Association took over our present Springfield Avenue, cutting the section that lay between North Farms and Millburn Avenue through and making it into a toll-road or turnpike. It was still possible to follow the old Tuscan Road-Valley Street route to Millburn so as to avoid the toll, and it was so much used for that reason that Valley Street came to be called the "Shunpike" and is so marked on the 1815 map.[6]

When the east-bound coach turned off into Clinton Avenue on its way to Newark, it traversed one of the oldest roads in the area, for Clinton Avenue had begun as an Indian trail which ran from Newark Bay across the mountain to the Delaware River. It was widened at first to permit its use by oxcarts, and when by 1780 its miry condition made the going almost impossible, a plank road was laid down along the worst part of it. No traffic slowed the passage of the stage through Camptown, for there was nothing there but a tavern, a blacksmith shop and a general store. From this point to Newark the road lay between thick woods, where robbers sometimes lurked and wild beasts were frequent.

Wild animals were, in fact, far more of a menace to the early settlers in this part of New Jersey than the Indians. Few if any of the Leni Lenape Indians, who scatteringly occupied this region when Robert Treat and his band arrived on the Passaic, actually lived in this section, though they frequently traveled through it and criss-crossed it with their trails. They were friendly, almost without exception, causing no real trouble and little anxiety. But bears, wolves and panthers could be, and often were, menacing and dangerous. Bears were destructive and a bounty of ten shillings was offered in 1680 for each one killed. Wolves were more numerous and more threatening, and being bolder than the bears, they hung about the settlements and were a constant source of uneasiness and alarm. It is said that their noses were frequently seen in the open cracks of the doors of the houses, and that a single howl at night, repeated here and there throughout a neighborhood, had a most hair-raising effect. Fifteen shillings were paid for each wolf brought in. On the other hand, there was an enormous economic value to the settlers in the elk, deer, foxes, raccoons, beavers and otters that inhabited the woods, streams and swamps which dotted the area between the "Town on the River" and the top of the mountain. Deer were seen frequently from the doors of the houses, and even bears occasionally as late as the middle 1800's.

---

[6] See inside front cover.

From the time of the first settlements on the shores of the Passaic River in 1666, all of this area was considered to be part of Newark. The Town on the River was the parent of numerous small settlements scattered westward toward the Mountain, then called "Newark Mountain," from Montclair on the north through and including the Oranges and Millburn. In 1802 the Township of Newark established thirty districts, among them being Camptown, Vaux Hall, Jefferson Village and North Farms.

North Farms becomes *Middleville*

THE first white men to settle here were overwhelmingly English in origin, though they arrived at North Farms by different routes. Edward Ball and Leonard Headley came with Robert Treat from the English colony in Connecticut. The Timothy Burnet and Joseph Osborn families came by way of Long Island. The Copes, the Hawkinses and the Gants came directly from England. These English families were early joined by the Jerolamans and Van Nesses of Dutch origin, and the Courters of French. Germany was represented by the Beckers, and Ireland by the McDonoughs. All of these nationalities became welded into the North Farms community which in 1830 took the new name of Middleville.

The countryside was for a long time entirely rural, the landscape alternating with farms and thick woods. But there were the vigorous beginnings of industry early apparent in many farm homes and in occasional small factories that even before 1800 had begun to hire a few men during the slack season on the farms. In the earliest days every family had been largely self-sustaining. Besides providing the greatest part of its own food, the family made all its own clothing by hand, even to shoes and hats. Many a household turned out extra shoes to sell, and hats as well. By 1830 these little home industries were well developed and some enterprising hat-makers were expanding into factories.

One of the most thriving of these was the Berg hat-making establishment in Orange. It drew its workers from all this area. The four sons of Caleb Van Ness had taken up the hat trade and every day they drove from Middleville to Orange to work at the Berg factory. Even some of the Middleville women packed lunches and set out bright and early to spend the day sewing hat-bands into Berg hats. It is said that the fame of Orange as a hat-making center was largely due to near-by mountain springs whose waters were especially good for treating the fur from which the fashionable beaver hats were made. The mineral content of the water made fur soaked in it easily woven. Curiously enough, it was regarded as highly beneficial also to the human organism and from 1812 to 1824 Orange had a brief popularity as a watering-place where hundreds of invalids and others came to drink the waters from a spring at the foot of the mountain.

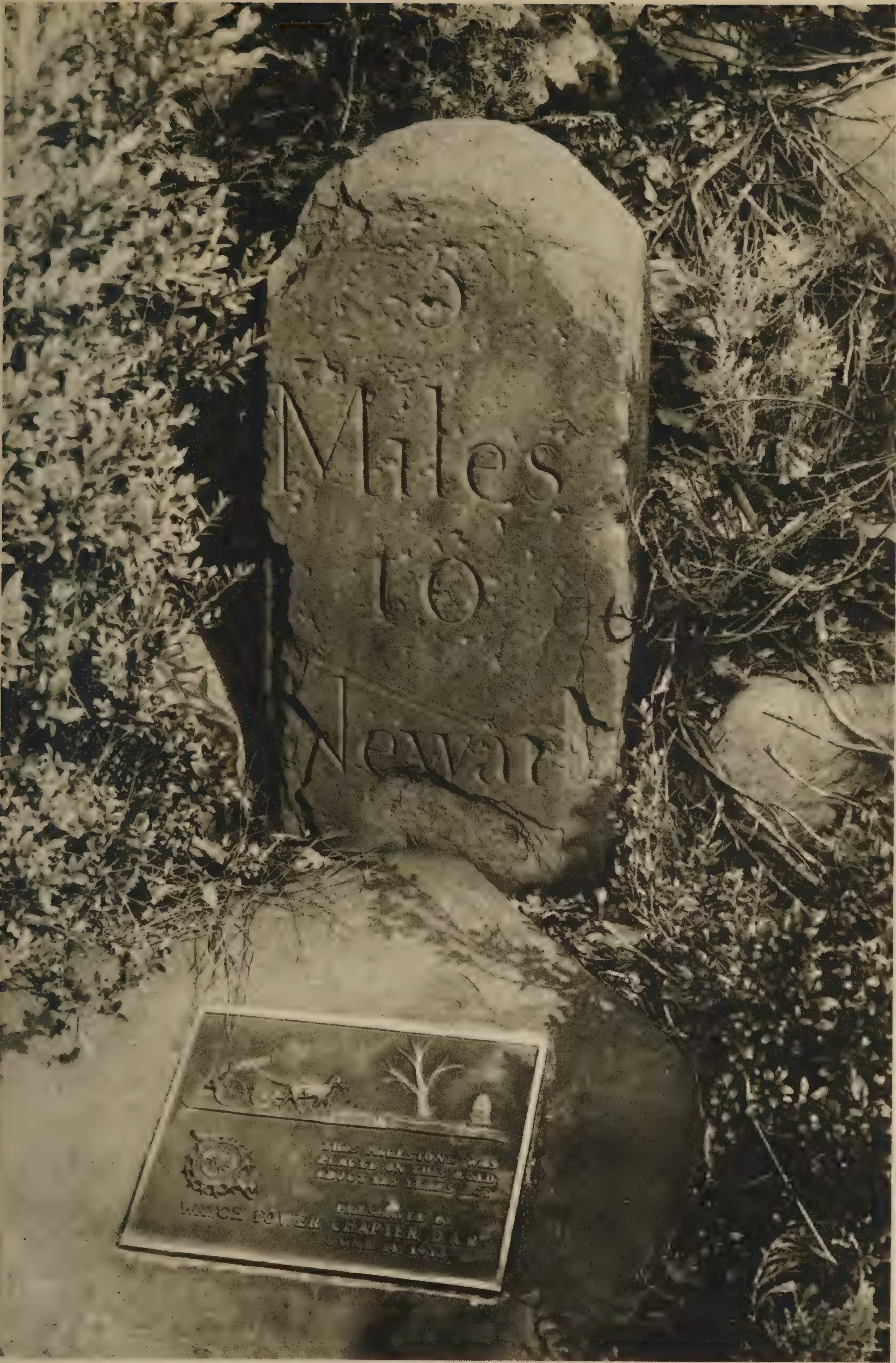
As for shoes, almost every thrifty farm home made a few extra pairs, either to sell for cash, or for credit or barter at the village store. Shoemakers got the leather for the uppers from Newark or New York, buying the other materials from the local general store which was well stocked with such supplies. In making shoes all the older members of the family could take a hand, and when, by their joint effort, a number of extra pairs had accumulated, the farmer, with the finished products in a basket on his arm, walked or rode on horseback the "5 miles to Newark" or even went on to New York, to get a higher price. At the local store he could exchange them for groceries or other supplies, or could turn them in for credit.

The Merck home on Boyden Avenue operated as a vest factory, and made men's clothing. Middleville women came there to sew if they were free of home cares, or took work home to finish between their housekeeping chores. With the work completed they walked over to Merck's, vests and pants hung over their arms, to exchange them for more unfinished garments.

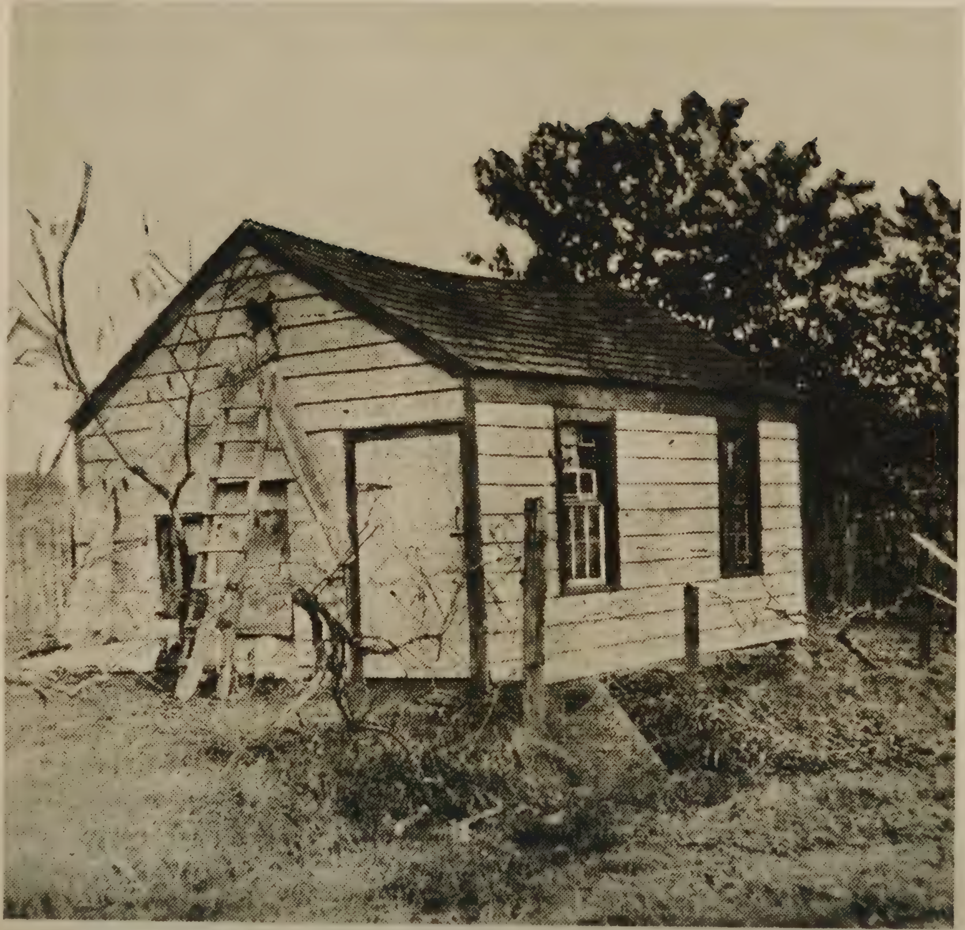
A hoop and hank industry flourished along Lightning Brook for many years. Farmers round about felled trees in their spare time and soaked the wood for days in the water of the brook until it could be split and bent into hoops for barrels and casks, and into hanks or wooden rings to be attached to the edges of sails. Loads of these were picked up and hauled to New York by local carters.

Within a short distance of our milestone, at the corner of Springfield and Burnet Avenues, stood Headley's General Store. Besides offering for sale or barter a bewildering array of clothing, food, shoemakers' supplies, wash-tubs, spelling-books and chewing tobacco, Headley's store was a social center for all the men in the community, and to some extent for the women. In December, 1875, the editor of *Every Month* refers to the "long-established merchant, Mr. Headley, who is building a new dwelling and store." He continues, "Mr. Headley's warm, genial manner has made his store the headquarters of the village for old men and young, who have an hour to while away; and many a yarn, never to be forgotten, has been spun over the counter; and many a joke cracked by the old stove." In April, the potential purchaser at Mr. Headley's bright, cheerful emporium is assured that "the best of everything in his line (and what is *not* in the line of a country storekeeper?) Mr. Headley will have served out to you by clerks so kind and obliging it is a real pleasure to deal with them."

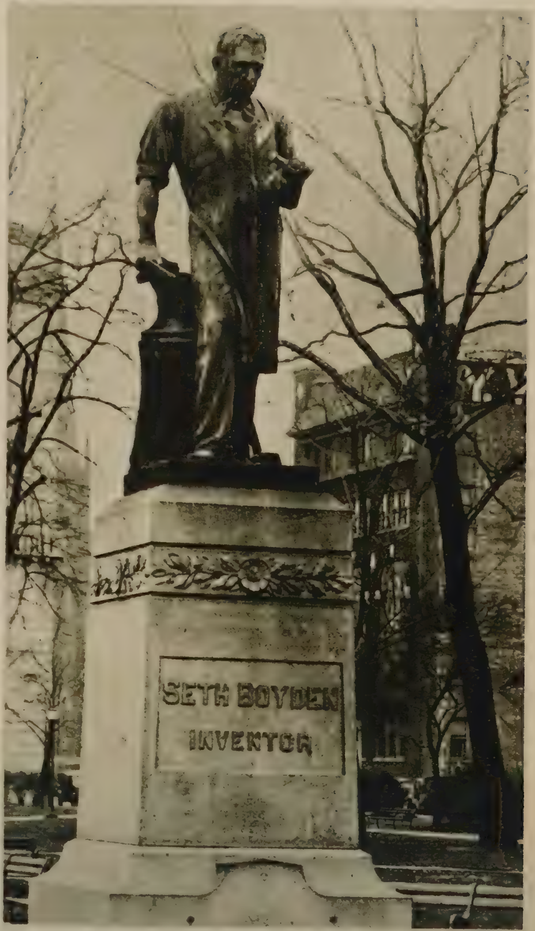
Across Springfield Avenue from the store was Philhower's tavern, later known as the Old Hilton Hotel. Lockwood's Hotel and the Maplewood Inn, the latter still standing, were all in the same neighborhood. Woods still stood close behind them and tables were often moved outside and set up among the trees for guests who enjoyed eating out of doors. Carters of hay, grain and other produce who drove down from the Morristown area to Newark, liked to stop on their way at one of the inns for breakfast and to rest their horses. It was a good place to stop on their way back also, for further refreshment.


8
Miles
to
Newark
CHAPTER D.A.R.

The marker in the triangle on Springfield Avenue



Seth Boyden's shop at the rear of his house on Boyden Avenue, Hilton


SETH BOYDEN
INVENTOR

Statue of Seth Boyden in Washington Park, Newark

Even before 1830 North Farms had become a thriving town, in importance quite the equal of South Orange. Springfield Avenue, extended and improved in 1806, and made a toll-road, brought much business to and through the town. As a matter of fact, the growing importance of North Farms as a stopping-place about equi-distant between Newark and Morristown explains the adoption in 1830 of the name of Middleville. "North Farms" as a name for a thriving town no doubt seemed much too rural.

Middleville becomes *Hilton*

For fifty years the town jogged along comfortably under the practical if somewhat unoriginal name of Middleville. Then in 1880 a request of the town for a post office was granted, and Middleville was unexpectedly confronted with the necessity of choosing a new name, since there turned out to be already another Middleville Post Office in the state. "Hilton" was the new name chosen, for reasons not now clear. Mr. Bataille, urging his horse on to the Irvington Post Office with the out-going Hilton mail deep in his saddle-bags, must have added a breath of pony express to the staid Hilton streets during the early 1880's.

The stretch of Springfield Avenue through Hilton became famous in the latter half of the last century among sporting sets in Newark and Orange. The thick woods around Hilton had long been popular for shooting matches, and Mayor Hausling enjoyed coming out from Newark with numerous like-minded companions to engage in the sport. Their headquarters were usually the Tuscan Club which stood in what is now Maplecrest Park.

During the 1870's and 1880's a great enthusiasm for racing grew up, and Springfield Avenue and Hilton became famous all about for thrilling buggy-races that ran a course between the Old Hilton Hotel and Millburn. The Hilton Hotel catered to drivers and horsemen generally, while huge sheds at the rear were able to take care of many horses and vehicles. Hotel and tavern keepers attracted trade by putting up whips and similar articles as prizes. Blacksmith shops were set up at intervals along the road to Millburn.

Interest shifted to bicycling toward the end of the century and for twenty years, between 1890 and 1910, the most exciting event of the year was the bicycle races run on Decoration Day along Springfield Avenue. The "high-wheels" that were still in use at the beginning are remembered, and the swift transition to the "safety" type of bicycle which occurred in the early '90's. That event indeed became the leading American bicycle race, and contestants, tempted by the offer of valuable prizes, came from long distances. It was a race of twenty-five miles back and forth between Irvington and Millburn. The start was made at the Double Woods at Prospect Street, going first to Irvington, then up to Millburn, back to Irvington and again to Millburn, once more to Irvington and finishing up-hill to Prospect Street. It should be remembered that at that time Springfield Avenue was not graded to one smooth level as it is today, but still had many of the ups and downs that are common to unimproved roads. Accidents were not infrequent, and added enormously to the excitement. It was an occasion that brought out everybody for miles around. Whole families drove in from surrounding towns and farms, and thousands of people lined the route to watch as the racers tore by, encouraging them by a tumult of shouting, and filling in the interval of waiting for them to return by patronizing the refreshment tents that bordered the highway, or the lemonade and peanut stands set up by enterprising Hilton and Maplewood children.

Since Hilton was for so many years a rendezvous for the sporting element of Newark and near-by towns, many hotels and taverns flourished along Springfield Avenue. Some of them came to have a bad reputation and for a long time the town suffered from their influence and dubious repute. Saloons multiplied, and by the time there were sixteen in the township, some of them being described as "vicious" and "dives," a movement was inaugurated by Edmund R. Halsey to try to get rid of them. Mr. Halsey was at the time the efficient superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, and later, in 1931, he became a candidate for Governor of New Jersey on the Independent ticket. He organized a Citizens' League from among the men in his church and in the community, and with the able legal assistance of Frederic W. Smith, and working under the Bishop's Law which prohibited the sale of liquor on Sunday, they waged a spectacular campaign that cleared out most of the objectionable places.

Some sixty years ago many of the home-town boys belonged to a club called the "Hilton Indians." Although it is said to have been a real social factor in the town for many years, the memories that remain of the "Indians" are chiefly of their famous ball-teams, and of their uninhibited high-doings at Fourth of July and New Year's Eve celebrations. There was a well-remembered cannon that was brought from hiding on such occasions and fired with great gusto, accompanied by much drum-beating. One of their special rituals was their charivari or "Skimmerton," as it was locally called, which followed a wedding, when, after the customary racket, the father of the bride was supposed to set up the "Indians" to a keg of beer.

No Sleepy Village This

As WE look at the good old times of the Middleville and Hilton eras, we find their pleasant picturesqueness considerably ruffled by anxieties, disagreements and problems that have a not unfamiliar sound. Although we behold them as through an inverted telescope so that they seem remote and shrunken in size, they were serious and important events in their own day, and caused no small alarm and agitation. It is reported that footpads infested the woods, a "foul murder" was committed at the Camptown tavern, and another one, much more notorious, at Baltus Roll; strife now and then rent the schools and churches; there were unemployment problems, and highly unsavory politics.

Newspapers of the time viewed with alarm quite as heatedly as today. In 1875 a Middleville editorial censured the wicked practice of riding the horse-cars on Sunday, even as a means of getting to church; a strong article warned young girls against marrying men to reform them; men who were standing on street-corners in 1875 waiting to be hired were urged to return to the farm; and there was an outcry against the thousands of dollars which were being spent on the Philadelphia Centennial, while people living on the edge of the Exposition grounds were declared to be starving. An old Middleville scrapbook contains clippings which describe the gatherings of Millerites at various places in the country, preparing for the immediate end of a wicked world.

Back in the North Farms days especially, political feelings were often violently partisan and otherwise respectable citizens aided and abetted the wildest irregularities at election time. On special occasions they made no bones of voting as many times as seemed necessary, with or without change of costume. "The Great Court House Election" of 1807 was the spiciest, or the most corrupt, depending on how one looked at it, in the history of the region. The fight arose between Newark and Elizabeth over the question of a site for the new Court House. At that time and until 1857, Essex County included Union as well. Elizabeth and the southern townships objected to locating the new Court House in Newark, and fought at first to have it put in Elizabeth. Failing in that, they advocated a site near the center of the county, and hit upon Day's Hill, a name then given to the Olympic Park area at Forty-second Street and Springfield Avenue. The pre-election fight waxed furious. The election itself lasted three days, accompanied by no little multiple voting and general skulduggery. In the end the Elizabeth party lost, by fair means and foul, and Day's Hill was voted down. If it had won, the Essex County Court House might have stood during the mid-1800's within sight of our old milestone in the triangle.

In time Day's Hill came to be known as "Becker's Grove" and it is still remembered as such by many Hilton residents today. To many more it is now known as "Olympic Park." There were pleasant woods and a brook in the Becker's Grove days and they made it a favorite place for the Sunday School picnics of the town. Gradually Newarkers began coming also, and it became a general picnic resort. Then, more than one hundred years after the Court House election had been lost, Becker's Grove found itself a center of musical interest to thousands of people all over the East.

The North-Eastern Saengerbund held its 1912 Saengerfest in Becker's Grove, called affectionately "Becker's Wäldchen" by the Germans of the Newark area. Such cities as had large German populations had for years cultivated local Saengerbunds or Singing Societies, comprised exclusively of men. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Newark made up the North-Eastern group of Societies, and chorus groups from each city came together every four years in one city or another for Saengerfests. Prizes were given for the best choral singing, and the enthusiasm among singers and listeners was enormous. It was the custom to sing exclusively in German, even such good old American songs as "My Old Kentucky Home" rolling forth in a booming volume of gutteral German. "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the American national anthem of the time, was the one exception: *that* was always sung in English.

Great preparations were made to accommodate the throngs of music lovers and others who always attended these events. A trolley spur was run in from Springfield Avenue and a large wooden concert hall was built in which to hold the contests and the grand concert. There were tents for the competing Singing Societies, and for refreshments, of which there was a liquid abundance, and for amusement, scattered among elaborate and bright-hued flower beds. The Festival lasted for four or five days, coming to a climax usually on the Fourth of July. The Saengerfest of 1912 at Becker's Grove is remembered as the biggest event ever held in this section.

In 1915 the concert hall built for the Saengerfest was turned into an opera house to accommodate the Aborn Opera Company. Throngs of people came again, often completely filling its 2,500 wooden benches. Trolley cars, carriages and automobiles brought them from neighboring towns and from as far away as Morristown. The performances were excellent. Operas by Gilbert and Sullivan and by Victor Herbert and Oscar Straus were among those given. Singers who took the leads were Joseph Smith, baritone; Robert Lett, comedian; Grace Orr Myers, soprano; and Fritzi Scheff, ingénue. During the season there, many of the singers boarded with Hilton families. For a good many summers the Company returned to Hilton. Then a spectacular fire destroyed the Opera House, and although a smaller one was built subsequently, it had no great success.

A Group of Family Portraits

On the hill where the Ward Homestead now is, not far from the triangle, stood the large frame Hawkins house. Its situation was so high that it is said that one could see New York from its windows. It was plainly visible from Springfield Avenue, rising from its sixty-seven acres of well-tended farm land. From this house William Hawkins (or "Howkins," as it is sometimes spelled and pronounced) went daily to his jewelry factory in Newark, which since the 1700's had been a thriving jewelry center. The Hawkins Jewelry Factory was on Mulberry Street and employed about one hundred men. Mr. Hawkins was an Englishman and kept in close touch with his family connections and friends in Worcestershire, and went back frequently to visit. On his return from such a trip, he stopped often and long at the blacksmith shop of Mr. Cope who had come from the same town. He had much to relate and there were many changes to discuss. The beauty of the Hawkins peach orchards is still remembered. His wife taught Sunday School at the Chapel and one member of her class recalls the awe which overcame them all at the sight every Sunday of Mrs. Hawkins dropping *fifty cents* on the collection plate.

At the foot of the hill and bordering Boyden Avenue, there was a small dairy farm run by the Hastings family. There the neighbors came, pail in hand, to buy fresh milk for six cents a quart.

The head man in the Hawkins jewelry establishment was John Becker. He and his brother William, who worked with him, both lived in Middleville. The Beckers had emigrated from Germany to Newark in the middle 1800's, coming to Middleville together. William bought the homestead which still stands on Boyden Avenue below Jacoby Street, where he lived for forty years. John Becker's place is still standing also, on the brow of the hill below William's. John was the owner of "Becker's Grove" which in time became, and now is, Olympic Park. Having no children, he adopted a son, Will, who lives on Burnet Avenue, and is still active at ninety-two years of age.

One of William Becker's sons, Louis, became an engraver's apprentice at the age of fifteen, and progressed so well that within a few years he owned his own engraving and jewelry business in Newark. After a time he developed an interest in farming and horticulture and bought a place on Burnet Avenue where he might have room to experiment in this new field. In 1904, from a man on Staten Island, he bought two hundred pansy plants to try out in the Hilton soil. His success with them was remarkable. Before long his neighbors were raising pansies, too, in quantities for sale, and Middleville was soon a widely expanding pansy garden. Louis's son Norman now grows acres of them in fields in Union. The pansy beds on the grounds of the New York World's Fair 1939-40 were set with plants that came from the Norman Becker fields. And between 50,000 and 70,000 plants now in the Botanical Gardens at Washington, D.C., were grown by Norman Becker. Both father and son have long been identified with the local school system. When, in 1894, the South Orange, Maplewood and Hilton schools were consolidated in one school district, Louis Becker was a member of that first Board of Education. His son serves on the present Board.

Almost opposite the William Becker homestead on Boyden Avenue stands a small white dwelling which was, in the 1800's, the gardener's house for the Menzel place. There are many who still remember the beautiful grounds and the large Menzel house. In the old days a fence guarded the front of the grounds. Driveways entered by two gates on whose posts silver plates bore the Menzel name; and they swept through trees and shrubbery to the long front porch which, with the square frame house, was quite hidden from the gates. The central feature of the lawn was a ring of evergreen trees. In the rear a large pool was planted with aquatic plants and populated with hundreds of carp. The youngest daughter of the family, Laura, is said to have been able to bring the fish to the surface at her whistle. She was a great nature lover and it is told that she could imitate the call of every bird in the woods.

The Menzels were a typical formal German family. Hugo Menzel was a striking figure with his great white beard and long black cape as he drove about town in his carriage to call, perhaps, on some recently bereaved family and offer formal condolences; or to stop for a chat with Mr. Cope, whose interest in buggy and carriage building made him especially congenial. For Mr. Menzel was a great fancier of beautiful carriages. At the time of his death his carriage-house contained twenty-three carefully kept vehicles which it was the custom to run out into the yard to wash and rub to a polish at least once every week. The Menzels were a closely knit family. On one of their birthdays those of the seven sons and daughters who had married and were living in Newark or near-by towns could be seen early in the morning driving over to start the birthday celebration with a family breakfast. It was a familar sight in the late afternoon to see two of the daughters driving the buggy to the junction of Elmwood and Springfield Avenues which was the end of the trolley line from Newark. There they would meet their father and greet him with a respectful handshake. During summer vacations the whole family made frequent trips to Germany. Once a year the house and grounds were benevolently opened to the young people of Middleville and they were given an opportunity to inspect the souvenirs of these trips. Mr. Menzel was at one time Fire Commissioner of Newark, although his business, marine insurance, was in New York. His name is among those who in 1882 became the first directors of a Reading Club that subsequently grew into the Hilton Public Library. His daughter Laura showed a deep interest in the Library in later years, contributing money and many hours of labor to the repair of worn books on the shelves during the time when the Library was still privately supported.

Just below the Menzel property lay the Van Ness farm of forty acres which extended from the brook west of Stuyvesant Avenue to Field Road. As early as May 16, 1818, we find Peter Van Ness being named moderator of a meeting at the North Farms School, held "for the purpose of a day school."[7] The Peter Van Ness home still stands on the corner of Boyden Avenue and Van Ness Terrace. The dwelling was originally covered with clapboards painted red in the custom of the time, instead of the present brown shingles, and there was a carriage shed attached at one end. Peter's son, Caleb, was born in this house and afterwards lived across the road in another Van Ness house, still standing also. Caleb had four sons, John, James, Andrew and Eugene. All four sons learned the trade of hat-making in their youth, but Eugene was the only one to continue at that business, eventually going to Connecticut where hat-making was early well-established as a thriving industry.

The three sons who remained in Middleville exerted a wide influence on the town as the years passed. John became a pioneer fruit farmer, raising huge Elberta and Iron Mountain peaches, and he was the last one in the neighborhood to grow the famous Hilton strawberries in commercial quantities. He was born in 1842 and lived to be ninety-four years old. His long life was a prosperous one, and at the time of his golden wedding in 1913, newspaper accounts stated that, besides an orchard of a thousand fruit trees and large strawberry fields, he owned a thriving coal business. He was at one time Commissioner of Roads for the town and on snowy winter mornings the Van Ness horses and plows were out before daybreak, clearing the roads for travel. During the summer he supervised and worked with the seventy-five men who took care of his fruit trees and strawberry beds. Even in his very old age "Johnny Van Ness" worked in his garden. In his house there were old muskets and swords that had belonged to his grandfather, Peter. There was a hymnbook, too, dated 1819 on the fly-leaf, which had been used by his great-great grandfather, Abram Van Ness.

---

[7] *Sic.*

On October 20, 1932, John Van Ness was ninety years old. The occasion was observed in a newspaper interview, headed "Ninety Years a Democrat." In it Mr. Van Ness declared that he had voted every year since 1865 and had always cast his ballot for the Democratic Presidential candidate. In fact, he declared with excellent wit, on being asked the inevitable question as to what he attributed his vigorous health, "Voting the Democratic ticket!" Besides having grown prize-taking strawberries, and having been a solid Democrat all his life, he had had a reputation as a fiddler in his youth, and he had been in considerable demand at neighborhood affairs. Even at ninety, he would still play the familiar songs of early days when he was with a gathering of his old friends.

John's grandson, Carol Van Ness Casey, now living on Burnet Street, became organist of the Hilton Methodist Church where his great-great grandfather had worshiped. He has in his home a magnificent desk of San Domingo mahogany which was made for John Van Ness by a neighbor, who must surely have been a master cabinet-maker, so fine is its workmanship. In one of the secret compartments of this desk was found the will of Caleb Van Ness, dated March 12, 1838, written in beautiful script and as beautiful language.

James continued at the hatter's trade for some time after John turned to farming. Later he became interested in insurance and was for many years employed by the Prudential Insurance Company. He was instrumental in organizing the Hilton Fire Company which gave yeoman service. In 1903 the *Fire and Water Engineering* magazine commended "the record made recently by the Hilton (N.J.) Fire Company when the old Seth Boyden homestead on Boyden Avenue was partly destroyed. The Company, in the face of great odds, saved the best part of the house from being consumed, and won for the members words of praise from every resident of the village."

As to Andrew Van Ness, no resident of Middleville ever showed more devoted and continued interest in his native community than he. He was born in the old homestead on March 24, 1839. His education began in the one-room school, and by 1861 he had graduated from the recently established State Normal School in Trenton. He taught in the Middleville School before as well as after finishing Normal School. In his first report as teacher he laments the lack of books for the children. A realization of the importance of books never ceased to possess him and led to the establishment of what came to be known as the Van Ness Library.

Some old journals in the possession of his grand-nephew, Carol Van Ness Casey, show that Andrew did book-keeping as well as teaching to help pay the expenses of his education. On a page headed "Harbor, Jan. 1st, 1856," the journal records the beginnings of a partnership between Thomas Blanchard and John Peshine who together had raised $17,000 to invest in an overseas shipping enterprise. From this point Andrew appears to have kept the Blanchard-Peshine accounts, for in beautifully shaded penmanship there are entries of thousands of dollars worth of bales of cotton, bags of coffee, and dry-goods shipped by them by the schooner *Josephine* to merchants in London. The business appears to have prospered, for Thomas Blanchard in a later journal has put up $28,000 and C. C. Marsh $17,935 to form another combination which shipped hay and hardware "per Brig Franklin" to New Orleans; while other goods are listed as shipped to Paris, Cadiz and San Francisco. After a time it appears that young Andrew found it hard to keep his mind on his figures for at the bottom of one page of heavy business transactions there are a few lines of penmanship practice and, amid some doodling, a perhaps self-directed bit of advice, "Cast not your pearls before swine." The same page ends with the letters of the alphabet done in elaborate capitals, followed by the fervent declaration, "O, had I wings I'd fly with thee!"

After teaching in the home school for seven years, he was appointed Township Superintendent in 1863, being at that time twenty-four years old. Some time later he left Middleville to teach in the St. Cloud School in West Orange, and there he married Mary Condit, a member of an early Essex County family, who was teaching in the same school. Though he never again lived in Hilton, he was so constantly active in its school and library affairs, and was so often seen on its streets and among its people, that he seemed never really to have left it.

His deep concern for the welfare of the Hilton School and of the children who attended it appears in two incidents related by Mr. Foster.[9] In September, 1891, "strenuous efforts were made to get the district to vote for an enlargement of the [school] building and improvement of the ventilation; but notwithstanding an offer by A. J. Van Ness to pay the cost over and above $250.00 the project got nowhere." And even more eloquent is the fact that "At his death, he bequeathed his estate, subject to life use of his wife, for the development of a playground and garden for the children of the neighborhood to the Board of Education which should have control of that school." Mrs. Van Ness lived until 1930, by which time conditions had so changed in the School District as to make impossible the exact carrying-out of the terms of Mr. Van Ness's will. With the sanction of the Court the property in which most of his estate was invested was sold and the resulting amount was put into Government Bonds by the Board of Education. It will be so held until such time as the Board with the Court's approval determines how it may be used, compatible with Mr. Van Ness's intent.

Indebted as the schools of Hilton are to the deep interest of Andrew Van Ness, it is the Library which owes him the greater debt of gratitude. His father before him must have set a value on books and reading, for in 1844, when Andrew was five years old, his father Caleb had been appointed School Librarian. As a matter of fact, the local school that had a library in 1844 was rare indeed, to say nothing of a librarian. Andrew, with a similar interest, had a large part in establishing in Hilton a library that ranked among the best in the state. Today, fifty-seven years later, some of the original books are still listed in the Hilton Branch Library. *The Koran*, Huxley's *Evidence of Man's Place in Nature*, Victor Hugo's *Things Seen* and Sir Walter Scott's *Count Robert of Paris* are among the Van Ness Library books still on the shelves.

---

[9] *Evolution of the School District.*

What is now the Hilton Branch of the Free Public Library of Maplewood began as a Reading Club. It was organized in March, 1882, and subsequently it elected officers and a board of directors among whom are many familiar names in Hilton: the Reverend John L. Chapman, W. T. Brown, William C. Headley, Hugo Menzel, Earnest Parcell, Joseph H. Osborn, Charles H. Stewart, Edward Griffith, Miss Emma Day, William Howell, Miss Ella Jerolaman, James Van Ness and Phoebe Brown. In 1889 the Reading Club, which had already expanded into the Hilton Library Club and had established its quarters in Library Hall, disbanded to become the Hilton Public Library Association, formed largely through the efforts of Andrew Van Ness and others of like mind. It made over all of its property to the new Association. By 1898 the *Irvington News* was able to write appreciatively that "the Association has been enriching itself and it now has one of the best Libraries in the State, a fine, large hall and reading room, which is well-lighted and furnished, and a very brilliant future."

Andrew Van Ness was appointed Librarian and he proceeded to classify and catalogue by the Dewey system over one thousand books. *A Biographical and Genealogical History of the City of Newark and Essex County* says of his generous service: "He has made liberal subscriptions to the work for the purchase of books and various equipment, and the Hilton Library may properly be regarded as a monument to his public-spirited interest in the welfare of the community."

The Library and reading-room were at first in the old school building, but were moved into the Seth Boyden School when that was erected. It was at this time, in 1914, that Miss Laura Menzel engaged a trained librarian who came out from New York once a week to supervise the reconditioning and mending of the books, many of which were badly worn. She herself and Mrs. Louise Briden Conners, together with the women of the Home and School Association, worked with the librarian for six months on this project.

In 1922 the Free Public Library of the Township was incorporated, and within that system the Hilton Branch Library was set up, supported by public funds. The Van Ness Library was brought from Seth Boyden School to become a part of the Hilton Public Library, and the two were ensconced in a cheerful room on the ground floor of the present firehouse. Fireman's Hall above was unoccupied, except as it was rented for weddings and social affairs, and when the Library outgrew its first-floor quarters, it was moved upstairs to the hall where it is still to be found today.

Among the pupils listed in Andrew Van Ness's first class of school children in 1859 was Joseph Osborn, aged ten. He was a son of William H. Osborn, shoemaker, who lived on Academy Street next to the schoolhouse. When a boy, Joseph was injured in a fall from a hay-mow, and for the rest of his life one leg was crippled and he walked with the aid of a cane. Because of this injury his attendance at school was irregular. But he had the initiative and will to study at home, and, when he was eighteen, to return to the little one-room school for two final years of schooling. The first of those two years appears to have been a difficult one in the school for it took four different teachers, all men, to fill out the year. During his second year the school was taught by Miss Lizzie Headley, and the following year, at the age of twenty-one, he finished out her second year himself. In 1870-1871 his name appears alone as teacher of the Middleville School. For twenty-four years he served as School Trustee, from 1879 to 1902, and during a large part of that time he acted as Clerk, keeping concise and accurate minutes. In 1818 his grandfather Jonathan Osborn had been elected a trustee of the North Farms School. Joseph was therefore following an earlier family trend. In 1894 he and Louis Becker were named the first Hilton members of the newly consolidated School District made up of South Orange, Maplewood and Hilton. He served on this Board for eight years, and acted as its president from 1896 to 1899. He was secretary of the Reading Club from its beginning in 1882, and was still in that office when its metamorphosis into the Hilton Library Association took place seven years later. His business was real estate and insurance, some of it being carried on by his sister Laura until her death in 1948 at the age of eighty-six.

At the corner of Boyden and Springfield Avenues there stood for many years Cope's Blacksmith Shop and Wagon Factory. It was long one of the best-known businesses in Hilton. Its founder, George F. Cope, had come from England where his father and grandfather were shepherds in Worcestershire. As a boy he had gone to school there and had learned the trade of blacksmith. He married there and not until he was thirty-five did he come to this country, leaving his wife and children to follow him later. He landed in New York with the proverbial three cents in his pocket, borrowing enough money from his fellow travelers to reach Newark. He soon found work at his trade, and in 1874 he set up his own blacksmith shop in Middleville and bought himself a house, still standing on Boyden Avenue, to receive his wife and children who had by this time arrived from England.

The Cope business flourished from the beginning. In 1898 there were seven men working in the Cope shop, and it had become well-known all over the county. After a time it began to manufacture wagons and buggies. A "low-down" milkwagon which Cope built had been invented by his head wheelwright, Thomas Williams. It took first prize at several state fairs where it was exhibited because of an unusual door which made it possible for deliverymen to step directly from the floor to the street rather than up and over the sill of the wagon-bed. He patented this improvement, as well as a bolt which he invented for fastening shafts to buggies. His inventive gift and knowledge of mechanics brought more and more business to his factory. In the course of the years the number of men working for him increased in number and his business expanded until he was making huge furniture vans, buses and ice-cream trucks. By this time gasoline was swiftly supplanting horse-power, and the Cope works adapted their business so promptly to the change that they were presently fitting bodies to chassis sent out from Newark by the Packard Company. Ultimately the business was sold to a company that continued to carry his name although George F. Cope himself was no longer connected with it.

This highly successful industry came to a sudden and swift end by fire, as happened often in those days. It occurred on a March day of high wind. Though the firehouse was then directly across the street on Boyden Avenue,[10] the flames had gained great headway before the engine could be got out and the hose attached. The gale not only whipped the flames but diverted the streams of water thrown by the hose, with disastrous effect. The wind carried parts of the burning building as far as Olympic Park. Only one truck which was already on the elevator could be run out and saved. The company later relocated in Irvington.

One of Mr. Cope's daughters married George E. Jones. A son, George Clifford Jones,[11] is well known in Maplewood, the Oranges and Newark for his newspaper and publicity work. While he was still in Columbia High School, he established and edited the "School News" column in the *South Orange Record*. During the First World War he served the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Merritt. He later became a newspaper reporter. In the 1920's he consolidated three weekly newspapers which he was then editing into the *Orange Daily Courier*. He was a member of the Maplewood-South Orange Board of Education from 1909 to 1912. For some time he was publicity director for the Welfare Federation of the Oranges and Maplewood. He is now Secretary of the Community Chest of Port Chester, New York.

One hundred acres of good Middleville land belonged to Timothy Burnet. Not all at once, for from a first modest purchase of six acres he added land from time to time until his farm reached from Burnet Avenue to Prospect Street and from Springfield Avenue to Stanley Terrace. Born in 1809, he had lived after his mother's death when he was three years old with the family of Amos Day, a butcher. Timothy as a boy used to drive a meat-wagon for Mr. Day, and, along with the meat, he often carried the mail from Camptown to Newark. At twenty-six he started his own meat business. He began buying up animals from neighboring farmers, pasturing them on his own land until he thought them in proper condition for butchering. That done and with his cart full of meat, he used to drive to the corner of Market Street and Springfield Avenue where he sold it directly from his cart.

---

[10] It is still there, now converted into a dwelling.

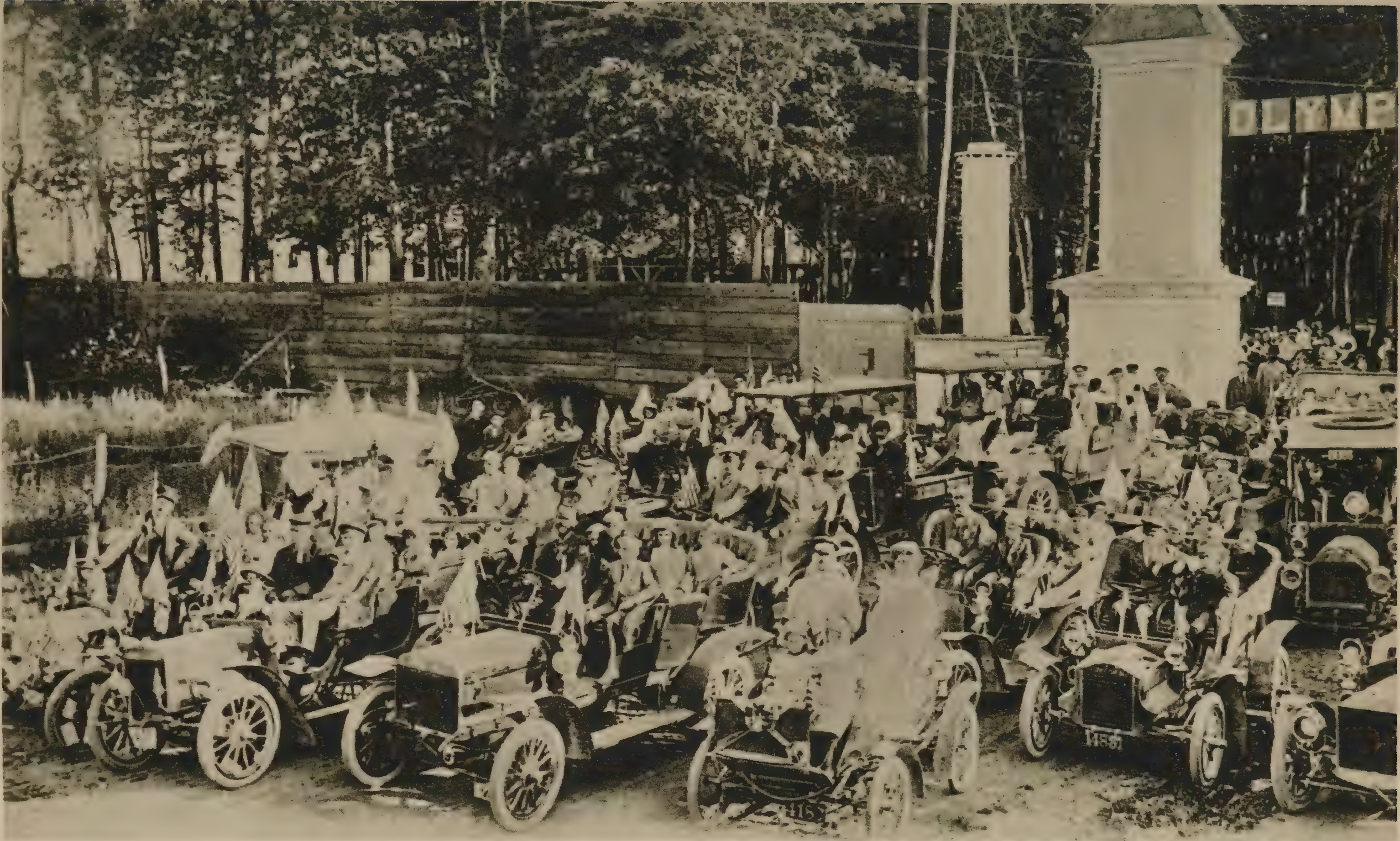
[11] See "Hilton Boy," pp. 128ff.

In 1857 he built what is now called the "Old Burnet Homestead" on the avenue named for him. By this time he had become an important figure in the community. He and his wife were deeply interested in the welfare of the Union Chapel and, when a new building was needed, he gave the lot and contributed money, while his wife opened the Burnet home many times for prayer-meetings and other uses of the Union Association. He was affectionately known as "Uncle Timmy" among his neighbors, and many a one knew that he could be relied on when they were in need of a loan. Timothy's daughter, Ann Augusta, was a woman of individuality and character. She took care of her mother, an invalid for many years, and the household as well, with cheerful efficiency, and went faithfully every Sunday to teach her Sunday School class at the Chapel. She was of a saving disposition, and even in her old age she would walk from the "fare limit" at Forty-second Street to her home, well along on Burnet Avenue, in order to avoid squandering an extra nickel. Her father had left a substantial estate, and at her death, her own will canceled many mortgages and left warm-hearted bequests to her neighbors.

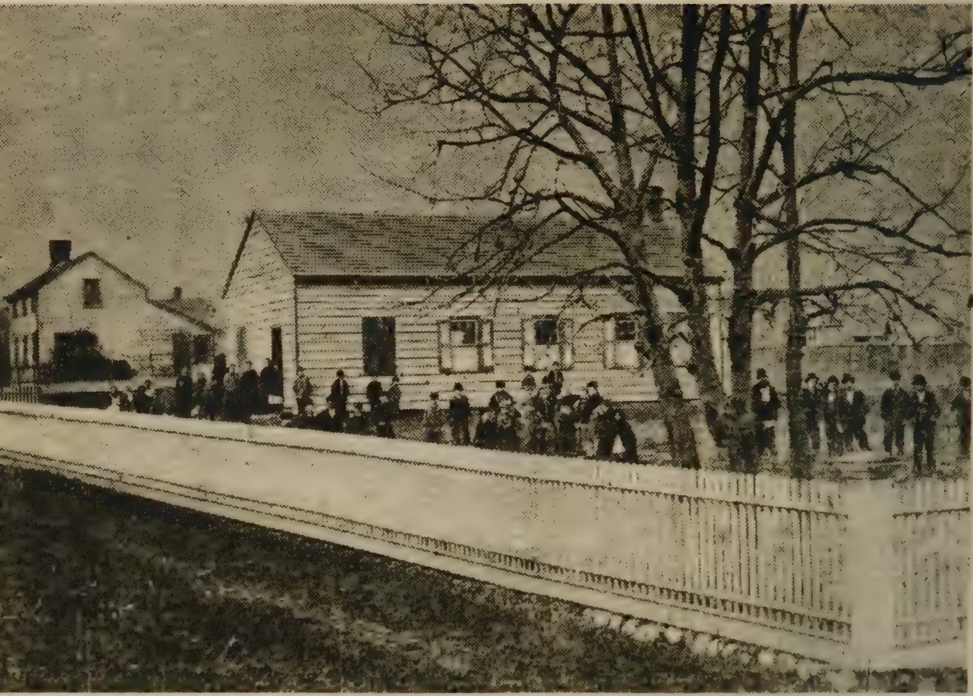
In 1903 the Burnet land was bought for development as town plots. A parcel of land was offered as a prize for the most appropriate name for the new development, and "Hiltonia" was chosen. Even today one's inquiry about a street or a house in that section may be met with, "Oh, that's in Hiltonia!"

Mention of the name of Dr. Phoebe Brown never fails to bring pleasure to the faces of those who knew her in the old Middleville days. She was not only an excellent physician but a forceful and individual woman. Her father was Ogden Brown, who moved his family into a house on the corner of Academy Street (now Tuscan Road) and Burnet Avenue when she was eight years old. Ogden Brown had a "green thumb" and on his place he grew not only all kinds of fruit common to the neighborhood, but rare things like pomegranates and avocados—all without the aid of glass.

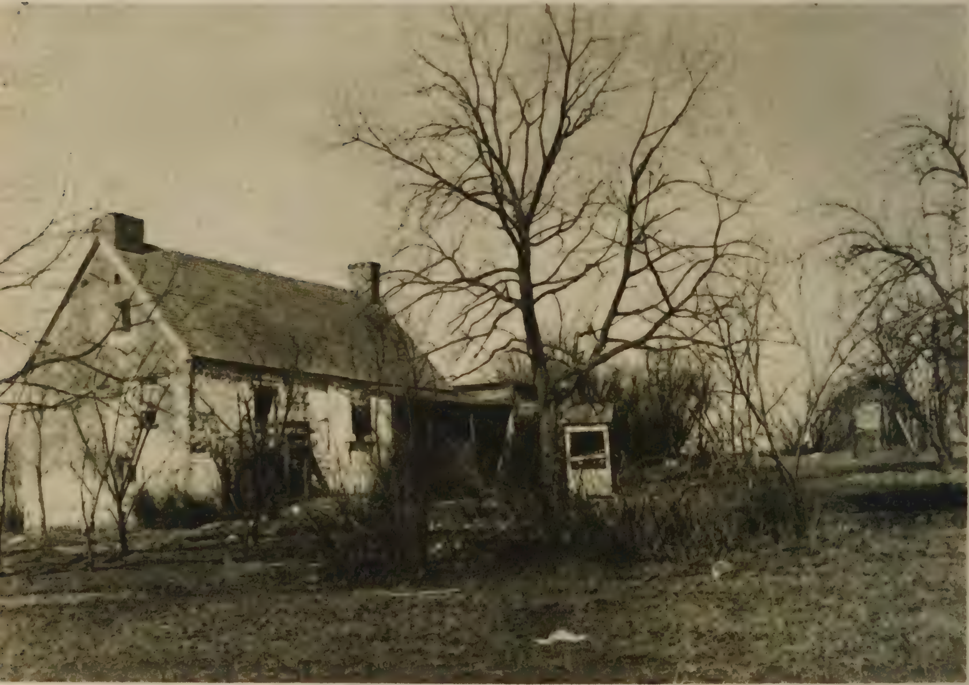
Phoebe attended the one-room school only a few steps down Academy Street. The reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and spelling taught there were considered at that time quite enough schooling for a girl. Phoebe, however, was of a different mind. She had a dream of becoming a doctor. When her father flatly



Olympic Park about 1905, formerly called Becker's Grove



Hilton School about 1880, on Academy Street, now Tuscan Road



Arcularius House, as it stood near the triangle on Springfield Avenue refused money for further education, she decided that she would work her own way. She went first to Normal School and after graduation she taught school for several years before she could save enough money even to start her medical studies. With savings clearly insufficient for four years, she resolved to complete her course in three. She succeeded in doing so and graduated from the Woman's Medical College in New York with classmates who had taken four years to reach the same goal. Hard up as she was for funds for her own study, she still was generous in her desire to earn something for the cause of the Union Association which stirred the warm devotion of so many in Middleville. During 1875, we read in *Every Month* that a talented young woman in Middleville will make beautiful wax flowers for sale. "She proposes, for a time at least," states the editor, "to devote the proceeds of her work to the fund of the Association this paper represents." The Association was that of the Union Chapel, and the artist was Phoebe Brown.

Her health, which appears to have been not very vigorous at this time, demanded a rest, and she went on a vacation. She arranged with Dr. William Rankin Ward[12] to come out to Middleville and take over her office and practice until she was able to return. Dr. Ward had just finished Medical College. In later years he became one of Newark's most distinguished physicians, and in 1941 he was cited as "Newark's Outstanding Citizen." Some time later, after Dr. Brown had returned to her practice, and Dr. Ward was back in Newark, they chanced to meet at the home of a patient. Dr. Ward had been accompanied from Newark by a young man who had offered to drive his horses for him. It was a winter day and Dr. Ward was urged to invite his driver to come inside out of the cold, and, doing so, he was the means of introducing Dr. Brown to the man whom she eventually married, Ebenezer Payne.

---

[12] From a letter from Dr. Ward to Mrs. Mary O. Dawson, dated July 29, 1946: "I finished my medical studies in the spring of 1893. During that Summer I had a position in the World's Fair at Chicago. When I returned in the early Fall, I was quite undecided as to my future. Quite unexpectedly I received a call from Dr. Phoebe D. Brown whom I had never before met. Dr. Brown stated that her health was impaired and that it was expedient for her to go to California for the Winter. She asked me if I would take care of her patients. Dr. Brown had a large and a scattered practice. It covered not only Hilton but also Maplewood, then a small village, Union and Irvington. I was at that time in my early twenties and to cover this area with horse and buggy or horse and sleigh was no small task. I lived with Dr. Brown's brother, Mr. William T. Brown, and his family.—I have always been appreciative of the kindness of the Hilton people. Many of the friendships then established have been a lifelong blessing, and although after a lapse of over a half century the vast majority have departed, there are still those who remain whose friendship means much to me."

After a few years of practice at an Irvington office, Dr. Phoebe and her husband went to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and there established a sanitarium in a beautiful bit of countryside. She was visited by her nephews and nieces of Academy Street, and by some of her Middleville patients whom she restored to health there. She encouraged her husband at this time to continue his education, and she was not content until he too had secured his medical degree, which he received at the University of Michigan. After some fifteen years in Great Barrington, they removed to California in search of a milder climate. There they practiced together until her death. Dr. Payne remained in California and continued his own practice to the end of his life. His death occurred in 1941.

Across Academy Street from the Browns lived another girl whom Middleville has been proud to claim—blue-eyed, fair-haired Juliaette Stewart. Her father was Charles Stewart, proprietor of Stewart's Store in Middleville, and after 1880, Postmaster. Juliaette, like Phoebe Brown, aspired to go beyond the education afforded by the home school. The fruits of her training and of her natural gifts she has shared as a teacher with the boys and girls of Maplewood for almost fifty years. Mr. Foster[13] speaks of her high qualities as a teacher with warm appreciation. She was always, he says, "a spirited, enthusiastic girl, eager to train her pupils in the best way, and understanding each child so well that they all responded as eagerly as she taught." She was appointed in 1897 to teach the first and second grade at the Maplewood School. "When Fielding School was opened in 1914," says Mr. Foster, "she was made principal, quite to her own astonishment—that a first-grade teacher should be placed in charge of a six-grade building. She had the qualities of leadership, unbounded energy, and a happy way, along with a fundamental sense of responsibility and thoroughness in matters of administration that qualified her for her new work." She served as principal of Fielding School for twenty-nine years, until she retired in 1943. "She never," says Mr. Foster, "lost her youthful spirit and enthusiasm." She still lives in Maplewood.

---

[13] *Evolution of the School District.*

Seth Boyden *& the Strawberry Era*

IN THE lengthening history of Middleville and Hilton the modest and unassuming figure of Seth Boyden stands forth unchallenged as its First Citizen; inventor, master-workman and creator of numberless mechanisms to increase the comfort and ease of living. His genius was great and of wide range; his spirit was benevolent above the lure of wealth; his honor and integrity were unassailable. His mind was eminently practical in the creative realm. But once he discovered how to make something and actually made it, his interest in it waned and his mind, seething with new ideas, started off on a fresh trail. The search was the thing that engrossed him. He possessed none of that jealous care with which other inventors protect their interests by tying up their inventions by all possible patents. He took out few patents, allowing others to make fortunes from his discoveries without the slightest grudge. He invented hundreds of labor-saving or time-saving devices for industry, yet he died a poor man. As an old man he marveled that he had accomplished so little, and he declared that he had enough undeveloped ideas in his mind to occupy two more lifetimes.

He was identified with Middleville only during the last fifteen years of his life, from 1855 to 1870. His great inventive period was passed in Newark, and so completely has he been looked upon as belonging to Newark that he and Robert Treat have been jointly regarded as the two citizens who have contributed more than any others to Newark's prosperity. He was not a native of Newark, but was born in Foxboro, Massachusetts, in 1788. His father was an inventor and owned a small forge and machine-shop. One of Seth's grandfathers had been a maker of cannon and ammunition for the Continental army in a foundry of his own; his other grandfather was a "Minute Man" of the Revolution. A brother of Seth's, Uriah Boyden, was well known also as an inventor and hydraulic engineer. It is clear that his family inheritance was a rich one in the direction of mechanical aptitude. He was one of ten children and during his childhood he worked hard and had little more than two months of formal schooling a year.

Yet he educated himself by sheer intelligence, application and will power until he became an expert in chemistry, optics, metallurgy, astronomy, electricity, geology and botany. At the age of fifteen, while he was still at home, he was repairing guns, clocks and watches. At twenty-one he invented a machine for making wrought nails; and at twenty-five, machines for cutting files, brads and heading tacks.

In 1813, at twenty-five, he took one of his father's inventions, a leather-splitting machine on which he had made some improvements, to Newark to furnish the book-binding trade there with split sheepskins and other leathers. Newark was already a thriving industrial town, and he found the factories there a rich field for his inventive gifts. It was not long after his coming to Newark that his surprising disregard for the profit aspects of his inventions earned for him the title of "uncommercial inventor."

His career as inventor was launched in Newark in 1819 with his discovery of a method for making patent leather. A piece of such leather made in Germany fell into his hands and he set about finding out how it was made. He not only did so, but improved upon the German sample and set up his own small factory for its manufacture. In a short time patent leather manufacture became one of Newark's leading industries. Boyden reaped a substantial reward from this success, so great was the interest in his discovery, and he invested the proceeds from the sale of his factory in a new project, the experiments that led in 1826 to malleable cast iron. In 1828 the Franklin Institute gave him an award for his malleable castings. He invented more than a thousand different uses for malleable iron, and his process was one of the most important steps in the manufacture of steel. In 1837 he became interested in locomotive building and he sold his interests in malleable iron to a Boston firm for $25,000. He built two locomotives for the Morris and Essex Rail Road[14] in New Jersey, the "Orange" and the "Essex," incorporating in them important inventions which he didn't bother to patent. A third locomotive, the "Cometa," he built for the Cardenas Railroad in Cuba, and he went there to install it. In 1850, at sixty-two years of age, his tireless and restless physical energy took him to California, to join the Gold Rush. Accompanied by his son, he crossed the Isthmus of Panama on a donkey and embarked in one of the earliest steamboats on the Pacific. Having discovered no large amount of gold they returned to Newark all but penniless, and Seth was welcomed home with a salute of guns in Washington Park.

---

[14] Now the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

Settling down again, he turned to the problem of Russian sheet iron. When he had succeeded in discovering an inexpensive process for manufacturing it, he sold his knowledge for a song to a group of local financiers who made fortunes in the industry that grew out of it. He invented a machine for making hat bodies, and, securing a patent, he cheerfully turned it over to a manufacturer who later employed him in his hat factory for fifty dollars a month. He made the first camera and the first photograph in America. From a description he had read of Daguerre's method, he made a daguerreotype himself, and then improved on the original. Samuel Morse asked to see it, a friendship grew between them, and later Seth Boyden gave Morse valuable aid in his invention of the telegraph. He ground lenses and made a telescope; he made an air-compression pump, and he built a fire-engine for the city of Newark; he made steel engravings, and an ivory miniature.

With such varied and highly useful projects he occupied himself for over forty years in Newark, early becoming a familiar and greatly respected figure in the vicinity of Washington Park and Bridge Street, where his little shop was situated. In 1855 when he was sixty-seven, some Newark businessmen bought a house for him in Middleville as a home for his old age. It still stands, much changed, on Boyden Avenue immediately beyond Seth Boyden School. It was a modest house but comfortable and pleasant. In those days one stepped down from the street a few steps to a brick-paved yard in which the well stood, shaded by a walnut tree, and further beautified by a superb syringa. Grape trellises shaded the dooryard and ran along the side of the carefully tended garden. Beyond the house there was a small workshop. Here the boys of the neighborhood liked to peer into the windows and watch him at work; and here the children brought him their pennies to be nickel-plated. Behind the house there were woods through which the same brook as today ran down to the Harbor. It was a bigger brook in those days, and the neighbors called it "Lightning Brook" because in a sudden storm it rose so rapidly that it overflowed its banks.[15]

From leather and metals and machinery, he turned in these late years to horticulture, to which he devoted the same tireless and absorbed experimentation that he had given to his mechanical inventions. In particular, he turned his mind to the cultivation of strawberries and was thereby the original impulse that started the spectacular commercial success of the Boyden or Hilton strawberry which flourished in Middleville for more than fifty years and became known all over the country. He was the first to believe that the Middleville soil might grow good strawberries, and he set to work to prove it while his neighbors scoffed. He set out plants of large sour berries in alternate rows with those of small sweet berries. In order to produce seeds and plants in the same season, he tried setting a specially fine plant in a freezing mixture that would create the effect of a winter season in the open ground. His experiments in crossing produced remarkable results and before long he was growing berries of enormous size and delicious flavor. He is said to have told a friend in 1868 that if he had twenty more years to spend on it he could grow a flavorful strawberry as big as a pineapple! His "Boyden's No. 30" became widely known as the best of them all. With his usual generosity he gave plants freely to all of his neighbors, and advice about growing them.

During the 1860's everybody in Middleville grew strawberries, some commercially, and all for their own use. Every garden in town had a big berry patch. The Beckers, the Hausmanns, John Van Ness, Michael McDonough and Henry Jerolaman in time grew acres of "Hilton berries." Elias W. Durand of Irvington became so proficient under Boyden's direction, that in 1876, after Boyden's death, his berries took medals at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. Other Middleville neighbors and friends won medals and prizes also for the strawberries that had resulted from Boyden's experiments.

When the berries were ripe all activity in the town centered in gathering the crop and getting it to market. The ripening season was brief and intense, beginning about the second week in June and rarely lasting as long as the Fourth of July—three weeks or a little more. The plants were gone over not oftener than every other day. Children, who did much of the picking, were often routed out at five in the morning to be ready to begin on the rows as soon as the sun had dried the dew on the plants. A picker as he went down between two rows gathered the ripe berries on either side, working his way along over the salt hay that covered the ground between the rows. Quart baskets were placed at close intervals and as soon as they were filled they were carried to the cool and fragrant packing shed, where they were crated with great care for delivery at night in New York City. Picking berries was a particular job, for they had to be handled carefully in sorting for size and quality. Only the small ones were put aside to be eaten by the family. The aching backs and hot summer sun are even yet remembered. Plants had been developed with rich foliage that served to protect the berries against too hot sunshine, but no such provision was made for the pickers!

---

[15] The name is also said to have been given because of Seth Boyden's experiments there during electrical storms.

Fabulous stories are told of the size and reputation of the Hilton berries: an ounce and a half was not an unusual weight for one strawberry; one hundred of the best might bring as much as ten dollars; choice berries were sold in china cups at one dollar a cup. Every night Dayton Meeker picked up a load of crates from the various growers and carried them to New York to commission merchants who had contracted for them well ahead of the season. Most of the berries stayed in New York and were eagerly bought by the more expensive restaurants and hotels. E. W. Durand of Irvington sold berries to Delmonico's for one dollar a quart when ordinary berries were selling for ten cents. Some of them found their way to distant places so that in time they were known abroad. Henry Jerolaman is said to have received a letter from Queen Victoria thanking him for plants which he had sent to her.

Of the many men who grew strawberries commercially in Hilton during the years that followed Seth Boyden's experiment, the most widely known was Henry Jerolaman. He bought the Boyden house in the spring of 1870 after Seth Boyden's death, and found in the garden three rows of Boyden's No. 30 berries. By his own account he had never at that time set a plant, nor had he ever seen a plant set. He went to look at Ogden Brown's berries, and he observed that those which had accidentally been mulched with grass clippings were much glossier than the others. In those days almost every farm had a piece of salt meadow, in or near the tidal flats, that went with the farm. These meadows started at the present Freylinghuysen Avenue in Newark and spread away east toward the bay. Jerolaman owned such a meadow, and he proceeded to bring up salt hay to mulch his strawberries. They were soon so clean and glossy, and so thrifty, that his neighbors all sought to find out the reason. But in vain, for he would not tell. He gave himself over to the cultivation of strawberries from that time on with enthusiasm and devotion. The exacting and watchful care that he bestowed upon his berry plants became all but a legend. He attended fairs, of which there were many in those days, observing what others were doing in berry culture and emulating their successes. His berries won prizes at many fairs and he became popularly known as the "Strawberry King." In a pamphlet published by *American Gardening* he himself says: "For a number of years I controlled all the strawberries grown in my district, but in 1880 too many others started in the business, and I lost my grip and I sold plants to all who came for them. Soon our spot was known in almost every state in the Union, and I think that I have sold plants into every state." He says that from 1874 to 1880 he made over $4,000 a year from the berries on four acres of plants, and that he hired between twenty and thirty pickers a season.

Strawberries were still being grown commercially in Hilton as late as 1915. But for some years before that date their yield had become progressively less until at last it took so many more plants to produce a quart of berries that the business of growing them no longer paid. Norman Becker who gave up strawberries in 1915 declares that "they just seemed to peter out." Whatever the cause, strawberries vanished from Hilton, and growers turned their attention to other things, notably to pansies, as in the case of Norman Becker. And they, happily, are still an important crop in Hilton, being profitable as well as colorful and lovely.

As a matter of fact, strawberries were not, in Seth Boyden's case, an exclusive interest with him during these late years. He experimented with grapes, too, though not to any great extent. In his shop he worked on a variety of absorbing ideas, many of them in the field of electricity. They often made him behave in odd ways. A thunder shower, for instance, had its special excitement for him. No matter how it might rain, he hastened down to the brook, carrying assorted kites, bottles and wires. The neighbors, observing his apparatus, concluded that he was on a mad venture to try to bottle the lightning. He is said to have spent many a wild stormy night along the brook, until he proved to his own satisfaction a truth which had gone undiscovered up to that time, that electricity goes from the ground to the clouds as often as it goes from the clouds to the ground. He built an electric fountain in his yard, he made an electric clock in his house, and he set up an electric barometer on the roof of his house. The farmers all around placed great confidence in this barometer, after they learned from experience that Seth Boyden was seldom wrong about what the weather was to be, even as far ahead as eighty-six hours. It was important to know during haying season.

One day he is said to have appeared at the hat factory where he worked with his usually gray hair a rich purplish shade. To his astonished companions he explained that he was experimenting on a hair-dye. A friend of his was contemplating matrimony and felt that a darker and more youthful shade of hair might aid him in his suit. Boyden was doing what he could in a totally new field, to help him. Thereafter his hair is declared to have turned successive colors until he was compelled to acknowledge his failure as an inventor of hair-dyes.

At eighty he discovered how to make oroide, a cheap metal resembling gold. In his little workshop he made a watchcase and some spoons and knives of it with a hammer and foot-lathe. His invention was learned by others. Soon unscrupulous salesmen were selling throughout the Irvington area watches made of this "near-gold" for five dollars. The watches were worth about one dollar, and it was perhaps natural for those who had been swindled to lay some of the blame at the door of the inventor. Mrs. Sayre remembers that she and her friends had "gold" rings made by Seth Boyden.

On the ground now occupied by Seth Boyden School, there used to be a pond where, in winter, the inventor often took Will Becker as a young boy for thrilling rides in an iceboat which he had built and shod with iron. Naturally Boyden knew how to cut corners sharply so as to give the boy a few spills. By the time he was eighty he had become almost a legendary figure, and it is hard today to separate fact from myth in the stories still told about him. He was known to be a great lover of water. He liked to paddle, they say, in his bare feet about the wet floor of his workshop, and he is said to have often taken a cold plunge in the pond fully clothed. He maintained that the water was as good for his clothes as it was for him, and that his clothing dried on his body before he reached the hat-shop for work. He seemed to have had a natural affinity for everything that grew: birds ate from his hands, and fish are said to have come to the bank of the pond at his voice. It is a fact that he was a strict vegetarian, refusing to eat the flesh of any creature—reason enough for looking upon him as queer.

Though at eighty years of age he was still poor after having benefited so many others by his inventions, and though he had suffered bereavement in the death of three of his five children, his tireless mind and spirit were still unquenched. During these years he was working as a mechanic in the hat-shop of Duryea, Jacques and Company in Beaver Street, Newark, and was reporting there every morning at seven o'clock. He often walked all the way from his house in Middleville to the shop. He was earning little enough and there were frequent financial crises, one of which necessitated selling the family cow. This loss of his old friend was a grief to him that brought tears to his eyes for many a day. Yet when some former business associates started a fund to relieve his poverty, he heard of it and refused to allow it to proceed.

He died at Middleville on March 31, 1870, at the age of eighty-two years, and was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Newark. His funeral was held in the Universalist Church in Newark and was described as "an exceedingly imposing demonstration and an impressive tribute to the memory of the inventor." The Reverend A. A. Thayer, as funeral eulogist, said "without exaggeration": "Nearly every family throughout the land have had their labors lightened by his inventions. It would be difficult to find a cunning workman in leather, in brass or iron, whose toil has not been made lighter by Boyden's discoveries. The iron horses and chariots, with their thousands of travelers, which follow the iron threads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, feel the touch of his genius in every vibration. As a man and a citizen his praise was on every lip. He was absolutely without avarice."

"Few men," said another, "have lived lives of more unobtrusive usefulness, or been more regretfully remembered than he."

A movement to erect a statue to the memory of Seth Boyden began the year after his death and was warmly supported by the Board of Trade and by numerous societies of various kinds. The money was to be raised by public subscription, and there were many group projects successfully carried out with this end in view. The most pretentious of these was a "grand concert" given by the Schubert Society under the auspices of the Board of Trade. It was declared at the time to have been not only a great financial success, but an "ovation to the memory of Seth Boyden." The sculptor selected to execute the statue was Karl Gerhardt of Hartford, Connecticut. A spot was chosen in the center of Washington Park not far from the site of his Newark workshop, and a pedestal was erected on it to receive the statue. The unveiling occurred on May 3, 1890, and it was "a day of celebration" with a procession composed of the Mayor and Council, heads of Boards and Departments, a police escort, together with "Voss's full band and a brilliant staff of citizens, all mounted." There were throngs all along the line of march, and, finally, formal speeches and the unveiling in Washington Park. "He stands," said one of the speakers, "attired as one of God's noblemen, an American mechanic with his shirtsleeves rolled up and wearing a leather apron." Said another, "He was thoroughly American, and it is from such as he that this nation has come to be known as competent to do whatever needs to be done."[16]

Hilton Schools

LONG before 1817 a school is known to have been in existence at North Farms, although no school records have come down from that early period. In 1794 the incorporation of a Board or similar body had been authorized by law to set up and run a school, but there were not many such bodies formed before 1819 and few if any records were kept previous to that date. Wherever official reference is made to these earliest schools their control is said to be in the hands of "the inhabitants." The organization of a school in any newly settled community at this time depended entirely upon the initiative and enterprise of the settlers. Such parents as wished some schooling for their children, and could pay for it, got together, decided to hire a teacher, agreed on the rates of tuition and made the rules. Usually they went in together and built a one-room schoolhouse, furnishing it with a pot-stove and as many benches as were needed. They contributed the firewood among themselves. The education provided was in no sense "free" or "public" in the present use of those terms.

---

[16] The statue is still to be seen on its original pedestal to which has been affixed an impressive bronze plate listing Boyden's many achievements. The statue is badly weathered and shows sad neglect.

The first North Farms School was situated in the Boyden Avenue-Tuscan Road area, quite probably in the very triangle spoken of earlier. This location would have been a natural one, close to the center of activity in North Farms which bordered the toll-road between Springfield and Newark.

The known records of the school begin in 1817. Although brief and sketchy, they are revealing. At the first recorded meeting, held on the 27th of October, 1817, it was "Resolved that the School House should be repaired," a fact that seems to indicate that it was already old. At subsequent meetings it was "Resolved[17] that [as to] Mr. Edson Park our present School Master the Meeting have agreed that if he does not keep the Quarter[18] out he receives no pay unless he had a reasonable Excuse." It was also "Resolved that the School Master see that the glass be put in that is broke out by the Scholars that breaks it." Again it was "Resolved that David C. Baldwin shall teach the School for Reading $1.50 for Reading and Riting $1.75 for Reading and Righting & Cyphering $2.00." Again, it was "Resolved that if the School master Does not suit the majority of the School Meeting he shall be Dismissed by the Majority and Receive the pay for what he teaches."

Each inhabitant concerned in this communal enterprise watched what went on at the schoolhouse with an eagle eye. He delegated control to no one. He was at liberty to "visit" the school at any time, and if he found things not to his liking he lost little time in starting a move to oust the teacher. Between rowdy pupils, of whom the North Farms School had more than its share, and disgruntled parents—and perhaps outraged teachers, too, who may have refused to stay—there was an enormous turnover in pedagogues. In these early schools the teacher was always a man, one hefty enough to keep order being preferred, and he was hired for one term of thirteen weeks. Sometimes he did not last even that long. It was a rare teacher indeed who was ever rehired for second and third terms.

---

[17] Foster, *Evolution of the School District*, Chapters XIII, XVII and XX.

[18] A "quarter" was thirteen weeks.

After a time the "inhabitants" called themselves the School Society or Association. After 1821 records show that they were electing trustees, but they "trusted" no authority to them beyond carrying out the instructions of the Society. In 1825 Israel Brown, a trustee, was appointed "to circulate a subscription to raise money to defray the expense of repairing the school house stove pipe and to attend to the same as soon as possible." But in 1827, at the last meeting under the name of "North Farms," it was "Resolved that the trustees employ the teacher and be accountable to him for the money also to circulate a subscription for signers—and they to be accountable to the trustees." So, by the time North Farms had changed to "Middleville" in 1830, the control of the school was beginning to be delegated by the Society to a group of specially chosen citizens.

Other changes besides that of the name of the town begin to appear in the school records by 1830. The County has been divided into school districts, and a census of children of school age has been taken in order to determine the district's share of a state and even a township school fund. In April, 1831, it is recorded that the Middleville School received $14.00 from the township and $16.29 from the state, a total of $30.29. This was a new and significant development heralding the beginnings of publicly-supported education. In this year of 1831 also, it was resolved that the state money, $16.29, "be appropriated for the Education of Poor Children." Keeping an eye on the school was still one of the concerns of the School Association, for in 1836 four men were "appointed to examine the school for the ensuing year at least once per month or oftener if they shall deem it requisite." In 1844 the Middleville School District records show another arresting series of items: "—resolved 1st That we purchase the first series of Harper's Library fifty volumes cost seventeen dollars. 2nd Resolved that we appropriate the state school fund for the payment of those books. Resolved that C. B. Van Ness be appointed Librarian."

In 1847 the old schoolhouse which had apparently been in use since before 1817, "being so much out of repair as to be unfit for use as it was," was sold at auction for $50 and "the right to the land for $10.50." Money for a new lot and a new building was raised by subscription, $301.17 being spent for the building, including "writing tables," and $50 for the lot. Five years later an additional $125 had to be raised to pay off a debt remaining on the property. The lot which had been selected for the new schoolhouse was one "near the church."[19] As the years passed public support and appreciation of the school increased, although this one-room schoolhouse lasted until 1881.

In 1854 Middleville reported seventy-nine children in its school census. But that did not mean that seventy-nine children were in attendance every day. Andrew Van Ness, the teacher in 1859, complains of the irregularity in attendance, and states that of the fifty-nine "scholars" who were attending school that term "twenty-two or nearly one-half have been absent daily on an average." He reports twenty-three beginners learning to read from *McGuffey's First Reader*, and says that he is considering forming a class in algebra for the oldest boys. "The school is very destitute of books," he concludes, "insomuch that one book would have to suffice frequently for three scholars and some scholars were almost obliged to omit studying entirely." Fifty-nine pupils, of all ages and grades, for one teacher to control, teach and record!

An undated newspaper clipping of years ago having to do with the early Hilton schools recalls the "old country school house with its rows of wooden benches and its single room with the great pot-stove that stood in the centre. The pot-stove was not a success as a heater. It was a case of roast those near it and freeze the poor youngsters who were in the far parts of the room. Mr. Cope tells how while he, then a mere lad, was janitor for a term, he found it necessary to get the fire going at four-thirty o'clock in the morning in cold weather and then had to open the windows no matter how cold it was to let the smoke out."

---

[19] The church referred to was the Hilton Methodist Church, and the school stood on or near the corner of Boyden Avenue and Tuscan Road, the latter then called Academy Street, probably because of the presence of the school. The site is across from Seth Boyden School and is part of the plot now owned by the Hilton Methodist Church.

During the last ten years of the long era of one-room schools in the town, from 1872 to 1881, two teachers in particular gave distinguished service in spite of primitive and crowded conditions. They were Frank H. Morrell, later Superintendent of Schools in Irvington, who taught three years in Middleville, and W. H. Morrell, who gave ten such notable years to the Middleville School that he is still remembered with affection and respect by his former pupils.

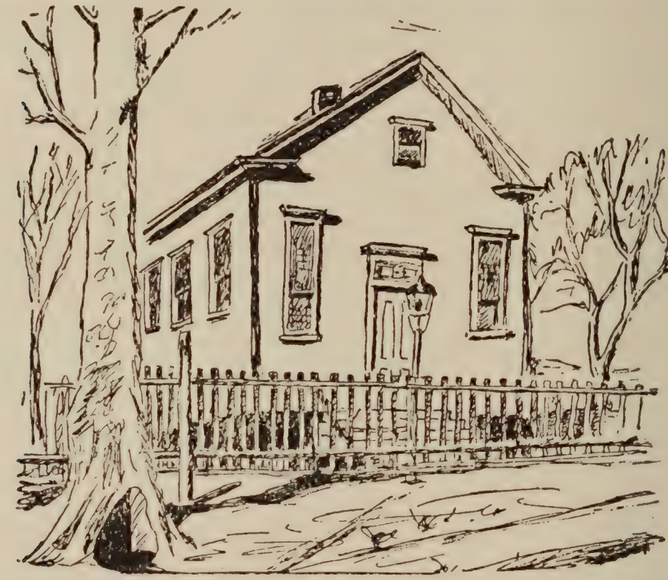
By 1881, a new and larger school building was admittedly necessary. It was erected on the same plot and had at first two rooms, costing $4,500. In 1889 two more rooms were provided by adding a second story. Hilton was growing fast during these years. In 1894 its school enrollment showed 191, in contrast to 121 in Maplewood.

During the 1910-1914 period of development in the town and school district, it became necessary to plan for a much larger building. The question of a suitable site for a new building was debated vigorously and warmly since it was generally agreed that the old site was much too small. Many favored a lot on higher ground, somewhere above Maplecrest Park. The final choice of the present six-acre plot on Boyden Avenue across from the old school "near the church" was made in 1912 by the Board of Education. A nine-room building was erected as a first unit, and additions were made in 1927 and 1930, responding to the rapid growth of the community. In the course of making the additions it was necessary to condemn and remove Miss Laura Osborn's bungalow and store. Many a pupil and teacher had enjoyed snacks and sodas at that convenient and neighborly little shop. In 1914 the Hilton School became officially the Seth Boyden School, its grounds bordering on the south the plot of land on which Seth Boyden's house still stands and where his workshop stood for many years.

Hilton Churches

Facing Seth Boyden School and only a few feet from the spot where three of the early Middleville-Hilton schools had been built, stands the Hilton Methodist Church. An undated newspaper clipping locates it as "situated on Boyden Avenue, next to the academy." In March, 1936, it celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary as a church group. It was an occasion of justifiable rejoicing, since for more than half its century of existence it had been beset by all but endless difficulties and uncertainties.

Its earliest records begin in 1836 when a class, under the leadership of John Baldwin of "the Springfield Church," took over a small building that had been some time previously a Universalist Chapel. The circumstances of the rise of this Universalist group and its demise not long before 1836 are lost in the unrecorded beginnings of North Farms. It is known that their little chapel had first been a cider mill which, abandoned, they had taken and transformed into a chapel for public worship. It is known, also, that behind it on a little terrace there had once been a tiny cemetery containing five or six graves. By 1836 the chapel and its plot of ground were owned by William Day who rented it to John Baldwin and his class. For two years, from 1836 to 1838, they held regular Sabbath services there. In the latter year a church was formally organized and a Board of Trustees was elected. The first business of the new Board was the purchase of



UNION CHAPEL

the Chapel, on August 14, 1838. Since those early days various additions and alterations have been made, including a fine organ, the gift of the Gant family; but the original building is still a part of the present one, though part of it now stands on the spot where the little graveyard used to be.

Mrs. E. R. Halsey in her booklet "Do You Remember?" describes the box-like little church as it once was, with magenta windows, red pew cushions, and the low platform on which the pulpit stood. Behind the pulpit there was a big horsehair sofa where a girls' Sunday School class sat, while dark red curtains shut off one corner of the room for the infant class. Halfway up one side of the church a few pews had been omitted to make room for a high stove. The Sunday School library occupied part of a gallery across one end of the room.

In the beginning it was natural that the new little flock should derive most of its spiritual guidance from the Springfield Church. But before long a Springfield pastor and a local preacher united their efforts to such avail that the first revival ever known in the area added many new members to the church. With this fresh growth the Middleville Church was severed from the Springfield circuit and was given its own pastor. From then on troubles beset it on many sides. At times it was united with a recently organized Irvington Church under one pastor, but that was so unsatisfactory that many of its members left the Middleville Church to join other groups. At another time it was a part of the South Orange-Jefferson Village charge. At intervals it had no pastor at all. Among the long list of men who preached to those who loyally stayed with the church during these troubled years, there were two who afterwards became bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, John H. Vincent and John F. Hurst. The name of Henry A. Buttz, later a President of Drew Theological Seminary, is also among the early names on its roster of preachers. It had many student pastors from Drew as well. After attending classes all week, the young student pastor assigned to the Middleville Church would make the trip down from Madison Friday evening and be welcomed into the home of one of the parishioners for the week-end. Prayer-meeting Friday night, pastoral work all day Saturday, attendance at five services Sunday, at two of which he preached, would keep him well occupied until his departure for

Madison and his Monday morning classes. But in spite of all the turbulent ups and downs of the years, the church held together and kept its course, so that the high steadfastness of its membership has been felt in the community throughout the long years of its history.

About 1864, when the Methodist Church was going through one of its periods of ebb-tide, some of its members withdrew and joined with others to organize the Middleville Union Association. There were representatives of many denominations in this Union group, and at first they were few in number and met in the homes of members or, later, in the schoolhouse. When in time they decided that they needed to have their own place of worship, Mr. Timothy Burnet came forward with the gift of a lot on Burnet Avenue, and he contributed an additional twenty-five dollars. Encouraged by this generosity and by other unexpected gifts, such as glass for the windows by Stephen P. Belcher of Povey and Belcher of Newark, and a contribution from the Sunday School in Connecticut Farms, and of savings among Middleville women who earned money in various ways, they worked with all the more enthusiasm toward realizing their objective.

To stir interest and to help raise money, a small newspaper, *Every Month*, was launched in November, 1875, with a subscription price of fifty cents a year to those who could afford it, and nothing to those who could not. Morris and Doty, who were leading dry-goods merchants in Newark, and even, as they said modestly in the columns of this paper, "largest and best in the state," lent their influence to the project by giving editorial office space in their store on Market Street. The extensive advertising that Morris and Doty were able to get out of this benevolent enterprise was hardly disproportionate to the amount of good they did the cause of the new chapel, for the little paper was apparently read by everybody and stirred wide enthusiasm. To the Reverend James M. Bruen and his wife who acted as editors of *Every Month* during the one year of its publication, we are indebted for many interesting sidelights on the life of Middleville during the nationally exciting year of the Philadelphia Centennial.[20]

The year of 1875 saw enough additional money raised, plus the time and labor offered by men in place of money, to build the Union Chapel. Sunday services were conducted there by preachers from the Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch and Methodist denominations. Said Mr. Bruen in one of his editorials, "While prayers have been offered from the pulpit and the family, papers have been published, speeches made, conventions held, alliances formed for the Union of the churches, this little organization at Middleville has been doing it." A well-attended social event of the week was the gathering in the Chapel on Friday evenings for the purpose of practising together the widely popular Moody and Sankey hymns. In later years the Chapel became affiliated with the denomination known as the Christian Church and when, more recently, the Congregational and Christian Churches merged, it became the First Congregational-Christian Church of Maplewood.

---

[20] See Chapter 13, p. 123.

Some thirty-five years ago a small group of men and women, numbering fewer than twenty, began to meet together for Christian services independently of any of the established denominations. At first they met on Sundays and certain weekday evenings in a hall in the old Township Building at Maplewood Center, now the main Library of the Town. Later, rented quarters having been successively outgrown, they built the small white chapel on the corner of Burnet and Lexington Avenues in Hilton, a familiar and pleasant sight to all inhabitants of the section. Mr. Lucius C. Main was the architect, and he drew his inspiration from the early New England meeting-house. He has been a member of the original group from the beginning.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church was organized twenty-five years ago when the nucleus of its present congregation met in a house on Hilton Avenue under the leadership of John Knuth, John Rossiti and Edward Hess. In 1914 Father Peters of St. Mary's Church on Washington Street in Newark came to minister to the group which built the present church.

L'envoi

AT THE turn of the present century Hilton was a lovely area. Many of the native woods were still standing. In "Uncle Timmy" Burnet's pasture, cows and sheep grazed among daisies and butter-cups. In spring a thousand fruit trees were in blossom; there were fields of strawberries and of pansies in bloom, with every yard repeating the same green and flowery beauty. On Academy Street William Brown, the son of Ogden Brown, grew sweet peas and bachelor's-buttons for sale, besides pansies and fruit. Michael McDonough raised huge pears and vied with Henry Jerolaman over the size of his strawberries. The fruit orchards of John Van Ness extended as far as the eye could see.

Those who grew up in the Hilton of fifty years ago remember it as a "wonderful village for kids." The brooks were more numerous than now and much fuller, for in 1903, when the sewer system was installed, the water table was lowered more than six feet, greatly reducing the volume of water in the streams. There were many ponds—Hausling's with carp in it, Burnet's, Griffith's, Becker's Upper and Lower, and Hausmann's. All of them were wonderful for skating and some for fishing. When it came to coasting, Van Ness's hill down to the Harbor, and McDonough's Hill where Seth Boyden School now stands, were the sum-total of perfection. No traffic or other hazards marred them. At the time of the blizzard of '88 Springfield Avenue was opened up by a snow-plow drawn by Ball's ox-team, and Hilton children coasted down a drift which reached from the Dean house below the Maplewood Inn as far as Chancellor Avenue.

No one, young or old, hesitated at the long walk from Hilton to Irvington to get the trolley to Newark. For a while a little five-cent stage ran between Hilton and the end of the line. Its two long wooden seats were not long filling up, and men and boys who had come too late to get seats hung on the outside for the twenty-minute ride. It was a great day for Hilton when the trolley line was put through to Millburn, early in the 1900's. A pleasant picture to hold in our minds as we leave Hilton is the row of small boys waiting expectantly for the first trolley-car to flatten their pennies lying on the tracks.

12 • Middleville School Report May 13, 1859

BY ANDREW J. VAN NESS, *TEACHER*

AGREEABLY with the requirements of the law I transmit to you[1] my quarterly report for the term ending May 13, 1859. During this term there has been much advancement made in the intellectual attainment of the school and in my opinion if the school was properly cared for by its patrons—if they would manifest a deeper and more laudable interest in its welfare and prosperity—its advancement would be more rapid. It has been the highest object of my ambition as a teacher to elevate the character of the school as much as is possible and to consummate this object I have labored indefatigably and to some extent I am happy to say my efforts have been crowned with success. But still the progress of the school has not been as satisfactory to me as I would like. I think that there are some very serious obstacles which tend to retard the progress of the school very much, and I am certain that the school never will make rapid progress until these obstacles are removed. I will specify one or two to which I allude. They are as follows: Irregularity in attendance by most of the pupils, non-visiting by the parents or rather an unpardonable lack of interest by all of the parents and a perpetual querulousness and meddling by a portion of the parents. You perceive by the statistics of this report that of the fifty-nine scholars who have attended school this term, 22 or nearly one-half have been absent daily on an average, and you will also perceive that not one parent has visited the school this term, excepting on examination day, when there were four or five present a couple of hours at the examination. There is too great a lack of interest in the school evinced by the parents. Some of the parents apparently regard the schoolhouse merely as a convenient place to send their children daily to get them out of their way. They manifest a great indifference with respect to the improvement of their children's minds and are reluctant to make any exertion that would promote the pupil's intellectual welfare. The condition of the schoolhouse merits more attention too than is paid to it, and if the parents would contribute what they could well afford to its improvement it would redound more to their credit. It is destitute of apparatus, shades and suitable furniture, which is detrimental to the school. A schoolhouse should be made as attractive as is conveniently practicable. And there is no better way in my opinion to do it than to have it well supplied with furniture, shades, &c. It need not require much outlay either and will amply repay for the expense incurred.

---

[1] The School Board, of which his father was a member.

ANDREW J. VAN NESS, TEACHER

Middleville

13 • "I See by the Papers," 1875 Style

FROM November, 1875, through October, 1876, there was "Published by the Middleville Union Association"[1] a monthly magazine of eight pages called *Every Month*, whose columns were to be devoted "to the finest and best literature, and such news items as may be of general interest." Ulysses S. Grant was President of the United States at that time, and it was he who issued the Thanksgiving Proclamation in November, 1875, duly printed in *Every Month.* In June, 1876, the Centennial Exposition opened in Philadelphia and there were frequent references to it and to the hundred years it celebrated, together with some warm protests against allowing the Fair to be open on Sunday. On the memorable, flag-waving Fourth of July of that centennial summer, unsuspected by the public, General George A. Custer and his 264 men, ambushed by Indians, lay dead on the Little Big Horn, and a frenzied clamor to "Exterminate the Sioux" filled the newspapers from West to East during the weeks that followed. These national events were all echoed in the pages of *Every Month.*

Each number carried a certain amount of advertising also, which, read today, takes us back to that distant period as few things can. A housewife living in Middleville or Maplewood in 1876 would peruse in *Every Month* not only the "finest and best literature, and news items of general interest," but columns of advertisements that told her in highly dignified phrases where in Newark she could buy, among other things, the following merchandise: Seal Cloaks, both "on hand" and made to order at the lowest prices; Silk Opera Wraps lined with fur; Muffs and Boas; Plumes, Tips, Wings and Fancy Feathers; Hair Jewelry, including Shell Jewelry and Shell Combs.

If she were thinking of making a new dress or having one made for her, she would not overlook the ads of Silks and Fine Dress Goods: Black Dress Silks which included the well-known brands of Bonnet, Jobert and Cachemire de Lyons; also Hand Loom Silk made in Lyons "expressly for our trade." Colored Silks at prices from $1.50 to $2.50 per yard, both French and American Manufacture. Also All Wool, Silk and Wool, and Mohair Twills.

---

[1] See pp. 118ff.

PETTIT'S BAZAAR

AND

Hair Emporium

We can get up

A MATCH FOR ANY LADY

Gray Hair

A beautiful lot just received, and can now furnish from Best English Gray at our own low prices.

WIGS MADE AND REPAIRED

LADIES' WIGS,
GENTLEMEN'S WIGS,
CHILDREN'S WIGS

LADIES, BRING YOUR COMBINGS

No matter how dirty or poor. We make Beautiful Switches out of Combings. If ladies have not Quite Enough, we will add a little Hair at cost price.

Fine Front Switches

Hair Fronts for Old Ladies a Specialty.
Hall's Hair Renewer, Only 70 cts.

779 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N.J.[2]

If she were unhappily interested in Mourning Goods, she would find prominence given to Black Dress Fabrics such as Henriettas, Bombazines, Delaines, Cashmeres and Merinos, as well as English Crape, cut bias or straight; and Veil and Trimming Crapes. And she would read that "An assortment of Mourning

---

[2] From *Every Month.*

Handkerchiefs presents many new and stylish designs in solid and fancy borders."

If it were January, she would read the Morris and Doty announcement that "In order to close out our Immense Stock of Winter Goods, we shall make such concessions in values as to insure steady and complete sale. An examination is earnestly solicited."

If she made her husband's shirts, she would note that she could buy Partly Made Fine Dress Shirts of the Best Muslin with Fine Linen Bosoms for $1.00 each, or $6.00 the half dozen. Fully made and Laundried Davol Muslin Shirts with Linen Bosoms cost $1.50 each, or $9.00 the half dozen. There were also offered for sale Gents' Scarlet Cashmere Shirts and Drawers at $4.00 the set; and there were paper collars, silk stocks and walking canes also for gents, besides Gents' Kid Gloves in black, white and colors with one or two buttons.

If she needed gloves for herself, she would find Morris and Doty offering a "Very extensive and Elegant Assortment of Kid Gloves. French Gloves (every pair of which we warrant)—in two, three and four buttons, at $1.25-$1.50 per pair, and Opera Tints in four and six buttons at $1.25-$1.75 per pair." There were also Ladies' French Kid Button Shoes, warranted, at $4.25; Fine French Morocco Button Boots, at $2.50 and $3.00; Good Common Button Shoes for Ladies, $1.50; Children's Shoes, 50 cents.

There was Merino Underwear to be had for Ladies, Gents and Children, Ladies' All Wool Vests costing $1.00 each. Canton Flannel Drawers were offered also, and for warm weather wear, Gauze and Gossamer Vests for Ladies in high or low necks with either long or short sleeves. The gents too could lay aside their scarlet cashmere for warm weather Gauze and Gossamer Vests and Drawers.

Summer Dress Fabrics included Pongees, Light Poplins, French Organdies, Percales, Piqués, Linen Lawns, Dress Linens, Nainsook and Tarletons. There were Domestic Prints in light and dark grounds at 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yard.

Waterproof Umbrellas were to be had for wet weather, and Parasols and Sun Umbrellas, 18 to 24 inches, for fair weather. The latter came in Alpaca, Twilled Serge and "full Boiled Silk," in Black, Brown, Blue and Plum. Handles were gold-mounted Ivory, Pearl, Ebony, Bone and Tortise Shell. There were Children's Parasols in Pink, White and Blue.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON

BUSINESS COLLEGE

A Business Education affords the Shortest Road to Success

IN THESE GO-A-HEAD TIMES NO PERSON CAN AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT IT

[Among] Branches Taught are Single and Double Entry Bookkeeping, Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, etc.

OUR BUSINESS COURSE
COMBINES THEORY [WITH] REAL PRACTICE
OF THE COUNTING-HOUSE

The Rooms are elegantly fitted up with Merchandising, Jobbing, and Importing Emporiums, Bank, Insurance and Express Offices.

A. B. Clark, *Prin. & Prop'r.*

If our housewife needed new carpets, she would note that Lemuel Thomas was offering the Best Brussels for $1.10 per yard. He had Lowell Ingrain at $1.00, with other Ingrains ranging from 35 to 75 cents; and Stair Carpets could be had from 25 cents up. She could buy Cornices, and Lambrequins, and Pier and Mantel Glasses. And there were Lace Curtains, Counterpanes, Comfortables, Table Damasks, Doylies, Piano, Organ and Table Covers, Cluny and Nottingham Tidies, Pillow Shams, Turkey-red Tablings, English and Domestic Crash, Stair Crash, Crumb Cloths, Sheeting, Shirting and Pillow Linens.

She would note that a Good Dinner could be had for 25 cents at George Greason's Oyster and Dining Saloon, and that she could get Fries to bring home, "Put up in Boxes."

Her eye might note the fact that J. M. Quinby & Co., carriage-makers, were now located next door to the Newark and New York Rail Road Depot.

And finally, she could hardly miss the spread of The Bryant & Stratton Business College. But not a word about shorthand and typing!

14 • Hilton Boy

BY G. CLIFFORD JONES

IT SNOWED and it snowed. And the wind howled. The night that ushered in March 12, 1888, was wild. Hilton was in the throes of the worst blizzard in the East's history. Papa started out in the middle of the night to deliver milk, most of it in Newark. The next morning he came stumbling in. He and the fine big gray horse managed to get back somehow. Wagon and milk were abandoned. It still snowed and snowed, and drifts piled higher and higher until one giant drift in front of our house in Springfield Avenue was almost as high as Henry Dean's house across the street; and his house was on a high embankment.

That, I think, is my earliest memory of Hilton. I was just four years old.

The children used that drift for coasting and I remember standing at the window of the old Nenninger place where we lived, looking out upon the scene and wishing that I was old enough to be with the others.

Maybe the Great Blizzard stands out so vividly in my mind because snow came to be such a happy part of my boyhood days. Snow—with days and nights of joyous coasting on McDonough's hill, where later they built the Seth Boyden School; and on Vinegar Hill on what is now Elmwood Avenue, over the line in Irvington; and on the little Van Ness Hill. Sleds—none was as fast as the one Grandpa Cope had made for his sons and which finally I took over; and bobs—with that dangerous business of hitching on behind all kinds of carriages and sleighs on Springfield Avenue. And we kids had skis too: barrel staves for walking on the snow. A child's fancies turned to play, and this I gladly say for old Hilton; it was indeed a child's paradise.

In winter, besides the snow, the frozen ponds. Lockwood's pond had been Griffith's pond and later became Tommy Williams' pond. There were Becker's Upper and Lower, and Hausmann's, and out of the village but easy to reach, were Jerolaman's and

Pierson's. Then too, there were Hausling's pond and the adjoining Catswamp, now Maplecrest Park.

Winter was the best season of all for the kids, or would have been if the other seasons hadn't been just as good!

How lovely in springtime was the glen through which Lightning Brook made its way! In a later day it became little better than an open sewer. But then it was bowered at muddy Halsted Avenue by a pretty grape arbor where the brook flowed through the Menzel property. In a barbarous mood we'd stage snake hunts there and kill the harmless things by the dozen on clear warm spring days when they came out to sun themselves. And always there were tiny fish, and crawfish; and in the ponds, eels and catfish waiting to be lifted out with hooks or bent pins. Hundreds of little "sunnies" took the dangled pins and found their way into frying pans. And there were frogs with big, fat hind-legs.

A kid in those days loved to roam through the fields and thickets, winding up with a swim, perhaps. The first spring beauties and yellow dog-tooth violets and Jack-in-the-pulpits were rich booty. Boys were not ashamed to pick them and take them home. At least the little fellers like me weren't. And we liked to go blackberrying and huckleberrying, and, in late fall, to go for chestnuts in Burnet's Woods. Nor did we despise the hickories, although we had early to learn to distinguish between them and the hard and bitter pignuts.

Those were the days when the Hilton "Indians," grown men, had a hut in the woods. And when the Hausmanns and the Beckers and Sam Stewart and the Kellers and the other boys made up one of the greatest ball-teams of all time—as I recall it. The grounds were south of Becker's Grove and they played all comers, including the mighty Newark Ironsides.

Those days were blessed events, every one of them, for the kids of Hilton, but Sister and I got taken back to Newark when Papa and Mama returned to the city. And we stayed there a while. Then Papa just about half built the house at Chancellor (then Halsted) and Springfield Avenues that became our home from then on and still is the home of Sister and Mother, as we now call Mama. Dad we called Papa until a few years back. He died at ninety-two a few weeks ago, but he was Papa when we were kids.

Every kid had a Papa and a Mama then. Languages change like people.

I can just remember having been taken to the little old school that preceded the one built about '88, since torn down. Uncle Charlie, or John, or Fred, or someone, took me to that ancient school when I was a tiny, tiny kid. That was the school building Mama went to, and the one Cora's Papa and Mama went to. Cora's my wife. Her Papa was Louis Becker and her Mama was Emma Gant before she was married. Sister Charlotte and I, and Cora, and later our son Linnell, all went to the same school, and through Columbia High School, too.

Cora's Papa was a member of the Board of Education and used to offer little silver prizes for spelling matches when we were kids. He was an engraver in his early days. But if he was a Board of Education member, so was I, many years later, and he was the one who somehow got me in. I didn't like the job at all, and never craved public office from that time on. But, you see, we have a kind of proprietary interest in the Hilton section.

As days and years toppled over one another, I passed through many experiences. Perhaps the memory of less happy ones has faded away with the tears. I can't recall that our early days were filled with anything but just about the best times boys or girls could possibly ask for.

Reading about kids in cities seems always to bring stories of gangs and fights. If we had any fights that amounted to anything, they were snow fights with fortresses to be taken or held. The boys got along swell together, for the most part. One or two rowdies just didn't fit and weren't counted in. One or two got expelled from school, and good riddance. That was that.

There wasn't a decent, healthy thing we didn't go in for as far as the lay of the land and Nature's own bounties made possible. The race-course was around the schoolhouse. The schoolyard was the place for baseball, and for the black rubber, spherical football. We just kicked it about between goals. No, we didn't play hockey, but, believe me, we did play shinny with fine sticks that had roots on the end for socking the little block. Shinny in the schoolyard! Shinny on your own side! Shinny on the ice! And Lion Red Lion and Snap the Whip, with the girls allowed to join in—and how they loved it!

That was a great schoolyard. It was the land at the corner of Tuscan Road—Academy Street then—and Boyden Avenue; now part of the Hilton Methodist Church property. It had its pump and tin cup. Most unsanitary, I suppose, but we weren't concerned about such matters, nor were the two Morrell brothers who taught in that early building, nor old man Jones (no relation), nor any of the others who followed. Less sanitary were the privies. Nor were there many inhibitions about using them. Boys literally raced to get there at recess, mostly just to race. In the winter the cellar basement was our playground.

But come early June, and school or no school, most of the pupils, boys and girls alike, were out in the fields picking strawberries. There just wasn't anything anybody could do about it. Strawberries had to be picked, and it took lots of kids to pick them before they rotted. Some carried and some picked. Two and three cents a quart were the usual prices. Top berry-pickers could, with fair picking, do better than one hundred quarts in a day. Those were the good old days of Hilton berries. And what berries they were! I was told that Seth Boyden really got Hilton started on berries. From all accounts he was a queer duck. Uncle Will, I think it was, said he used to go down to Lightning Brook and experiment with lightning in some way or other, and that he used to stand out in the rain without a stitch on, saying that if rain was good for flowers it was good for him. Perhaps that is part of the Seth Boyden legend. But more of him later. He did discover that Hilton soil was tops for strawberries and he did grow them; and Henry Jerolaman worked for him and later took the Boyden property, and he grew prize berries the like of which I have never seen since.

Hank and Mike—that's Henry Jerolaman and Michael McDonough, neighbors—were rivals in growing strawberries and likewise in making claims as to who pioneered most in developing the luscious fruits. Berries were sold at one time in teacups at a dollar a teacup when dollars were worth one hundred cents. Henry had me make photographs in my early camera days of jars of prize fruit shown at one of the World's Fairs. The quarter I used for comparison looked like a dime. He gave plants, he told me, to Queen Victoria.

Johnny Van Ness, Louis Becker, Carl Becker and a dozen others raised berries by the thousands of quarts to be carried to the New York markets, mostly in Dayton Meeker's trucks. It was an all-night haul to New York where most of them were sold under contract to commission merchants. New York hotels, too, took many of them. It was, for us, quite a sight to see huge trucks loaded down with big crates filled with fresh-picked berries.

But berries were a tricky crop. Too much rain, one burning hot day, a very late spell of cold weather, could ruin a season's crop and that would spell disaster. The old shoemakers that Mama used to talk about, and Old Man Merck with his vest shop, had more stable industries. There were a lot of shoemakers at one time, and Merck's vest shop provided work at home as well as at the shop for a lot of womenfolk. The shop was just beyond the corner of Boyden and Tuscan. Billy Merck, a son, was one of the characters of my boyhood days. Johnny, another son, is still working for Norman Becker, the Hilton florist, who took over when his father Lewis died. At any rate, the strawberry business faded out and now about the only ones growing berries are a few like Wheeler Meeker, Date's son, who grows some for himself. It is only a memory, although in an out-of-state city, a few years ago, the reputation lingered on. Hilton berries that hadn't been grown for many years were being advertised!

But back to Seth Boyden. The young people of his day, like my mother and aunts, used to take pennies to him to nickel-plate. He did such things in his little workshop, long since gone, which was on the line between Mike McDonough's hay field, now the Seth Boyden School grounds, and his own acreage. I saw it and photographed it along with his house both before and after the house had been damaged by fire. Should be a community shrine, I claim.

Seth, the story goes, used to pack his lunch which he took to Newark where he worked as an old man, in a quart jar, everything jammed in together. That, he is alleged to have said, is the way they would get after eating, so why bother to separate them before? He was a great figure. Newark owes much to him. His statue in Washington Park is a pitifully small memorial to a man who almost founded Newark industrially. Maplewood has named Boyden Avenue and Seth Boyden School after him.

I suppose the Church meant more to us kids then than churches do now. As a small kid I went to the Chapel[1] because some of my aunts and uncles went there, I guess. I liked it. I liked Old Dominie Chapman and Mrs. Ball, my teacher, and Dr. Phoebe Brown who had a class of grown-up boys. And I liked the fairs. And pulling the hair of the girls in front. And I liked the entertainments with the enlarged platform where the pulpit usually was. I liked it most of all at the Christmas season when Amzi Ball, the Cope boys and all the rest of the bigger ones went into the fields and brought back cedar trees by the dozen to be cut up into little branches which the girls and women made into yards upon yards of heavy rope. None of your skinny laurel rope for us, or sick-looking holly wreaths with artificial berries. The whole place breathed the good odors of fresh-cut juniper, and the Christmas tree looked every inch a Christmas tree with its bright balls, and strings of fresh-strung popcorn, and homemade paper chains and its real candles. And Santa was truly Santa, and no doubt about it. The kids of today don't know what they are missing. There wasn't anything phony about *our* Santa.

But kids do grow up, and, somehow or other, in the days when Pastor Goodrich was building a new church for the Methodists, I got in with the kids there. A nice bunch even though they were of Satan's Methodist Brood! I shall not forget the old Christian Endeavor and later the Epworth League. I was growing up then, and now I can see that I was seeking out a means of expressing myself. It gave me a taste of what leadership meant, and what it meant to stand on one's feet and talk, although there wasn't much of anything said. That was the day of the third generation as far as my experience went: Grandpa, Papa, and now me, a growing boy in short pants, and, in winter, red flannels. Old enough to go to the Hilton Library on Monday nights. I went with the rest of the young people to read magazines, look at books, talk to and then walk home with a girl. Except when Papa went with me, which was often. He was one of the Library Trustees.

Those were the days when Percy Ware was the lucky boy who had a high wheel. It was the only high wheel in town in those days. He peddled papers. His Papa was a cobbler. He made shoes for people on order. He knew how to make shoes from the soles up, and boots, too. Wonder-worker! And chickens strolled in and out of the kitchen. I saw them. Percy got to be a newspaper reporter and perhaps the most intellectual of all our people in those days. I followed the pattern he set as far as eventually becoming a newspaperman is concerned. He got me my first job as Irvington-Hilton correspondent for the old *Newark Daily Advertiser*, a Republican paper run by a Democrat, Jim Smith. Its lineal descendant is the *Newark Star-Ledger*.

---

[1] The Union Chapel, predecessor of the Congregational-Christian Church.

But that bicycle business turns my thoughts to the old Irvington-Millburn road race. That was the day of all days for Hilton. The starting and ending point was at Burnet's Woods where Prospect Street now crosses Springfield Avenue. Springfield was a macadamized highway, dusty but smooth. On summer Sundays it was thronged with bicycles. People went out in clubs, groups and pairs. Young Lochinvars helped push their lady-loves up the steep hills. Some got off and walked up. It is no exaggeration to say that on a nice Sunday afternoon there were more bicycles on Springfield Avenue than there are autos today. It was a lively sight. And nobody seemed to mind the dust. First there were the high wheels, some with the little wheel in front to keep the rider from taking the otherwise almost inevitable "headers." Some had regular crank pedals. Some had a contrivance that just pushed down and sprang up on each side. Then came the "safeties." Thousands of them.

And there came, also, Memorial Day and the greatest annual road race of the ages. Well over a hundred young men usually entered the twenty-five-mile grind. Ten thousand people lined the course, walking all the way from the end of the horse-car line in Irvington, most of them. Friends of the riders were stationed at intervals with pails of water and sponges or lemons. The riders stuck the sponges or the lemons in their mouths and sucked in the moisture. An hour for the race was considered fast time. Many a man was hurt by falls. One poor fellow who was practicing days ahead for the event was dragged into our yard with a smashed face. It was a very little stone that threw him, but it was a very long way from the seat of his high wheel to the macadam—a very long way.

That racing business makes me think of other things. For example, the horse races, that started at the old Hotel Hilton. There was the Hotel Hilton, an old, ornate, long-porched, dull yellow hotel with enormous sheds for wagons and horses; and there was the Hilton Hotel next door which was Joseph Pfau's picnic resort for the Germans from Newark. The races started at the Hotel Hilton. They were trotting races, with sulkies and buggies. Lots of big-shot sports followed them. We boys didn't seem much interested in them. They were not of our world.

But that hotel business was the real thing in those and earlier days. I can recall the toll-gates on the Seven Bridges Road. In those days people really went places in wagons and buggies and had to put up overnight. My earliest recollection was Pete Buchanan's ownership of the Hotel Hilton. It got less hotelish and more sportish with the Macready regime. Macready was the horse-racing man, as I recall it. Becker's Grove which had been a quiet, German picnic resort, became Olympic Park after a time, with all sorts of attractions, including at one period a horse-racing track. For years it had an enormous barn of a theater at which the Aborn Opera Company held forth, producing famous operas like *Martha* and *Madame Butterfly*.

Evil days fell on the Township as far as the hotels were concerned. The coming of the trolley and the auto brought Newark many minutes nearer Hilton. Lockwood's Hotel came in to supplement the two old hotels and Duffy's saloon. Lockwood's became the "Oasis" and carried other names, too, not always of good repute. On up the line in the Maplewood section there were four other places, mostly dance halls and parks. And they were not assets to the community. In a word, Hilton had become a rather notorious playground for a racy element from Newark and the Oranges. It wasn't the old Hilton any longer. Nor was it a kid's paradise any longer in quite the sense it had been. It had become fairly rowdy and some of the older boys were injured by the change. Too many of the men fell into bad ways, and then it was that Ed Halsey, both Township Engineer and Superintendent of the Hilton Methodist Sunday School, together with some of the rest of us, ganged up on the unholy places. I got mixed up in the clean-up because I liked Halsey and because I hated the way things were going. Also I loved a good fight like nothing else. We organized our attack under the Bishop's Law which prohibited the selling of liquor on Sundays. We'd go into place after place on a Sunday, and buy our drinks like good, earnest, militant

Christians; and we'd carry away the evidence—in bottles, and in our memories, too. It was good evidence, either way. The barkeeps didn't know us, although most of us had lived there all our lives. They were city barkeeps, recently imported.

One day I, just a very young fellow, rode my bike to the saloon in Maplewood Avenue near the South Orange line, and bought the place with money I didn't have. The fellow was a decent guy. He listened to my line of talk, agreed he'd better get out nice and clean, and, God bless him, he did. Ed Halsey dug the money out of his own pocket, I learned later on, at a time when he thought he didn't have any. He swore he located it only after he had had a long and earnest session with God right down on his knees. All of Maplewood owes Ed Halsey a debt of gratitude it could never pay. He was the leader of the modern vigilantes who made it possible to restore Maplewood to decent-going ways. For after we had got through the courts we had in a measure restored the character of the community. Most of the objectionable places were wiped out. As I look back, I'd say that there was real drama in the encroachment of the city on our quiet, decent ways of living, and in our victorious fight to free ourselves from its cancerous grip.

But this carries me well ahead of my story.

Let's go back to Headley's General Store. In time it became Charlie Stewart's. The Stewarts, parents and children, were real figures in our town. Sam was a lively customer if ever there was one. Juliaette became principal of Fielding School. She was a swell-looking lass. Vera married Morgan Barradale and is still in South Orange. Charlie sold out later to Jimmy Gavin; Jimmie to Elmer Brown.

That store was all a country-store of the time should be. It had everything: farming implements, hay, saddles, nails, groceries, candy, the wax forerunner of chewing gum, coal, wagon scales, cloth, blue jeans, chicken feed and the post office. It was heated by the largest pot-bellied stove I had ever seen. It had sand under it—sand for the heat, and sand for the spitters. And how well they could spit! That store in the early days was more of a gathering place than any of the saloons. Mail came in twice a day. Kids, including myself, were there to meet it, and we waited until Charlie or his clerk, Jim Gavin, had sorted it. It arrived, in the earliest days that I recall, by horseback, from Irvington. There usually wasn't a great deal, but it was a good excuse for the gathering of the clan. While waiting, we kids used the triangle at Academy Street, Burnet and Springfield Avenues, as a playground. But once the mail was sorted and given out, you should have seen the kids streak in all directions for home as though the devil were after them. That was all a part of the "go-get-the-mail" ritual.

Those were the days when we kids took our fathers' politics seriously. I well recall how we got together when McKinley and Hobart were up and we raised enough money to buy a five-by-eight American flag. We had their names attached to the bottom as was the custom before it became illegal, and Papa, who had been a sailor in his younger days, climbed the poles that happened to be opposite each other at Tuscan Road and Springfield Avenue. And up went our flag! Up it went to cheers, and all kinds of things. One of the great chuckles of the day came when one of us tackled Johnny Van Ness, ardent Democrat as he was, on the steps of Pfau's saloon, and before he knew it, Johnny had given us seventy-five cents, our largest single contribution to our Republican flag!

But the Democratic boys weren't to be outdone, and they hung a flag from Charlie Stewart's store across Burnet Avenue. That made four flags, two seniors and two juniors. Papa carried a blue lantern in the great Republican parade that year, I remember.

As for the town cannon, I don't know what became of it, but it was brought out every Fourth of July, and at every skimmerton.[2] Sam and Frank Keller and Jake Stewart knew how to operate it. It was a muzzle-loader, and they rammed everything home in good shape, poured black powder into the fuse-hole and touched her off. Believe me, it make the welkin ring as far as the Orange Mountains—or so it seemed!

Speaking of excitement, I must not forget the marvelous fires we had. What a sight it was when Pfau's big hotel went up in a blaze of glory! Those were the days before we had water mains or hose-carts, or a Fire Department of any kind. Each man was his own fireman, and every kid, too, who was big enough to help and keep out from under foot. Ladders came from everywhere. Water came from wells. It was the grand day of bucket-brigades, with pails passed up ladders by hand to men hanging on to the blazing roof. I can still see it all, even the furniture being thrown out of windows along with mattresses and whatever came to hand. Pfau's fire was the most exciting thing I had ever seen. And how perfectly it turned out; not a stick left to be torn down!

---

[2] A skimmington or charivari.

Years later there occurred a still bigger fire when the big, frame Cope Company factory burned. By that time the town had a hose-cart, a two-wheeler, just across the street. But in spite of that, nothing could be saved. The autos, carriages and trucks were just a twisted mass of wreckage. That took away Hilton's biggest, and at the time its only, industry. Fortunately for him, my Grandpa Cope had sold out a few years before the fire.

My grandfather, George Cope, came from England, with next to nothing in his pocket. He carried horseshoes with him from Newark up to the Harbor—Skunk Harbor, some called it—and there started a little blacksmith shop. Soon he moved to the corner of Boyden and Springfield Avenues where a tiny pond had been. His shop was little more than a shed, but my Grandpa prospered mightily for those times. Before he got through expanding he had quite a plant, and all his sons were in with him. Fred had the painting end. John and Will were horse-shoers and did general blacksmithing. Charlie helped Fred and became a dabster at beautiful lettering and scroll-work, the delight of truck owners. Grandpa had a wheelwright named Tommy Williams. He invented a low-down milkwagon for which he took out a patent which my Grandpa bought, and they began making them in the Cope shop. They became famous and many of them were built there. We kids loved to play around the blacksmith shop in its earlier days when Billy Cope and Amos Doremus whanged at horseshoes, sending showers of sparks all over the place. I still can see the breathing of the old leather bellows, and later the grinding of the modern hand-operated wind-pusher, early beginning of today's wind-tunnel for planes.

And speaking of planes, what about the changes since then? Are we more civilized, I wonder?

We thought it great when gasoline street-lights came and Sam Keller went around lighting them with a torch. We thought it progress when incandescent lamps took the place of gasoline. We thought it wonderful to have a stage-coach run up from Irvington through Hilton to Springfield twice a day. We thought it a step toward glory when the first trolley-car came out to Irvington; and when the long, red Springfield Avenue trolley ran from Newark right on through Hilton to Millburn, we thought it the ultimate in desirable things.

When the sewer came, and water and gas, and when our streets got paved, all in the name of *improvements*, we rejoiced greatly. We rejoiced not much more when Seth Boyden School was built, and the Library that Andrew Van Ness had helped so greatly was set up over the firehouse, which was also new. We agreed that it was wonderful when most boys and girls went on to Columbia High School. In mother's day there wasn't one. But houses came, too, crowded together, and autos, and congestion and other less happy things.

Though I'm not a howler for the good old days, I wouldn't give the best they hand the kids of today in the finest of supervised playgrounds, parks, schools and other agencies, in exchange for the kind of life we led right out in God's own good world, including the Blizzard of 1888!

A SHEAF OF MEMORIES

15 • A Sheaf of Memories

Maplewood Background

BY E. MORGAN BARRADALE

THE Township of Maplewood is what remains of the Township of South Orange after the Village of South Orange and the Borough of Vailsburgh were taken out. The history of the area dates back to the earliest English settlements in north New Jersey, the first being at Elizabeth and then Newark. Both of these settlements were from Connecticut; the one at Elizabeth coming by way of Long Island, and the one at Newark coming under the leadership of Robert Treat, a descendant of whom lived on Prospect Street, the second house north of Parker Avenue, with whom we went to school, his name being Robert Treat. I believe he is now living in Springfield.

The old town of Newark as originally laid out went as far west as the crest of the first mountain. The government was set up as a theocracy; in other words, to be a citizen in good standing and entitled to vote one had to be a member of the First Presbyterian Church, which is still standing on Broad Street in Newark.

As the population increased it spread out along old Indian trails, and settlements were first developed in Orange and in Springfield. All of these communities were in Essex County which, when the County governments were set up, was one of only four Counties in New Jersey and extended from the Passaic River to the Delaware River.

As Orange and Springfield developed they established local Presbyterian churches. The farms in Maplewood were first located along the highways connecting Newark and Springfield, and Orange and Springfield. The highway from Newark to Springfield, was Springfield Avenue, Tuscan Road, Valley Street and Springfield Avenue in Springfield. The highway from Orange to Springfield was Ridgewood Road—known as the Ridge Road. The division line between the Parish of Orange and the Parish of Springfield was the old walnut tree now standing on the west side of Ridgewood Road in front of what is now called "Washington Inn," formerly the home of the Timothy Ball family.

Another old road was that leading from Newark to what became Jefferson Village. It really was the road from Camptown, now Irvington, and ran up west Clinton Avenue into Parker Avenue; on the west side of the brook between the Sillcocks-Miller plant and the railroad it turned south one block and joined Jefferson Avenue from there to Ridgewood Road.

There was a settlement at the corner of Parker Avenue and Valley Street. You will recall the Crowell Cider Mill on the south corner. The village blacksmith shop was on the east corner where the Columbia High School parking lot now is, and there were stores and other buildings at this point.

The Church was built on the corner of Ridgewood Road and Claremont Avenue opposite Jefferson. This little white Church was later moved to the corner of Baker Street and Ridgewood Road and was the first building of the Morrow Memorial Methodist Church. There was a graveyard surrounding the Church at the original location, which is now occupied by several homes and the Maplewood Club.

Another street with interesting history is Valley Street. This was made up by connecting a series of links. The original unit was a portion of the turnpike from Springfield southwest from Tuscan Road. Another part of the road ran from Jefferson Avenue in front of the little brown-stone house, formerly the Pierson family home, at the corner of Jefferson Avenue, and the railroad. It followed along the west side of the brook to the Dunnell Mill and back across the brook over to Valley Street, at the east corner of Memorial Park. This accounts for the very sharp angle in Valley Street just southwest of Oakland Road. From here it carried on to the junction of Valley and Baker Streets. The portion from there to Tuscan Road was the portion of Baker Street which was laid out in 1803 from Ridgewood Road opposite the Baker farmhouse, to connect with the turnpike from Newark to Springfield at what is now the corner of Tuscan Road and Valley Street.

Another interesting street is Prospect, the original portion of which is the section from Parker Avenue north to Irvington Avenue in the village of South Orange. This was originally known as Tichenor Lane, as it connected the Tichenor farm with the settlement in South Orange Village. Highland Place, running from Maplewood Avenue to Ridgewood Road was cut through the old Baker farm and was originally known as Prospect Place.

In 1857 Union County was set off from Essex County and, of course, got its name from the political issue of that day. As the old town of Springfield was in both counties it necessitated a rearrangement of townships affected by the new County alignment. This resulted in the creation of the Township of South Orange which was made up of a portion of the Township of Orange, a portion of the Township of Clinton (which was an old name of Irvington) and a portion of Springfield Township. The greater part of what is Maplewood Township was in Springfield originally. The rest of Springfield Township which remained in Essex County was made into the Township of Millburn.

The original Maplewood railroad station while the railroad ran at grade was located at the south side of Baker Street. The agent in charge was Robert D. Brower. He was also the telegrapher, and Justice of the Peace. He did a good business in the 1890's collecting fines from bicycle riders who broke the law by riding too fast—then called "scorching"—riding without lights and riding on the sidewalk. His son, Charles D. Brower, died at Point Barrow, Alaska, where he had lived for some forty-five years and was one of the best-known white men in Alaska. He entertained Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh on their flight, as well as Wiley Post and Will Rogers on their fateful journey.

The present Public Library building on Maplewood Avenue was originally a township school, which, after the Maplewood Grammar School was opened in 1903, became the Town Hall and, after the opening of the Municipal Building on Valley Street, the Maplewood Library.

This was not the first library in the Township as Andrew Van Ness, a member of an important family in the Hilton section, had given his library to Hilton Township. I believe it was set up first in the old Hilton School building located at the corner of Boyden Avenue and Academy Street, next to the present site of the Hilton Methodist Church. It was later transferred to the firehouse on the corner of Springfield and Boyden Avenues, where it now is.

For many years the only store in what is now Maplewood Center was Harry Baker's General Store on Baker Street. This, for many years, was the Maplewood Post Office.

The north corner of Valley and Baker Streets, now part of Memorial Park, was the site of the store of Charles DeGrasse, who also ran the barber shop. It was the headquarters of the Maplewood Sporting Club, a bicycle club which specialized in races at the Vailsburgh track, now part of the Vailsburgh County Park. Mr. DeGrasse is still living in Pasadena, California.

On the southeast side of Ridgewood Road at Durand Road was the old Durand farm and the home of A. B. Durand, the artist.

One of the most famous men who lived in the Township was Seth Boyden, an inventor who played an important part in the development of the railroads. There is a monument in memory of him in Washington Park, Newark, across from the Public Library. He lived on Boyden Avenue opposite Academy Street, now known as Tuscan Road, and among his many activities was the development of the strawberry. Next door to his house was the home of Henry Jerolaman, who was known as the "Strawberry King." He received a gold medal for his berries at a London Exhibition, and his efforts in developing the "Hilton Berry" are known all over this country.[1]

The Van Ness farm on Boyden Avenue was noted for its peaches. The portion of the town near the intersection of Boyden and Stuyvesant Avenues was known as "The Harbor." Here there was an industry making hoops and hanks. The hanks were wooden bands which went around ship masts to hold the sails and make it easy to raise and lower them.

An interesting house is the one on the east corner of Parker Avenue and Academy Street, which faces south and is not parallel with Parker Avenue. It was built and known as the "Widow Tichenor's Dower House," having been built on land assigned to her in compensation for her dower rights in her late husband's estate.

The Aaron Brown farm was on the north side of Parker Avenue, east of Prospect Street, and the farmhouse is still standing on the north side of Parker Avenue. A large part of this farm was developed about 1896 by Benjamin F. Jones and Byron Bacon. At the same time a portion of the Courter farm on Tuscan

---

[1] See pp. 106ff.

Road and Prospect Street was developed by William Trimpi and his brother and known as "the Trimpi tract." William Burnet, Newark leather manufacturer, "developed that portion of Burnet Street and Salter Place nearest to Baker Street." The extension to the southwest, including Pierson Road, was later developed by the Piersons. Maplewood Avenue between Jefferson Avenue and Durand Road was developed by Charles Taylor and one of the Gildersleeves. The tract known as Hiltonia was the old Timothy Burnet farm between Springfield Avenue, Burnet Avenue and Laurel Avenue (formerly called "Lovers' Lane").

In the old days there was much more water in our streams as the water-table had not been lowered as a result of building sewers and water systems, and the rainfall was absorbed to a greater extent by the ground. Along the east branch of the Rahway River there were three mills: the Gutta Percha Mill just north of Parker Avenue beyond the Gleason Laundry; the Dunnell Mill near the junction of Dunnell and Oakland Roads; and the Pierson Mill, still standing. The pond which operated the Pierson Mill occupied a part of the present fairway and the putting greens on hole No. 1 of the Maplewood Country Club.

From 1869 until the setting-off of the Village of South Orange from the Township in 1903, the Village had two governments; the Village government and the Township government. The Township offices were located on South Orange Avenue in the Village on the second floor of the Wilson-Decker building around 1900. Thomas Baker, Harry Baker's father, was the Township Assessor; Samuel B. Tillou was the Township Committeeman; and Abel Mooney and William Palen had Township offices. William Palen was either a brother or a cousin to Miss Palen, who was a teacher of art in the Maplewood-South Orange Schools.

The Ingersolls of "Dollar Watch" fame lived in Maplewood before going to South Orange. Will Woodbury who made Woodbury's Facial Soap lived on Baker Street opposite the site of the present Maplewood Junior High School.

A tree in front of 22 Highland Place, which had an unusual shape, was bent over by Daniel Morrison when he was a boy and the tree was a sapling, to close a breach in the stone wall through which the cows were getting out of the pasture.

My Uncle Told Me

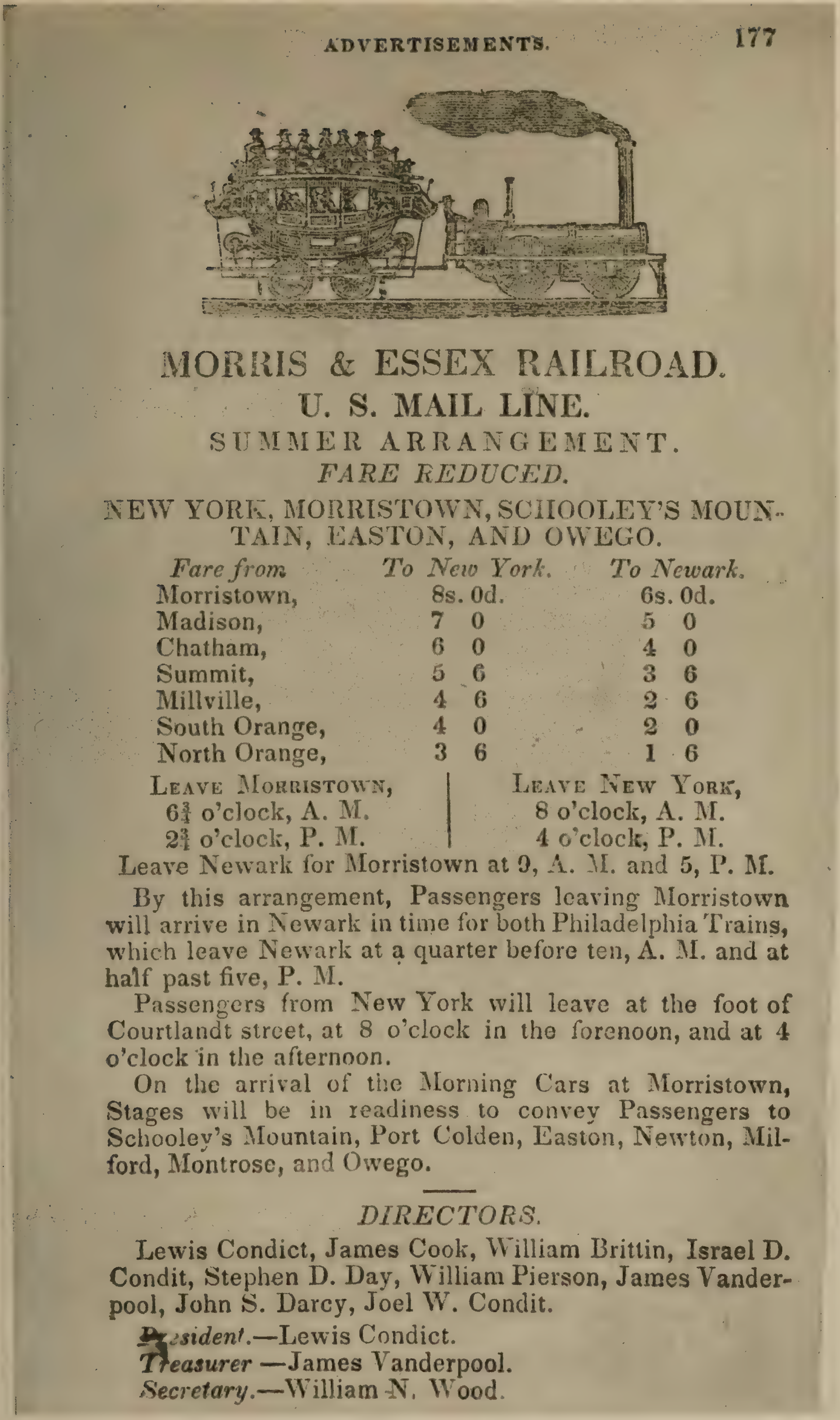
BY CHARLOTTE I. CROWELL SALTER

The Clinton Valley Store was started by Daniel Beach in the kitchen end of the Old Stone House at Jefferson Avenue and Dunnell Road, about 1835. Sometime later it was taken over by Aaron Crowell. In 1841 Crowell built a place on the old Crowell farm lying along Valley Street, and he moved the store from the Beach house to this new location. The site was about where Park Road enters Valley Street today. A sign on the front of the building read "Dry Goods and Groceries," while one on the side advertised "The Clinton Valley Store and Shoe Manufactory."

Its stock consisted of dry-goods, groceries, hardware, boots, shoes and hats, as well as a considerable number of common family medicines. There were few things needed in the ordinary family that the old store could not supply. Many wives were tailors to a certain extent and shoe-binders as well, and the materials they needed for their children's clothing they purchased here. The store was also the informal post-office center for the surrounding area. All mail-matter that belonged to families in this section was put into a special box at the South Orange Post Office and anyone coming down would pick up the mail and bring it to the store. Closing time at night was nine o'clock and the shutters were put up at that hour, but it was generally ten before the last sitter had left.

As for shoe-making, during the Civil War soldiers' shoes or brogans were the principal shoes made here. After a time shoemaking began to be done in teams and factories, and in a few years the old-time shoemaker in this section had become principally a repairer or cobbler. In 1865 the shoe-making part of the Clinton Valley Store ceased. The hat trade early began offering better inducements to young men, so that many of them went into hat-making instead of following in the footsteps of their shoe-making fathers.

The store was for a long time run mostly by the Crowell and Smith families. In 1882 Charles R. Crowell was the proprietor. He employed as a clerk Harry J. Baker, son of Thomas C. Baker, Township Assessor, and young Baker bought out the store in 1884. For four years he continued the business on Valley Street,



MORRIS & ESSEX RAILROAD.

U. S. MAIL LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

FARE REDUCED.

NEW YORK, MORRISTOWN, SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN, EASTON, AND OWEGO.

Fare from	*To New York.*	*To Newark.*
Morristown,	8s. 0d.	6s. 0d.
Madison,	7 0	5 0
Chatham,	6 0	4 0
Summit,	5 6	3 6
Millville,	4 6	2 6
South Orange,	4 0	2 0
North Orange,	3 6	1 6

LEAVE MORRISTOWN,	LEAVE NEW YORK,
6¾ o'clock, A. M.	8 o'clock, A. M.
2¾ o'clock, P. M.	4 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Newark for Morristown at 9, A. M. and 5, P. M.

By this arrangement, Passengers leaving Morristown will arrive in Newark in time for both Philadelphia Trains, which leave Newark at a quarter before ten, A. M. and at half past five, P. M.

Passengers from New York will leave at the foot of Courtlandt street, at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

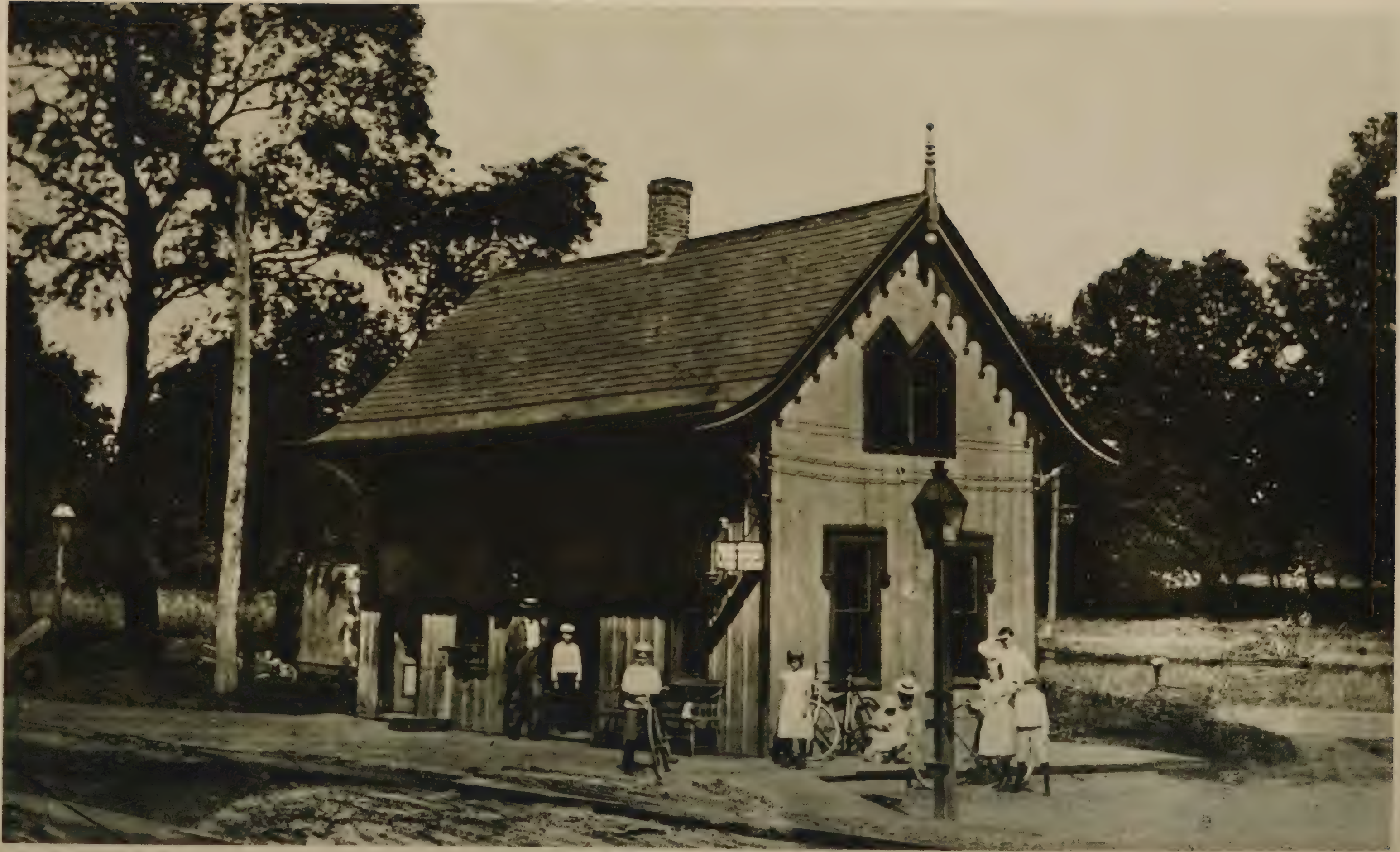
On the arrival of the Morning Cars at Morristown, Stages will be in readiness to convey Passengers to Schooley's Mountain, Port Colden, Easton, Newton, Milford, Montrose, and Owego.

DIRECTORS.

Lewis Condict, James Cook, William Brittin, Israel D. Condit, Stephen D. Day, William Pierson, James Vanderpool, John S. Darcy, Joel W. Condit.

President.—Lewis Condict.
Treasurer —James Vanderpool.
Secretary.—William N. Wood.

Early timetable of the Morris and Essex Railroad



Maplewood Railroad Depot, about 1890

but about 1888 his father built him a store with a dwelling above it on Baker Street in the village, and Harry Baker moved his grocery business to that location, where he and the store became a sort of institution to everybody in the town. Maplewood's first official post office was located in this store. The building still stands at 95 Baker Street. In time his grocery business was sold to R. C. Williams who is still, in 1947, in business on Maplewood Avenue.

To go back to Daniel Beach's old stone house on Jefferson Avenue: it not only saw the beginning of the first store in the vicinity, but it was for a while the Jefferson Village stop where the train would take on or let off passengers. It was known as "Stone House Station."

The Morris and Essex Rail Road, the forerunner of the Lackawanna, was organized in 1836, and service began between Newark and Orange in November of that year. The very first trains were merely horse-drawn carriages of stage-coach type, rolling on rails. Within a year Seth Boyden, the noted inventor of Newark, built a steam engine for the Morris and Essex Rail Road that would pull carriages behind it. His first small locomotive was named "The Orange," and a second one soon followed named "The Essex." Later ones were called "The Sussex" and "The Morris." Until 1866 these early locomotives burned wood as fuel. In March, 1838, the Rail Road was extended through Maplewood to Morristown.

At the stone house of Daniel Beach there was no waiting-room, only the kitchen-store where one could wait in bad weather. The railroad tracks ran closer to the house than now, and were at grade level. A stone wall and a dirt bank in front of the house made a platform from which passengers climbed on or off the train. Stone House Station was only a flag-stop, and anyone wishing to board the train there had to wave a handkerchief by day or swing a lighted lantern at night. In 1838 there were three trains a day, the last one going east at 7:30 P.M. An 1855 incident is recorded[1] of the west-bound train failing to stop at the Stone House Station one night, necessitating a husband's two-and-a-half-mile walk to get a horse and carriage to bring his wife home from a journey. There were no trains at all on Sunday until late in the 1890's.

The Stone House continued as a stopping place until 1859, when a private platform was built at the corner of Baker Street and Maplewood Avenue in the village, and the trains began stopping here instead of at Stone House. A station was talked of at this time, and before long a petition was circulated and money was raised to purchase an acre of land on the northwest side of the railroad track, south of Baker Street where the first station was built in 1860. A name was needed for the new station and Mrs. Elijah Gardner suggested "Maplewood," probably from a large maple tree which stood nearby. "Maplewood" thus became the name not only of the station, but of all the numerous small settlements in the section, whether Jefferson Village, Clinton Valley, Cherry Valley, or Vaux Hall. In 1868 the Morris and Essex was leased to the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad. The first ticket-agent was Richard Foyle, who for many years lived over the station waiting-room with his family. He was succeeded by his two sons. Then came R. D. Brower, who was not only ticket-agent, but Justice of the Peace and Commissioner of Deeds, also.

---

[1] In the *Reminiscences and Annals of the Beach Family*, by David N. Beach (?).

The assortment of early local names came about because, as the first settlers arrived, they tended to drift together in little groups, and each group of houses soon became known by a certain local name. All the land from the Passaic River to the top of the mountain was bought from the Indians in 1678,[2] and from that early time the name by which the whole section was most often called was "Vaux Hall," reflecting the English origin[3] of the first white men on the Passaic. During the Revolution a ridge southeast of Springfield was known as "Vaux Hall Ridge," and the settlement on Valley Street between Tuscan Road and Springfield Avenue has long been called by that name. The little settlement on Valley Street between Oakland and Park Roads was spoken of both as "Clinton Valley" and as "Cherry Valley," and the Ridgewood Road settlement was known as "Jefferson Village," at least after the Revolution. Before that time it probably had no name.

[2] What is now Essex County was bought from the Indians for "fifty double hands of powder, one hundred bars of lead, twenty axes, twenty coats, ten guns, twenty pistols, ten kettles, ten swords, four blankets, four barrels of beer, ten pairs of breeches, fifty knives, twenty horses, 1850 fathoms of wampum, six ankers of liquor (or something equivalent), and three troopers' coats."—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

[3] Vauxhall, famous public gardens in London, were a favorite pleasure resort for the fashionable from 1660 to about 1840. They were closed in 1859 and are now solidly built over. "Vaux" is a corruption of the English name "Falks."

From an early time there were mills of different kinds in this region. One of them was a grist mill that in 1740 stood between the Rahway River and Dunnell Road near Oakland. Although no longer in operation in 1860, its location was clearly marked, and some of its frame timbers remained. As late as 1915 traces of the old tail-race were visible.

About 1812 a woolen mill was built near the spot where the firehouse now stands on Dunnell Road. James and Job Crowell and others were the builders, but the mill did not flourish and it was rented out to others until 1837, when Abijah Dunnell bought it and turned it into a paper mill. The paper made was mostly manila hardware paper, and some straw paper commonly used by grocers for wrapping parcels. The mill was at first run by water-power, the water coming by a race-way from a pond at the Parker Avenue bridge.[4] Power for an early grist mill near the Old Stone House was probably supplied from this same race. Later, steam replaced water-power in the mill, and wood was the first fuel used. When coal became plentiful it was hauled in by team from Westfield and replaced wood as fuel. The mill burned down in December, 1867. It was subsequently rebuilt and renamed the "Phoenix Paper Mill," but the Dunnell name was so deeply engraved on the minds of the inhabitants that the name "Phoenix" was little used.

Mr. Dunnell was a striking person. He came to Springfield, New Jersey, from Millbury, Massachusetts, in an early day, joining the Springfield Presbyterian Church in 1828. He was a tall, thin man who went about bare-headed, winter and summer. He greeted everybody he met, shaking hands with them all, whether grown folks or children. Toward the end of his life he was involved in a law suit which finally was decided against him. The amount the Court ordered him to pay was so large a sum that after his death in 1872 Charles R. Crowell was appointed to operate the mill as Administrator until the claim was paid. The mill employed about a dozen local men, among whom were George and Joseph Dunnell, Mathias Gildersleeve, Charles R. Crowell and Harvey Reeves, besides some women as paper sorters, and laborers.

---

[4] See p. 44.

Recollections of Maplewood in 1888

BY MINNIE VAN IDERSTINE

An old landmark for many years was the Phoenix Paper Mill, which stood on the site of the present firehouse and surrounding grounds, at one time owned and operated by a Mr. Dunnell whose home was where the Police Station now stands. The approach to the mill was a dirt road which ran along the railroad from Parker Avenue and ended at the mill. The mill-pond was located at the north side of Parker Avenue, the site now partly occupied by the Gleason Laundry. The mill-race paralleled the brook, but by 1888 the pond had been done away with, and the mill was under different management and was operated by steam. It was destroyed by fire in the early 1890's.

In those days, when people went abroad at night it was the custom to carry a lantern, so at the evening services at the Church the little vestibule was filled with lanterns of all sizes and descriptions. After service was over, folks were very neighborly in helping each other find and light his or her lantern and on the way home lights could be seen twinkling like fireflies along the roads. Somewhat later, gasoline (or napthalene) street lights were installed. The first lamp-lighter was Daniel Morrison, and every morning he could be seen going his rounds filling and caring for the lamps, and every evening lighting them with a blow-torch. At first they were only lighted during the dark of the moon.

School Days of 1890

BY E. C. BALCH, JR.

The people of Maplewood are rightfully proud of its many beautiful, spacious and well-equipped school buildings. Many citizens would find it difficult to realize that back in 1890 Maplewood had but one school, and they would probably be surprised to learn that the same building is in use today as their Public Library. Not only is the building in use, but in external appearance it is just about the same as it was then. Some years ago the old building was given an overcoat of stucco and the entrance on the south side was changed to the present entrance on the north side. This new entrance, with the extension above, is the only change in the original size and outline of the building. Even the inside is the same except for the removal of a few partition walls and a new stairway to the second floor required by the change of entrance.

The school consisted of three classrooms, two on the first floor and one large auditorium on the second. Actually only one-half of the upstairs was used for school purposes and could be shut off from the balance by sliding doors. With the sliding doors opened the large room made an excellent place for public gatherings and, in fact, it was the only place where public meetings could be held. The first floor was divided into two rooms each, with a woman teacher who had three classes, A, B and C. The youngest children were in one room and another group, a little older, in the second. On the second floor there were three classes of older children with a man teacher who was the school principal. The room containing the younger children was presided over by Miss Lizzie Ricalton, daughter of the principal, Professor James Ricalton. The teacher in charge of the intermediate group was Miss Sinnot. What became of Miss Sinnot I do not know, but Miss Ricalton continued with our school system until her retirement not many years ago.

The principal, Professor Ricalton, for whom our Ricalton School[1] was named, was a very unusual man in many ways and was quite famous as a traveler, explorer and war correspondent.[2] It was his custom to teach for a few years, travel a while, and then come back to teach again until the next trip. He was a small, spare man, with bushy eyebrows and piercing eyes, an excellent teacher but a stern disciplinarian. He is said to have been the first white man to explore Iceland, and when Thomas A. Edison was perfecting his electric light bulb he sent Professor Ricalton on a trip to the Orient to look for suitable material for making a satisfactory filament. During the Russo-Japanese War he represented Underwood and Underwood of New York at the front and probably would qualify as one of our first war correspondents. During his travels he accumulated a wonderful collection of curios for which he built an addition to his home on Valley Street. It has always been a mystery to me why the people of Maplewood did not acquire this collection when offered to them and I never did hear a good reason.

---

[1] Now the Maplewood Junior High School.

[2] See pp. 71ff.

As usual in those days, Friday afternoon was given over to the recitation of poems and "pieces" by some of the older pupils, who were selected from week to week, but were permitted to choose their own subjects. Professor Ricalton often varied the monotony of these recitations by bringing a selection of his curios and telling us about them and the countries from which they came. At such times those in the intermediate room who had good marks for the week were permitted to go upstairs, and I still remember the thrill I had on one occasion. It so happened that I was the only one from downstairs to go up that week and as I was the youngest one in the group Professor Ricalton selected me to model a collection of headgear while he told about each piece as I wore it around the room. Naturally I was very proud of the honor, and I became much interested in his collection. He often exhibited them at church fairs and when he did I always offered my services in helping him with the exhibit.

As has been mentioned, we had three rooms with three classes in each, so that if a child began school in the youngest class he would spend nine years in the one building before graduating to High School, which was then located in South Orange on the corner of Academy Street and Irvington Avenue. Even then Maplewood and South Orange had a combined school system. When we consider the hundreds of pupils nowadays graduating from our grade schools each year to enter High School, it is interesting to know that in 1895 our class consisted of eight boys. There had been one girl in the class but she died during the last year. Only three of us entered High School and our only means of getting there was to use the railroad, or walk, as we usually did. It was in the summer of 1896 that the trolley line on Valley Street was built, and that made it easier in subsequent years.

When we see the wonderful equipment in our schools today, both for study and recreation, it is interesting to know that in 1890 we had nothing but the bare essentials, such as desks, blackboards and books. Manual training shops, laboratories, swimming pools, basketball courts, running tracks, football and baseball fields all were unheard of, yet we seemed to have a good time and did gain some knowledge, I think.

We did have a fairly good-sized ground to play in during morning recess, but our games consisted of such things as we could do without equipment, such as Prisoner's Base, tag, cat, and in proper season, marbles and tops. Our schoolyard was mostly on the south side of the building, taking in what is now the public parking-place next to the Library. It was very sunny, for all the trees were in front and on the north side of the building. We had no toilet facilities except the well-known outdoor plumbing located among the trees on the north side. For drinking water we had a pail and dipper in the front hall supplied by a driven well on the premises. What we did for washing I don't remember—probably didn't do any until we got home. The only heat we had was a large stove in each room and, of course, we all wore woolen underwear in the winter.

Opposite the school, where the Bank and movie theatre now are, there were deep woods which gave us a privilege unusual for school children. During the warm days in June when the classrooms would get unbearable our teachers often took us over there and heard the classes under the trees. There were many large trees there, mostly chestnuts, and I shall never forget how delightfully cool it was and how we enjoyed those particular lessons.

I cannot leave this subject without paying my respects to another person connected with our school at that time, J. B. Maxwell, who succeeded Professor Ricalton as principal. Mr. Maxwell was the exact opposite of Professor Ricalton, a large dignified man, though not tall, with a pleasant kindly disposition. He was an excellent teacher, liked by all the pupils, whom he managed remarkably well by sympathetic understanding rather than by sternness.

In speaking of our equipment I have overlooked one very important item, and that was a large dictionary. This stood on the shelf by a window looking out toward the railroad and beyond the teacher's vision unless he turned around. It was surprising how many purposes that dictionary served in addition to its recognized function. We could always use it without permission and it was often an excuse to look out the window and more often a repository for notes to each other on any subject occurring to our young minds.

The last of June we had our closing exercises, at which time our parents came and heard us recite painfully learned "pieces." The School Trustees were on hand, too, sitting on the platform, and for a number of years we had ice-cream, ordered from Horton's in New York by one of them, a Mr. Gavin Houston. So-called "store-bought ice-cream" was far more of a treat in those days than it is now and made a real occasion of the "last day of school."

When we look at the street map of Maplewood today it is difficult to realize the changes since 1890. At that time there were three roads through the town running north and south: Ridgewood Road, Valley Street and Prospect Street. Wyoming Avenue existed as a street only in the Wyoming neighborhood, and continued toward Maplewood as a lane ending at Mountain Avenue, which too was only a lane for the portion above what is now Myrtle Avenue. The only streets running from Ridgewood Road up the mountain, aside from Mountain Avenue, were Clinton Avenue and Claremont Avenue, then called "Bear Lane," and these were dead-end streets about a city block in length. Durand Road was but a lane and Hickory Drive was the entrance road into the Roosevelt estate. Running down from Ridgewood Road there were Lenox Place, Baker Street, Highland Place and Jefferson Avenue. Maplewood Avenue existed only from Lenox Place to a short distance beyond the school, with a deep woods on the westerly side between the brook near Highland Place to about where Beech Street now is. From the end of the street, about where the movie theatre stands, there was a lane running along the edge of the woods and an old apple orchard between it and the railroad tracks. Running east from Valley Street were Parker Avenue, Oakland Road and Tuscan Road.

Ridgewood Road was the most thickly populated street, having twenty-three houses between the South Orange and Millburn lines. Baker Street had seven houses between Ridgewood Road and Valley Street; Valley Street had about thirteen, Lenox Place had none, Maplewood Avenue had four, Jefferson Avenue had seven, Mountain Avenue had four, Clinton Avenue had three, Highland Place three and Maple Street four. All of the streets were hardly more than dirt roads rounded up in the center to shed water; there were no curbs except on Lenox Place, which was then recently macadamized. It has the same curbs today.

Our street lights were oil lamps which had to be filled each time they were used and lighted by hand. This was done by a unique contract for one year based on the number of moonless nights according to the almanac. This contract did not cover moonlight nights, so that if we had rainy or cloudy weather when the almanac called for moonlight we had no street lights.

The railroad ran through the town at grade level with the station between Lenox Place and Baker Street. The ticket agent was "Judge" Brower, who was also Justice of the Peace and who was the father of Charles D. Brower whose book *Fifty Years Below Zero* was a recent best-seller.

In 1890 Maplewood had one store located on Baker Street near the station. It was owned and operated by Harry J. Baker, who was also Postmaster. He carried groceries and vegetables but no meats, meat being supplied by George W. Eager, who traveled through the town with his meat-wagon several times a week. This store building still stands and is used at present as a photographic studio.

Another odd feature of our streets was that we had a sidewalk or path on one side only, and this is still true of some of them, notably Ridgewood Road. Ridgewood Road apparently was originally an Indian trail, and even in 1890 it followed the contour of the ground, up and down as well as from side to side. When the street was paved some years ago these humps were leveled off and the curves were straightened out. Apparently this straightening was done without adequate or proper records being made of the corrections and has caused a lot of trouble with property lines. A surveyor told me recently that Ridgewood Road gives them more trouble than any other street in town.

Recollections

BY WILLIAM H. KEMP

IT IS WITH PLEASURE that I recall the events of my childhood from 1891 to 1905. E. C. Balch and my father were builders, making it possible for us to enjoy a happy and carefree childhood.

I remember the old schoolhouse on Maplewood Avenue and how Miss Ricalton used to bang her brother's head against the desk for going to sleep in school. What a jolly old janitor Danny

Morrison was, even in his nineties! I stayed at Morrison's house when John had scarlet fever. Every morning old Danny would clear each side of his nose under my bedroom window. Then came the new school and Billy Freeman. Billy gave us our half-holidays. Woe unto the kids that spoiled the attendance! At the old school the children loved to hunt chestnuts in the woods across the street. What kids are usually privileged to have Eskimo students in their midst?

Then came the era of bicycle riding, and on some of our school half-holidays we rode off on trips. None of these excursions was complete without bicycle races with oranges and prizes. The Newark Velodrome was some "pumpkins" for racers. That ushered in our contacts with good old Charles DeGrasse.

The Methodist Church gave us strong spiritual and social foundations. I recall Billy Smith and his jolly nature, a very good Santa Claus in appearance and in personality, and other workers like Miss Stanley, the David Wilsons, Mr. Volz, etc. Christmas parties were most elaborate with a gift for each scholar, besides nuts, candy and an orange. What fine music on Children's Day with gay daisies and everyone in white! I remember the picnic to Cranberry Lake—a train to ourselves with kids' heads poking out the windows and all the usual merriment. Someone rocked one of the boats and over it went. What nice times we had with Dr. Berry on our trips into the hills, and to Hemlock Falls! Once one of the girls stepped on a hornet's nest and how we kids scattered! And when Dr. Berry left for Japan there was a band at the station, and then a sad departure.

The first heavy snows of winter brought out the old horse-drawn snow-plow to clean out the walks. Coasting started on Mountain Avenue. Fred Reeves and Thornton Currier brought out their sixteen-foot bob-sled and all the older folks tried to crowd on. Turning by Balch's house required quite a bend. One night the gang ran into a lamp-post and one lady broke her leg. We even had a traffic director to watch the intersection.

Basketball beginnings brought Charlie DeGrasse from Valley Street to Baker Street, when he built the first clubhouse. And what a court, with the ball always in motion! When personal fouls occurred I have seen fellows jump out of the balcony and start fights. The bowling-alleys put Maplewood on the map in the Lackawanna League.

When the auto craze came the Rikers had an awful time trying to keep their White Steamer filled with water. Harold Reeves used to race crazily around town turning the corners on two wheels.

I remember old Captain Jacobs home from a sea trip spinning interesting sea yarns; and Mrs. Reitzel, a large-sized woman, with a pet black and tan dog that would almost fit into a large goblet; and old Mr. Manley chasing us out of his backyard because we tried to pick his flowers.

I remember that ice-cold cider from the Crowell Cider Mill; and waiting in the spring for the Hilton strawberries to come upon the market; also the school sleigh-ride to Washington's Headquarters at Morristown and the snowball fight with the boys there.

I remember how the Negro jockey used to exercise my grandfather Nathan's trotting horse on Ridgewood Road, and finally, there was Levi Baker, who inaugurated Maplewood's first taxi.

Maplewood in 1890

BY H. N. BALCH

THE sidewalks, if you remember, were made of cinders and the lighting system was gas-light. The number of homes was less than five hundred. There was one store, which was a combination dry-goods, post office, grocery and notions store all in one, under the name of Harry J. Baker on Baker Street. That street, by the way, was lined with hazelnut bushes. Not many people know that you could pick your own hazelnuts right along the street in Maplewood fifty-five years ago. Maplewood Avenue to Ridgewood Road was a solid forest of chestnut trees and there were also a number of butternut trees. At the old Hedley farm peanuts and persimmons were grown. All insurance and real estate was handled by the midget station-master, Judge Brower. Newspapers were delivered by Orville Ball, using a horse and bob-sleigh in the winter and a little wagon in the summer.

Maplewood started a very fine baseball team with their baseball grounds along the railroad track where the two golf holes parallel each other on the golf course. Because of this ball-team and the impression the baseball fans made on E. C. Balch, he moved to Maplewood about fifty-five years ago and, many a year later, the present country club was started in his home. This country club was started because a certain citizen named James R. Lake made E. C. Balch's son, Harry, a protégé of his when he won the senior tennis championship in Wyoming while still in short trousers, and it enthused the said James R. Lake enough to bring pressure to bear on some of the old tennis players of Maplewood to start their own tennis club, and Edward C. Balch allowed the first organization meeting to be held in his house. The original tennis club of Maplewood had four courts in Roosevelt Park off Hickory Drive. I imagine not many present residents remember the picturesque fox hunts held every Saturday morning with the riders wearing their red coats. Their starting grounds were on Jefferson Avenue.

Recollections, 1900

BY WARREN S. GULICK

When I moved to Maplewood on May 1st, 1900, it was a part of the Township of South Orange, which township was made up of the villages of South Orange, Maplewood, Ivy Hill and Hilton. The governing body was the Township Committee, the same as at the present time, but I think it consisted of only three members. The community consisted largely of farms and did not begin to take on suburban aspects until the railroad improved.

When I came to Maplewood I was told by the station-agent, Judge Brower, that there were eighty commuters and what was known as "Maplewood" had a population of about 1,500 people. The commutation rate was six dollars per month and it took more than an hour to make the trip to New York. At that time there was a grade crossing on Baker Street which was protected by wooden gates. The station was a little wooden structure located immediately south of Baker Street with quarters upstairs to accommodate the station-master's family. Due to the fact that the track made an *S* turn between Parker Avenue and Baker Street, and because of the high ground on the west side of the track, a person standing on the platform could not see a train approaching until it had rounded the last turn. The town, as we know it today, did not begin to grow until the grade crossings were eliminated and the new track laid, reducing the time from New York to Maplewood sufficiently to make it attractive for those who wished to live out of town and work in New York.

Some of the most prominent men in town, naming them in the order in which I met them, were J. Charles O'Brien, E. C. Balch, Thomas Baker, William H. Kemp, William H. Smith and H. J. Baker, Thomas Baker's son. Most of the real estate transactions in Maplewood were carried on through the office of J. Charles O'Brien.

Mr. Balch was the man who built up the town—at least he gave it such a boost that it continued to grow through his incentive. It was he who changed farm lands on the west side of the tracks into streets and built some two hundred houses.

Thomas C. Baker was the local politician and it was for his family that Baker Street was named. His son, Harry Baker, kept the one general store in Maplewood, where you could buy anything from a needle to an elephant. He was also postmaster and the post office was located in his store, where each resident had his private P. O. Box and picked up his mail when he came to purchase groceries or other merchandise. Another son, Warren Baker, kept a dairy farm located on the south slope of the mountain starting at Ridgewood Road and Baker Street and on up the hill, embracing all the property which is now on both sides of Ridgewood Terrace.

William H. Kemp, one of the Township Committee, was a man of considerable business ability and a member of the firm of Milmine Bodman & Company, grain dealers on the New York Produce Exchange. He grew up with the town and became a most influential man, finally organizing the Maplewood Bank and Trust Company, of which he was president at the time of his death.

There were other prominent men with whom I was not so well acquainted: Hubert Pierson, president of a bank in Orange and owner of Pierson's Mill on Valley Street, together with a great many acres of land. (Although blind from an accident in an attempt to dynamite a tree stump on his property, he attended to his duties at the bank every day, traveling to and from his office in a buggy driven by Mrs. Pierson. His son was the late Lewis Pierson. His grandson, Hubert, now carries on the business.) Dr. Frederick C. Durand,[1] who owned a large tract of land between Artist Lane (now Durand Road) and Jefferson Avenue, extending from a point above Ridgewood Road to Maplewood Avenue, also from Maplewood Avenue to the railroad track; Mr. Crowell, who had a farm on Parker Avenue and ran a cider mill; Mr. Ricalton, the school principal; and Samuel Gardner and his brother or cousin, Randolph Gardner, the former running a small farm on Ridgewood Road, the latter a general contractor and gardener.

There were two churches in the town, the Methodist Church, which was housed in a little wooden building on Lenox Place, and the Episcopal Church, a small stone structure on Clinton Avenue. The congregations were very sparse and each church had to have an "angel" to keep it going. The "angel" for the Episcopal Church was A. H. Baldwin, a banker in Newark of whom it was said that he balanced their budget. The Methodist Church had two such "angels" backing it financially, Mr. Balch and William H. Smith, superintendent of the Sunday School, who together made up each year the deficit in the budget. If it hadn't been for these two men, the Methodist Church would have been unable to afford a regular minister. The pastor at the Methodist Church was then Dr. Howard Berry, who later became a missionary to Japan. At the Episcopal Church there was no ordained rector, but Mr. Henry Bicker, who was a very ardent Episcopalian and licensed as a lay-preacher, conducted the services and preached the sermons without remuneration. Like all other rural communities at the time, church services and church socials were the only forms of public gatherings and afforded the only means of social intercourse for the townspeople with the exception of a few scattered euchre clubs formed by close neighbors.

There was only one school, an elementary school located at Maplewood Avenue, a small wooden building which is now the Library.

There was no police force and, if they had a constable, I was not aware of it.

---

[1] A son of Asher B. Durand, the artist.

The Fire Department consisted of a hose-reel mounted between two high wheels with a tongue attached to the axle and a long rope attached to the tongue. It was hauled by the firemen themselves, who were volunteers serving without pay except that, as a reward for services, they were exempt from the personal property tax. In hauling the hose-reel, some of the men would hold the tongue to guide the vehicle and the rest would haul on the rope. When available, a horse was used to assist. The firemen held meetings from time to time and selected one of their members to be Chief.

There was only one hack, a horse-drawn, two-seated surrey accommodating three passengers, and the driver was a young man of the neighborhood named Orville Ball. There was so little use of the vehicle that most of the time the horse stood tied under a large tree near-by while the driver spent his time lounging about the station.

As most of the land was either farms or meadowland, the principal streets were those which passed through the town, such as Ridgewood Road, Maplewood Avenue, Valley Street and Prospect Street. Virtually all of the cross streets connecting these roads did not come into being until several years after I had moved into town. There were no sidewalks other than cinder paths, and the roads were all macadam, having no curbs or sewers. Dunnell Road was little more than a country lane alongside of which was a mill-race which had furnished the water-power to an old abandoned grist mill located about where the Hohman garage now stands. On the other side of the mill-race was a shaded path running parallel to the brook and the picturesque beauty of that spot attracted many artists.

The open country on the west side of the railroad track was the first to be bought and developed and several years elapsed before the farms on the east side of the track were purchased and broken up into streets. A large part of the Memorial Park between the station and Valley Street was meadowland where cows grazed. An old landmark which has long since disappeared was Pierson's Pond located alongside Pierson's Mill, for which it furnished the water-power.

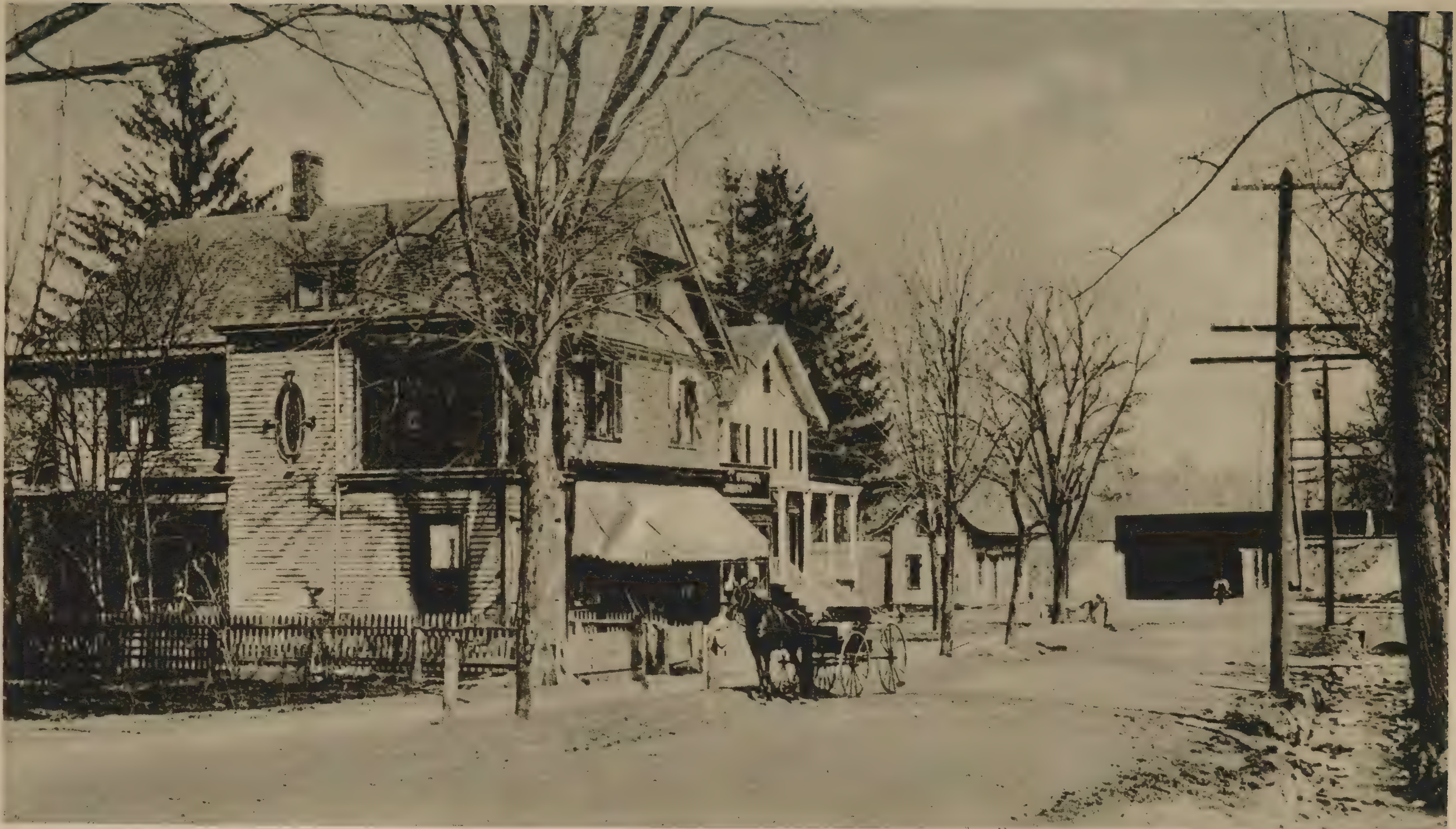
The present Maplewood Country Club was the outgrowth of a tennis club which was formed at a meeting at the house of E. C.

Balch on Ridgewood Road, where a constitution and by-laws were drawn up and a name adopted, "The Maplewood Field Club." The property known as Roosevelt Park had been taken over for development by a Mr. Curtiss and he was approached to grant a lease of a portion of the ground in the center of the Park at Hickory Drive for the establishment of four tennis courts. Later, as the properties in the Park were bought up and the Club's lease expired, the Club took over the property of a sporting club established on the south side of Baker Street near Valley. This property had a baseball diamond as well as tennis courts. It was on this spot that the present clubhouse was built. The name was changed to the Maplewood Country Club.

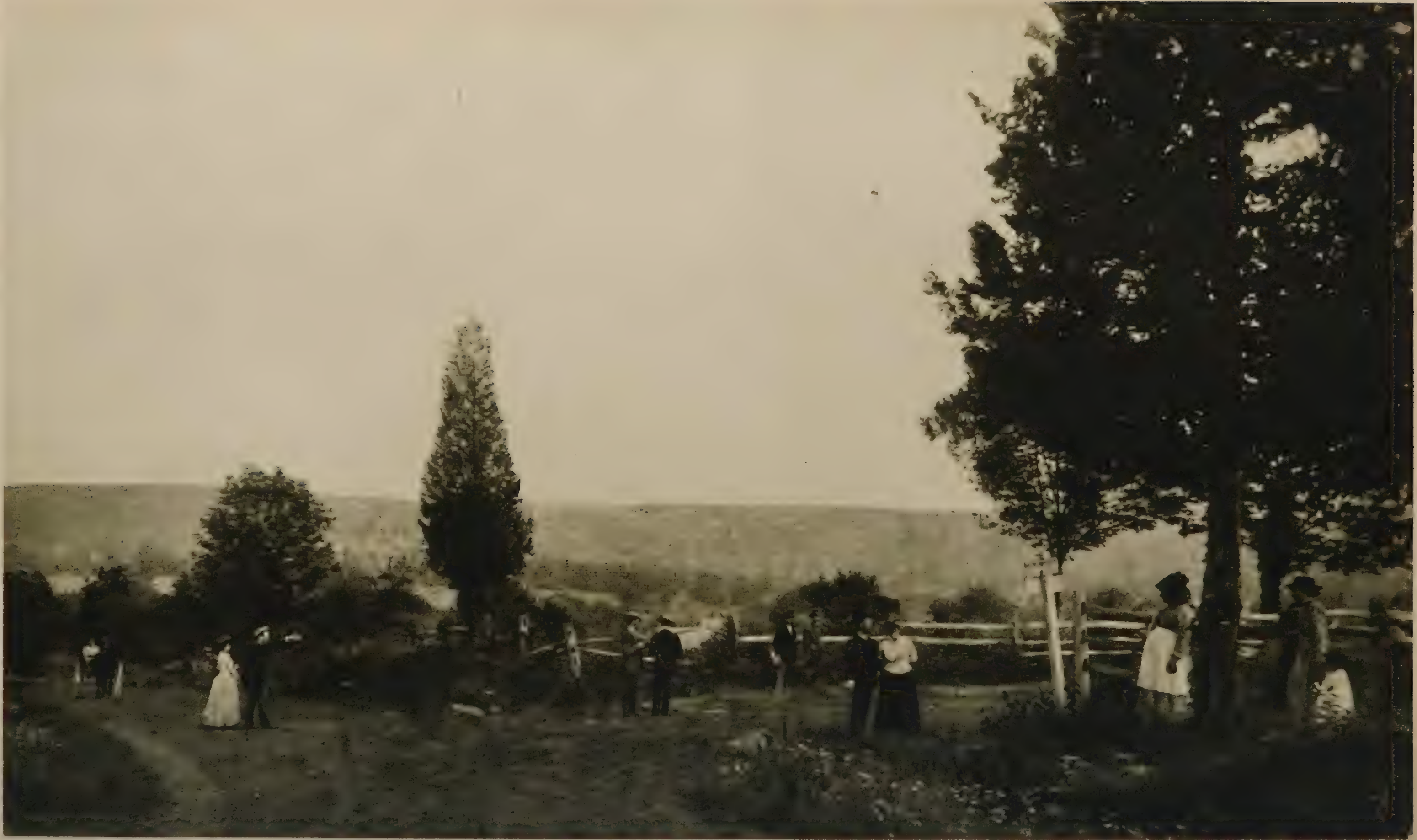
When the development on the west side of the track was well under way, there arose a community spirit which culminated in much enthusiasm on the Fourth of July each year. It started with a suggestion by Howard Seaman that a subscription be taken up for hiring a band for the afternoon and evening and purchasing a few fireworks. The suggestion was enthusiastically agreed to. A small stand was erected on Lenox Place which was as central as possible, and Lenox Place was decorated with Chinese lanterns, flags and bunting; the neighbors from all the other streets came in the afternoon and evening, standing about or sitting on the porches to listen to the music and watch the fireworks.

When more streets came into being, these celebrations took the form of parades, with floats and costumes, each street trying to make the best show. The parade was augmented by the Police, which by that time had grown into a force of several members, and the Fire Department. The old hose-reel had been replaced by a chemical motor engine with a paid driver and a small hook and ladder manned by the volunteers. The parade took place in the morning, and later in the day there were a baseball game and field games with grown-ups and children taking part. The band played in the afternoon and evening.

On one of these occasions there was an epidemic of whooping-cough among the children and in order that the sufferers, who of course could not mingle in the crowd with other children, need not miss the parade, the parents of one child rigged up a float and gathered together all the whooping-cough cases and put them on the float drawn by all the parents. The float bore a placard "The Whooping-Cough Brigade."



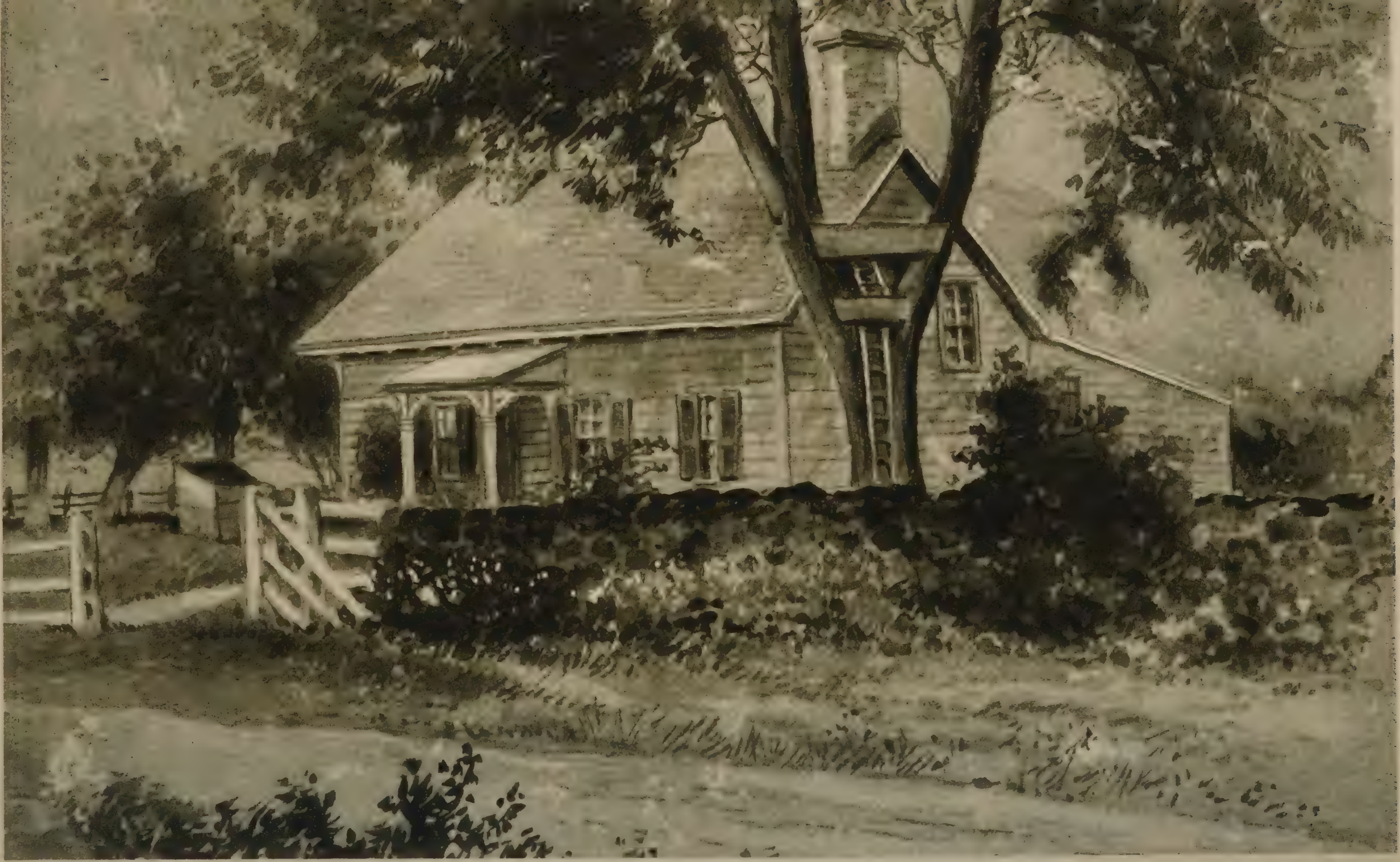
Baker Street and Harry Baker's store



Parker Avenue and Prospect Street, 1880

View in Memorial Park

Morrow Memorial Church



The Fleming House in 1893, from a wash drawing by Homer Fleming

Recollections, 1900

BY T. B. DALLY

My earliest recollections are of the time near the turn of the century. The Lackawanna Railroad had placed in service a new type of locomotive known as the camel-back engine. We had a grade crossing at Baker Street, and the old Maplewood station was probably about 300 feet west. I can't remember the date definitely, but I believe during the time the grade crossing was being eliminated the new Maplewood station was built.

Harry Baker's general store and post office were located just about where the present post office is. As I recall, old Truman Smith was the postmaster.

About 1904 the middle section of the present Ricalton School[1] was ready for occupancy. The old school, located on Maplewood Avenue, became the Town Hall and is now the Maplewood Library. Incidentally, the new school was named after James Ricalton, a former principal of the old school. Mr. Ricalton traveled for Thomas A. Edison in an endeavor to find a bamboo suitable to manufacture carbon filament for an incandescent lamp. Mr. Ricalton's daughter Elizabeth was my teacher when I attended school in the fourth and fifth grades. We all remember Danny Morrison who was the janitor of the school. He took his job very seriously and he sure used to keep us kids whipped into line. He subsequently became janitor of the Town Hall and later was one of the expert checker players at the firehouse. Then, of course, we all remember Mr. Freeman who was the principal of the new school; better known later in high school days at Columbia as "Pop" Freeman.

We had a volunteer Fire Department and on occasion, when some of the members did not respond to a call, a postal card was sent them reminding them that they had failed to report.

During those days it was quite a thing to attend the opera—Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner. Juliaette Stewart, Lizzie Ricalton and Billy Freeman during the winter season would attend the opera in New York and then we kids would get our education in music appreciation from them by discussing the various characters in the opera. Then, too, Mrs. Lake would play Beethoven's

---

[1] Now the Maplewood Junior High School.

"Moonlight Sonata" and Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus" from *Tannhäuser*. I also recall the reading by Miss Ricalton of some of Kipling's works, and also the reading by Mr. Freeman of Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. We kids looked forward to this fifteen minutes' reading period directly after luncheon.

Then, too, perhaps you will recall the sleigh-ride one February to Morristown to visit Washington's Headquarters and Fort Nonsense. As I recall it there were two bobsleds: one driven by David Courter and the other by James Looby. In the spring the brook that paralleled Baker Street was full of what we called "suckers." They would come from somewhere and spawn. These fish weighed anywhere from half a pound to two pounds. We used to spear them at night with the aid of a lantern or catch them during the day with a line under the bridge at Baker Street. The brook had been dammed up at that point and there was a waterfall. This brook was the inlet to Pierson's Pond. The brook is still there but Pierson's Pond has gone forever. It was filled in and became part of the present Country Club.

Somewhere around 1905 Charlie DeGrasse, who conducted a candy store and bicycle shop on the corner of Valley and Baker Streets, decided to build bowling-alleys and a basketball court. It was known as the Maplewood Field Club. Mr. DeGrasse eventually disposed of this venture and went to Hollywood, California. He had a son. Mrs. DeGrasse dressed Robbie like Little Lord Fauntleroy. He was probably ten or twelve years old when his folks moved to Hollywood and I believe he subsequently became a movie photographer. Charlie DeGrasse was a bicycle enthusiast and formed a bicycle club.

One of the big features of the year was the Irvington-Millburn bicycle race always conducted on Decoration Day. This race was twenty-five miles and was run on Springfield Avenue between Irvington and Millburn. The start and finish line was at what was known as "Double Woods," just west of the intersection of Springfield Avenue and Prospect Street. The race was sponsored by an organization known as the "Bayview Wheelmen." Various bicycle clubs would enter the contest. First prize was generally a racing bicycle of popular manufacture, such as Iver Johnson or Wolf American, valued at about $100. There were numerous other prizes, mainly consisting of road wheels and bicycle accessories. Many of the contestants were severely injured in crashes. The majority of the crashes occurred along the home stretch to the finish. The race usually lasted about two hours. I would venture to guess that 10,000 to 15,000 people witnessed this race. Some of the more enterprising kids would decide to go into business and a week or two before the race they would make up root beer, scour the town for beer bottles which they filled and sold at a nickel a bottle. They would also buy about a bushel of peanuts in bulk for perhaps seventy-five cents and dispose of them at a nickel a bag. The total outlay would probably be about a dollar and a half and the gross receipts would run around three to four dollars. This was fine if the weather was good, but if it rained on Decoration Day, which it did on occasion, the investment was a total loss. We then had peanuts, root beer and stomach aches for days afterward.

The Fourth of July was another eventful day. I shall never forget the first Fourth of July celebration sponsored by the Town of Maplewood. It started at eight o'clock in the morning and finished about ten o'clock at night. In order to make the parade interesting, as I recall, the residents of various streets in town constructed floats, each one of course trying to outdo the others. I am not sure but I believe Dr. Lowenthal with two associates headed the procession as a tableau representing "Yankee Doodle." As another one of the features of the early celebrations the oldest residents in the town were asked to ride in a barouche. Among those that I recall were Thomas C. Baker and David Courter.

In the early days Maplewood boasted of a slaughterhouse. It was located directly back of Dave Cochran's blacksmith shop. Dave was always a good friend of ours because he would drill out the barrels of our plugged 22-bb rifles. In those days the kids all had guns of some sort.

When World War I started, the Town of Maplewood organized a Home Guard. This unit was organized by Leonhard Keyes. He was able to secure the services of what in my opinion was a hard-boiled Army drill sergeant. He was about six feet two inches and weighed about two hundred pounds; all bone and muscle. Once a week under his direction we drilled in the gym of the Ricalton School. There were probably about one hundred of us. He really whipped us into shape. I can't remember those who were in my squad but I do remember that Eddie Austin was the Corporal. In addition to the weekly drill by the Sergeant we drilled a couple of other nights and also on Sunday morning. We were equipped with the national uniform of infantrymen and were supplied with a 30/30 Winchester carbine rifle. During the latter part of the summer after we organized, William H. Knox, who lived on Prospect Street near Oakland Road, invited us all to Culvers Lake as his guests over the week-end. Needless to say, "a good time was had by all."

In 1910 Maplewood was still very rural. There were many farms and woods and only a few main streets such as Springfield Avenue, Tuscan Road, Prospect Street, Valley Street and Ridgewood Road. On Springfield Avenue, starting about Prospect Street, there was the Timothy Burnet farm comprising some one hundred acres. The property was later cut up into building lots and became known as "Hiltonia." The Arcularius and Trimpi tract was known as "Valley View." The Courter farm was known as "Mountain View Terrace" and adjacent to it the Tuscan farm was subsequently known as "Maplecrest." The site of the Prospect Street Presbyterian Church was donated by David Courter in memory of his father, who was the previous owner of the Courter farm.

In the middle 1920's, as I recall, Maplewood became a boom town. Farm property was cut up into building lots. Schools were built and many of the old landmarks disappeared and new ones took their places. Some of the old ones are gone forever. I remember a row of willow trees probably 250 to 300 feet long and 100 feet high on Tuscan Road between Yale and Bowdoin Streets. These trees were cut down to make way for new construction.

Recollections

BY EVERETT P. BALCH

I remember:

1. Old Jim Woods who slept in any barn where he could find an empty stall; never worked if he could avoid it, and absorbed more liquor than all the other folks in town combined . . .

2. Playing marbles in the Village Square across from Fraentzel's . . .
3. The shady path that crossed and recrossed the babbling brook running parallel to Baker Street from the Methodist Church down. It abounded with minnows and crawfish . . .
4. The excitement of looking out of the window and seeing two engines pulling the D. L. & W. trains from Newark Station to Grove Street before the present depression of the rails . . .
5. The crow's-nest outlook in the Burnet tree at the corner of Oakland Road and Overlook Terrace . . .
6. The long rope swings from the high branches of the trees in the northwest border of Roosevelt Park . . .
7. The baseball field between Baker Street and Lenox Place . . .
8. Watching the first automobiles trying without success to pull up Mountain Avenue—all foreign cars: Mercedes, Fiats, Benz, and others with their chain drives . . .
9. When there were no houses between our home on Ridgewood Road and Valley Street—all Pierson's pasture land . . .
10. Sleigh-rides to Washington's Headquarters at Morristown with Mr. Courter's fine gray team . . .

Recollections, 1905

BY FREDERIC W. SMITH

AT THE BEND of Prospect Street just south of Springfield Avenue, my brother had one of the finest strawberry beds I ever saw. The strawberries were as large as a good-sized walnut, growing in profusion. They were the real Hilton berries, and I can remember eating many of them by holding the hull, dipping the berry in powdered sugar and having it melt in my mouth. Back of his residence on the west side of Prospect Street, my brother had a barn in which he had three or four good driving horses. Behind the barn, right up to the line, came Pierson's pasture lot in which they turned out horses from the stable down on Valley Street.

On the property to the east, between Springfield Avenue and Tuscan Road, and running to a point down at Hilton, was the Valley View tract developed by A. W. Trimpi and his brother. As an inducement to those who lived upon the tract, a stage drawn by a team of horses met the trains in the evening at the Maplewood station and took the residents to the curb in front of their houses. This stage was driven by John Campbell who later worked for many years upon the roads in the Township.

Clarence B. Riker was largely responsible for developing the little park which extends along the east side of Maplewood Avenue from the Building and Loan Association building to the Library, now known as "Depot Plaza"; it was owned by a man named Woodbury, of the Woodbury Soap family. Mr. Riker was the one who urged the park idea and with the assistance of the Township Committee put it through.

I remember the old cow barns that were on the west side of Valley Street opposite Tuscan Road. Lewis Pierson used to get a great chuckle out of the effort which the Township Committee made upon the advice of its counsel (in which capacity I was acting at the time) to haul him before the Board of Health charging him with maintaining a mosquito-breeding area in Pierson's Pond.

In those days there were no automobiles and we drove about Maplewood with horse and carriage.

Later years saw the campaign which was instituted by the Citizens' League, and as its youthful champion I had the luck of knocking out in the course of time, with the assistance of a crowded courtroom, ten or twelve of the fourteen or fifteen liquor licenses[1] along Springfield Avenue from the Irvington line to the Maplewood line (roadhouses, most of them). I had some great fights before the Court of Common Pleas in the Newark Court House when the people of Maplewood turned out in great numbers to offer their silent applause for the work that David was trying to do against the liquor dealers' Goliath. As I recall it, for every license that I was successful in knocking out, I received $25; but no compensation if I did not succeed in preventing the applicant from obtaining a license.

---

[1] See p. 135.

As I Recall It, 1903

BY MRS. LYALL HARCOURT

THE railroad station had been built a short time before 1903, and the middle section of the present Junior High School, facing on Baker Street, had been recently built.

I remember we had dances upstairs in the old schoolhouse, now the Library.

There were then the little white church on Lenox Place, and the picturesque fieldstone church of St. George's where . . . Everett Balch sang in the boy choir.

Clinton Avenue was not cut through to Wyoming Avenue then.

The first and only store was Harry Baker's on Baker Street. The post office was there and we could also buy needles and thread along with groceries and vegetables.

The Field Club had its organization meeting at the home of Edward C. Balch. Tennis courts were built on Hickory Drive and there were about three holes of golf along Ridgewood Road. There was skating on Pierson's Pond in winter.

I remember Sam Gardner's famous corn; and the planks that stretched across the lot, now the park, from Valley Street toward the station, which we used when we got off the trolley-car. John DeHart originated the idea of the town obtaining that property for a park.

I remember the old Roosevelt home, which burned down in a very few minutes one day about noon.

Wyoming Avenue was a rough dirt road from about Claremont Avenue to South Orange. Ridgewood Terrace was an apple orchard until Mr. Balch acquired the property and built the street.

Maplewood was the first town to start a safe and sane Fourth of July celebration with just a few fireworks at Lenox Place and Ridgewood Road (1904). One Fourth I remember there were about eleven automobiles on the Field Club grounds with headlights turned on (probably oil) so the few young people could dance on the green at the Field Club, now the Country Club.

I remember the little old station that stood on Baker Street in what is now the square at Fraentzel's. It became afterwards a little dry-goods and shoe store.

Recollections

BY D. B. MUNSICK

I remember:

Coasting from Wyoming Avenue to the railroad, on Mountain Avenue . . .

Skating at Pierson's Pond . . .

St. George's Choir, and singing carols of a snowy Christmas morning . . .

Sunday School and church at the old Church. The excursions to Cranberry Lake . . .

Mr. Freeman and the "new" school . . .

Wyoming Avenue as a mud road and the fields above it leading to the park area . . .

Finding chestnuts across the street from our Maplewood Avenue house . . .

Waiting for Pop at the station, with a sucker bought across the way at the little shop . . .

Roosevelt Park and the old house; with a vivid memory of the fire . . .

The rides we took on wheels; and the bike races along Springfield Avenue on those fiendishly hot Decoration Days . . .

Springfield Avenue as a dirt road, and a not-so-good reputation with its saloons . . .

Prospect Street when only the old houses were there; and the long bare stretches of Oakland Road . . .

The fire-run and the time (or two) Bacon's house burned . . .

The old July Fourth customs—including blank cartridges . . .

The field between Lenox and Baker where we used to play football . . .

The Field Club and Charlie DeGrasse; the ball games . . .

Denny Maher's father in all his rubicund glory . . .

The wooded area of what is now Hillcrest, and the violets that grew there, and the little old stone bridge along Tuscan Road near the present skating pond . . .

The trolley line along Valley Street and the turnouts; also the switchboxes at each one . . .

The snow-plow that was used to clean the walks . . .

The old Lackawanna Station, of course, and, in due time, Sam Ross . . .

The post office and Truman Smith . . .

Probably most of all, the open spaces and trees, the friendliness and pleasant atmosphere of the place . . .

Notes on Maplewood

BY WILLIAM B. SAYER

ALL official papers pertaining to this section were originally filed in Perth Amboy, which was, until 1790, the capital of New Jersey.

About the origins of some of the names of the Town: "Jefferson Village" was named for Thomas Jefferson's great-uncle; "Clinton Hill" was named after De Witt Clinton, this being a period when small settlements often chose famous historical names. As for "Maplewood," the origin of it is still a puzzle, because some say that it was named for the Maple Swamp, while others believe it was named for a large maple tree which stood near the railroad. "Hilton" was named for the Hilton in England from which the Hilton strawberry came.[1] The name "Tuscan" came from that of an Indian chief, and Tuscan Road was named after him. There is a legend about him as follows:

Two chiefs were in love with the same Indian maid and it was agreed that the winner was to take his bride and move away to keep the peace. Chief Tuscan, having won her, moved to the ravine which stretches along Tuscan Road back of Tuscan School. He is said to have lived here in the ravine for two years when he died and was buried with proper Indian rites in the vicinity. There is a story, also, to the effect that he had a very fine colt which was struck by lightning and he was so affected by this mishap that he buried the colt with fine honors.

Tuscan Road was a very early road which ran from Valley Street up the hill somewhat north of the Presbyterian Church and easterly to Springfield Avenue at Middleville. At that point stage-coaches from Tuscan Road connected twice a week with an Elizabethtown stage. There was a toll-gate at Van Ness Terrace and Boyden Avenue. The rate was two cents for a one-horse shay, and five cents for a load of hay or potatoes. When everybody shunned the road on account of the tolls, they put another toll-gate at the Rahway Valley Railroad switches to catch them there. Tolls were abandoned about 1882.

---

[1] There has so far been no verification of this.

There was long ago a board-walk from Valley Street running through what is now Memorial Park. At one point there was a stile which had to be climbed over and from there the board-walk continued. The paper mill on Dunnell Road was started because of the great purity of the water in the brook there for making fine tissues for the jewelry trade in Newark.

George Washington, moving his troops to Jockey Hollow for the winter of 1776-1777, marched them from Dividend Hill in what is now Weequahic Park in Newark, up the mountain through the Jefferson Village section, on to the Morristown Road and Jockey Hollow.

16 • Let's Not Forget!

WHY, YES; I remember lots of things about the early times. I remember that the first Fire Department had its headquarters at the home of Mr. Pryor. The barn at the back was used for the fire equipment. The firemen had monthly meetings and Mr. Goldsmith fixed up a room for them. One time the Goldsmith horses were rushed out to be hitched to the two-wheeled hose-cart and Mr. Goldsmith got a three-dollar reduction on his taxes. I remember hearing that after the Bacon fire, which was *something*—and the firemen did a heroic job, I can tell you—they located a supply of Scotch which produced an enormous exhilaration and enthusiasm in the firemen but had a contrary effect on their wives, who from then on were sort of sour toward the Fire Department's glamor. The first fire-whistle was installed in 1911 on what is the Library building now.

In the days before 1900 and for some time after, every farm east of Prospect Street to the Irvington line had a herd of cows, and many farmers delivered milk from house to house in Newark by horse and wagon. The roads were bumpy then and the milk sloshed about in five- and ten-gallon cans. The farmer-milkman carried a big bell and he rang it as he approached the neighborhood where his customers lived to let them know that he had arrived. As housewives came out to the wagon with their pails and pitchers, he ladled out the milk with a long-handled dipper and they paid him five or six cents a quart for it. Milk could be bought for five cents a quart at the back door of any house in the town where the family kept a cow.

For a long time our meat was supplied by a meat-wagon. It did not go up very far on Clinton Avenue, so when Sam Ross, who had been Harry Baker's delivery boy, opened his market in the Center and sold meat, he was welcomed by all the folks whose houses the meat-wagon didn't reach.

As for Harry Baker's store, it had drugs and hardware and groceries and feed, and if you wanted a doctor you went in and left a call there for Dr. Knowles at South Orange and he came the next day. In 1901 there wasn't any telephone there and mighty few anywhere. An errand that every child in town coveted was being sent to Harry Baker's store to pay the family grocery bill because he always gave a bag of candy as a kind of bonus or discount. Incidentally, I can remember back to Mrs. Smith's store on Valley Street where she had a row of chamber pots from little to big on the top shelf.

But speaking of the telephone, do you remember the first ones that hung on the wall? You turned a little crank at the side to signal the operator. When you had told him the number you wanted and he had made the connection, he would turn a crank at the switchboard to give the proper number of rings that would call your party to the telephone. Of course everybody on the line heard the number of rings and knew who was being called and they could all listen in if they wanted to take their receivers off their hooks. At the end of the conversation you gave the crank a few turns to "ring off," the signal for the operator to disconnect. Each morning every subscriber was called by the operator, not to wake him up, but to test his bell. The transmission in long-distance calls was often so poor that the operator had to act as interpreter. After a storm the telephone was likely to be out of order; I remember hearing that after the blizzard of 1888, when the telephone was very new indeed, it took three months to restore telephone service in the Oranges. The night operators were boys, and they were furnished with cots to sleep on and large gongs to wake them up when an occasional call came in. I think I've heard that there was a telephone directory as early as 1884 that listed eighteen subscribers in South Orange and Maplewood, among them being L. E. Feindt and Lewis Pierson.

And I remember in the spring the wild flowers in the woods near Boyden Avenue, and in the Double Woods at Prospect Street; and the wonderful row of willows on the Courter farm on Springfield Avenue; and the walnuts and hickory nuts that were everywhere in the fall. And there was the brook that came down Baker Street along the south side and the bridge over it, and the big trees and the grassy kicking-field between Baker and Lenox; and I remember how we used to cut our Christmas trees on the Terry farm below Prospect Street at Franklin Place.

And the coasting there used to be! From Hickory Drive along Ridgewood Road to Baker Street, down Baker and over the railroad tracks when they were still at grade level, coming to a stop finally near Valley Street. And down Parker Avenue too from Prospect Street, before my time, when the hill was much steeper than it is today and full of ups and downs; a real roller-coaster. A well-loaded toboggan—and there were several long ones over on Parker Avenue—streaked down the hill across Valley Street and the bridge over the River, bringing up in front of James Crowell's woodshed or his blacksmith shop. That must have been a thrill!

And I remember Daniel Morrison jogging about town in his horse and buggy at dusk, stopping to light the street lamps. Every child in town knew Uncle Dan during the long years when he was the school janitor, and all of us thought him an old dear. He lived to be about ninety-five, most of the time in the house on Highland Place at the head of Everett. He was a great story-teller and in his old age he loved to sit among the boys at the firehouse and talk and talk. He and Mrs. Morrison, who lived to be very old, too, celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding anniversary in the house on Highland Place, about 1926, I should guess.

I remember, too, Samuel Gardner's cheerful whistle as he went about town doing odd jobs between intervals of work on his farm.

Everybody went to church and Sunday School in those days. If you didn't, you were queer and people looked at you and wondered. I guess most of us went more for the sociability than religion, but anyway we went. We children got two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces for perfect attendance at Sunday School. Did you ever see a little two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece? They were so little they were always getting lost. We had church picnics at Verona Lake and even as far away as Cranberry.

The Goldsmith, O'Brien, Kemp and Balch boys all sang in the Episcopal Choir in the days when Mr. Bicker was lay-preacher. We never could make out whether they stayed with the choir because Mr. Bicker was too kind-hearted to fire them, or because they liked his presents. Anyway, the first meetings of the Episcopal Church were held in the little old railroad station, for there were no Sunday trains then. Then Thomas Baker bought the station after a new one was built, and turned it into a store, so the Episcopalians built themselves a church on Clinton Avenue before the street was extended up the hill. It was built of cobblestones, and was such a pretty little church with hitching-posts in front. Mr. Bicker was lay-preacher for a good many years, and then Mr. Ellsworth Treacy was installed as their first rector. The church on Ridgewood Road was built in 1926.

I heard a funny story once about a meeting at the old Methodist Meeting House on Ridgewood Road near Claremont—a long time ago. A skunk got caught under the building and put up a great protest in a way best known to skunks. The atmosphere was electric, and Fannie Freeman—she belonged to the Freeman family that lived for generations in what is now Washington Park—looked up suddenly and asked, "Is there a lamp smoking?"

Someone was wondering the other day who had the first car in town, whether it was Mr. Riker's White Steamer or Stacey Smith's Oldsmobile with the curved dashboard. Well, I couldn't say. I didn't notice things like that very much.

Not everybody was elated when the town began to boom, and new streets were opened up and new houses built. We knew everybody in town in the early days and some of us liked it that way. When strange people began to move in from outside, well, it just wasn't the same. Sunday trains, telephones, automobiles and parking-meters aren't essentials of the good life, to my mind. I liked it better as just a lovely sleepy little country town.

17 • The Crowell Cider Mill

For a round hundred years the Crowell Cider Mill was nothing short of an institution in Jefferson Village and all the surrounding countryside. Built in 1819, it was operated by the Crowell family until 1919. It stood near the corner of Parker Avenue and Valley Street at the rear of the old Crowell homestead. The Crowell farm stretched some thousand feet south from Parker Avenue along what is now Valley Street, on the slope from Kensington Terrace down to the River.

It appears certain that from a very early time there had been a thriving little settlement in the vicinity of this corner: old records mention blacksmiths—one having been David Beach[1] as early as 1759—carpenters, at least one cabinet-maker, and shoemakers, while mills of various kinds, and at different times, operated along the River, the identity of the earliest ones completely gone but, until 1850, the outlines of their mill-races being still clearly visible. Early families like the Crowells and the Beaches had lived in this section a long time. The Crowell farm is named in a road record of 1728, and in all probability a house stood on the farm at that date. Whether any part of the homestead that was torn down in 1929 was built as early as this is not certain. The south end was of earlier construction than the north, the dates 1735-1740 being mentioned in connection with its building, while the north end appears to have been added in 1799. Dowel pins were used in the barn as well as the house, and so solid was their construction even after 150 years that pulling them down was a stupendous task. There are still in existence shingles from the Crowell house made of native red cedar, thirty inches long and an inch thick at the butt end. A house appears to have been built in 1720[2] on the Beach farm across Parker Avenue from the Crowell house.[3]

Parker Avenue was only a country dirt road until as late as

---

[1] See p. 50.

[2] See p. 52.

[3] During the last repaving of Valley Street the excavations made were very deep. Near the center of the street the foundations of an old building were uncovered near the bottom of the excavation. There is no record and not even hearsay of any building that ever stood on this spot. There are vague references in some of the County histories to an Indian village having stood along the River on the north side of Parker Avenue, near the present location of Gleason's Laundry, but the foundation uncovered was not Indian work but that of white men.

1890, but it was bordered by the prosperous farms of such early settlers as Beaches and Crowells below Prospect Street and by Balls above toward Boyden. From Valley to Prospect it was generally spoken of until the mid-1880's as "Crowell Road"—being widely known also as "Vinegar Hill" from the presence of the Cider Mill—and above Prospect toward Boyden as "Hilldale," a highly descriptive name in that day. When later the name was changed to "Parker" to honor a New Jersey Governor,[4] the two indigenous local names disappeared.

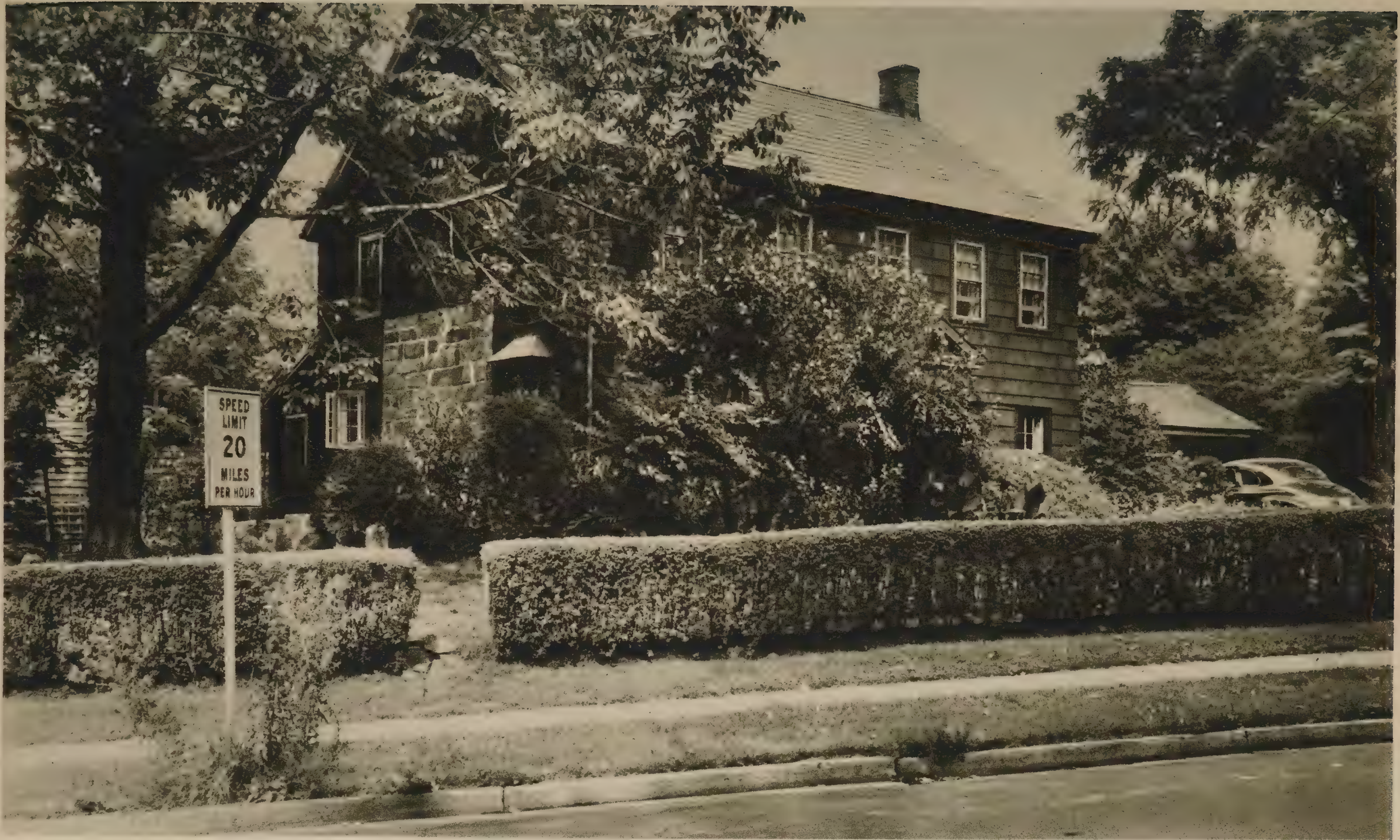
The families in the Parker Avenue region were much more closely connected with South Orange than with Jefferson Village or North Farms. Since neither Valley nor Prospect Streets went farther south than Parker Avenue, the natural pull was toward South Orange. There are Balls, Tichenors and Crowells in the day-book of the South Orange general store in 1814, and when occasion took them into Newark it was by South Orange Avenue that they drove into town.

The whole valley was famous for orchards, as has been said elsewhere, and the Crowell farm among the rest was largely planted with apples, cherries, peaches and pears—but apples most of all. Some who still remember the Crowell orchard in bloom on a May day, say there was never another orchard to equal it in pink and white beauty: gnarled trees bending over stone walls and thick, wind-blown grass.

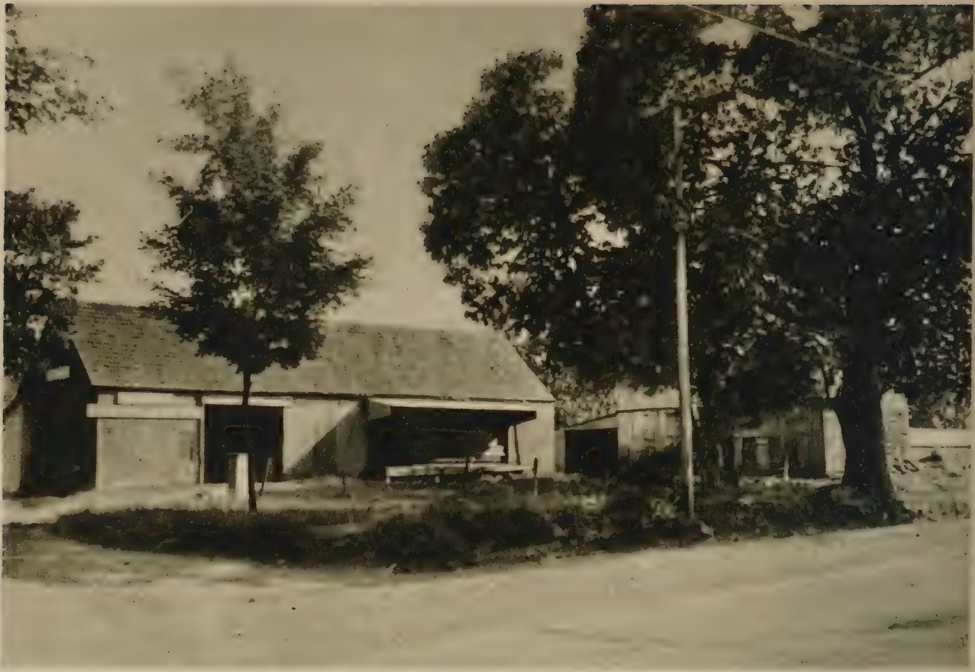
Two varieties of apples which in combination made the best cider, and in the end the best quality of cider vinegar, were the Canfield, a medium-sized reddish sweet apple, and the Harrison, a small yellowish, very spicy apple, excellent for eating. Cider pressed from a suitable mixture of Canfields and Harrisons was delicious when sweet, and made rare vinegar when it had been duly aged. Many other varieties as well found their way to the Mill, for it was the general practice to store the larger and finer apples of whatever variety for winter use, both for eating raw and for cooking, while the remainder were sent to the Mill. Apples brought by customers were ground and pressed into cider at twenty cents a gallon. Many a Newarker is said to have driven out on Sundays along the country roads with horse and buggy, picking up apples from other people's orchards, and arriving at the Mill

---

[4] This was Joel Parker, 1816-1888. He was Governor in 1862 and again in 1871 and enjoyed lifelong popularity.


SPEED
LIMIT
20
MILES
PER HOUR

The Tichenor House, corner of Parker Avenue and Academy Street



Crowell Cider Mill, Parker Avenue and Valley Street

Crowell Apple Orchard

with enough to be worth selling or to have pressed into a bit of cider. The Crowells sold no hard cider for drinking.

Their biggest business was in vinegar, and it lasted all year round. Well-fermented cider went through a long slow process in becoming vinegar of high quality. Large vats in the cellar of the Mill held the vinegar in its various stages. There was a constant demand for it, especially on the farms where vinegar was a staple household article for pickling and preserving during most of the hundred years of the Mill's operation. In the absence of refrigeration, meats especially were preserved for winter use by smoke, salt and vinegar. Most well-run farm households had a barrel of vinegar in the cellar for combining with sugar to preserve fruits, and with salt for pickling vegetables and meats.

Daniel Beach who lived in the Old Stone House was a versatile and inventive man, and he invented and patented what is described as an "admirable apple-grinding machine,"[5] much sought-after, for many farms had their own cider mills and ground their own apples. He made and sold one or two of these machines every year. The Beach and Crowell families were closely related and it seems likely that the Crowell Mill would be quick to adopt any improved method of grinding the apples in preparation for pressing that their kinsman and neighbor might invent. In any case, the apples, having been cut by sharp knives into a pulp, were spread evenly on cloth-covered trays, the cloth then being carefully folded back over the apple pulp toward the center. As many as eight or ten trays were stacked one on top of another, and the press was then turned until the last drop of juice was squeezed out, leaving nothing but skin and dry pulp. For years the Mill was run by horse-power, two horses pulling on the end of a sweep. Steam-power later replaced the horses.

In 1919 the Mill ceased to operate, and it soon disappeared along with its blossoming orchards. In preparation for the building of Columbia High School in 1926 several houses on the north side of Parker Avenue were moved across the street to the south side on plots of ground formerly a part of the Crowell farm. The old Crowell house on the corner of Valley and Parker vanished in 1929 to make way for a gas-station. Not a vestige remains today of farm, cider mill, fruit trees, stone fences or early American homestead.

[5] From *Reminiscences and Annals of the Beach Family*, by David N. Beach.

18 • Memorabilia of Maplewood

BY JOHN R. CHARLTON*

MORE than seventy years ago the people of Maplewood watched the extension of the Lackawanna Railroad through the town and on to Summit and Morristown. This development was to set in motion the trend that turned Maplewood into a commuting town early in the 1900's. The old residents of Maplewood still talk of the time when the Old Stone House near the railroad just off Jefferson Avenue was used as a station; and of the many years, too, when the spring thaws made it necessary to place planks across the streets in certain places, in order to avoid sinking ankle-deep in mud. A walk through the town will show a remarkable change from the little country village of that earlier day to a beautiful suburban community with so much of its early loveliness retained, yet with all the conveniences added to make life comfortable and attractive.

The trees of Maplewood are a part of the beauty of the place. Many of them must be over a hundred years old, and they have had the good fortune to be conserved and loved by tree-minded citizens. In some cases proposed building has been shifted so as to leave promising or fine trees undisturbed. I know of a garage that was so set as to require a curved driveway for entrance in order to save a clump of birches—which unfortunately died out in a year or two. The attempt to preserve them was not regretted by the owners, however. The Official Board of Morrow Memorial Church voted a good many years ago that for every tree on their property that died or was removed, another tree was to be planted to take its place. As a result of this attitude toward its trees on the part of our people, there are few towns anywhere that have so many beautiful, healthy or fine old trees to grace its streets and lawns. Add to this the carefully tended flower-gardens, shrubs and lawns of the town, and we may truthfully say that its pleasant outdoor aspect is very like a park.

One reason why Maplewood is a desirable place to live in is because of the wise decisions of the Township Committee regarding the use of the valley land between the two hills on which the town is built. In that area where less desirable buildings might have appeared along Crooked Brook or the Branch of the Rahway River, we have today Memorial Park and the Maplewood Country Club which together form a continuous park and playground for citizens of the town to enjoy. In the early days when this development was being considered there were many loud murmurs at the cost, and the waste of money and property, especially when several houses were bought by the town and removed from Baker Street in order to complete the park area. Today no one can do other than praise the foresight and service to the community of those who made possible this beautiful and recreational part of the town. If the time should come when the Country Club has to be given up, then surely that land ought to be purchased by the town to be added to the park system as further space for recreation and for the common use of the people.

---

* Dr. Charlton was pastor of the Morrow Memorial Church from 1920-1939.

As for our town system of government, it has been a most fortunate one, largely because the people have secured able and devoted persons to run it. With a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of politics the business of the town has been carried on for the general good, oftentimes at great sacrifice by the members of the Township Committee, some of whom have served for many years.

An amusing thing happened some years ago in regard to a proposed change in the form of our local government. It happened when the population had grown sufficiently large to permit a change from Township Committee to Mayor and Council if the people so voted. A committee had been named from the Civic Association to canvass the situation and to make recommendations. A rumor went through the town that the committee was going to recommend a change to the city form of government and would try to jam it through. A large group of citizens became alarmed and formed themselves into an unofficial body to defend and to endeavor to retain the Committee form. They came to me to sound me out as to my own attitude toward the question, and, finding that I was strongly in favor of continuing the Committee plan, they asked me if I would appear and speak for it. I agreed and carefully prepared a speech, and went to the meeting.

The committee's report, an adroit one, laid forth the advantages of the city form of government and built it up as though they would surely advocate a change. The temper of the opposition was getting to a fever heat and my speech was seething within me, when the chairman calmly concluded that in spite of all the advantages he had enumerated, his committee unanimously considered the Township system superior for Maplewood and recommended that no change be made. The deflation in that meeting was almost an explosion, and with a united and colossal sigh of relief the meeting broke up, with my speech and several others unmade.

Maplewood has been fortunate too in the planning and development of its school system. As in the case of the Township Committee, members elected to the School Board are uniformly able and devoted and give invaluable services to the best interest of the community. One of the notable achievements of the Board has been the continuance of one School District for South Orange and Maplewood. The area fits well into a single system. There is an advantage in economy, both in number of buildings needed and in no call for duplication of the administrative staff, while the larger numbers in the school system have made possible a more able staff of teachers. To foster this plan of one school system should be a primary interest of all the people of both towns; no local jealousies or petty personal interests should be permitted to break it.

Another interesting feature in the story of Maplewood is the early, if not the first, adoption of a "Safe and Sane" celebration of the Fourth of July. In the early years of the 1900's, the celebration began in the morning with a parade of floats. These were worked up by streets, and that street held by the judges to have the best float or the best depiction of an historic event was awarded the prize. A flagpole at the head of Ridgewood Terrace on Wyoming Avenue for many years expressed the pride the people of that street took in the success of their part in the parade. The afternoon feature was a public meeting in the park and a speech by the "orator of the day." The last of this type of celebration was held about 1921 when Thomas Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, was the speaker.

At this time a new plan was worked out by the members of the Civic Association and others, to devote the day especially to the interests of the children. The American Legion Post was asked to take charge. By means of a house-to-house solicitation, money was obtained and a program was arranged following this general order: the morning to be devoted to athletic contests according to age, the participants generally representing school districts; the afternoon to be given over to entertainment—a circus, a band, and other amusements, ending perhaps with a baseball game; the evening to furnish a climax with the best to be had in the line of fireworks. This program of full occupation for children and adults alike has proved most successful in providing a happy celebration, in reducing accidents and in helping to develop a fine community spirit. Its reputation as a notable event has spread so far that one of the greatest problems confronting the officials has been to prevent the townspeople from being crowded out of their own party. Near-by towns have begun to copy the Maplewood plan for a "Glorious Fourth," and that fact is easing to some extent the pressure on our limited space by reducing the out-of-town crowds who formerly flocked here to enjoy our Fourth with us.

Another instance of fine community spirit is to be found in the co-operative understanding which has long existed between the Prospect Presbyterian and the Morrow Memorial Churches. The latter is a descendant of the first religious organization in the town and dates back to about 1855. The White Chapel, which for half a century stood at the corner of Ridgewood Road and Claremont Avenue, was built by the Baptists who worshiped there for nearly forty years. Just why that devoted congregation closed the Chapel is not recorded, but some five years later the Methodists asked for the use of the building and soon they were conducting services there. To their great credit the Baptists deeded the property to that little band of Methodists. As the center of town population moved southward on Ridgewood Road, the White Chapel was moved to the site of the present stone building.[1]

When the growing town needed further religious facilities and the Prospect Church was organized, the Morrow Memorial Church was quick to offer its backing and aid. In many ways the two churches have worked together more like two parts of one parish than as separate denominations; and on the part of both ministers and members the religious task has been carried on in the light of a common community service. Many new families coming into the town have joined the church nearer to their homes, regardless of their denominational affiliation, so that a warm Christian fellowship has continued to exist between these two churches on opposite hills. Indeed it may be truly said that a spirit of unity has been manifest among all the churches on occasions when they have joined efforts for the community good, notably in union services where the several congregations worshiped, counseled and were instructed together.

---

[1] Morrow Memorial Church at Ridgewood Road and Baker Street.

Maplewood in its village days had as a resident a man of such distinction in art that any account of the town ought surely to make mention of his life here, and of his achievements. Asher B. Durand was one of the notable American artists in oil painting who flourished about the middle of the nineteenth century. He was in the class of George Inness and George Fuller as representative painters of landscapes. Anyone who knows the northern New Jersey hill country will be able to pick out those bluish-hazy pictures by Durand. As one looks off from the Orange, or First, Mountain, the haze which he depicted so frequently is commonly to be seen on any fair morning, and often, too, at sunset. One of the definite marks of Durand's landscapes lies in their atmosphere of haze which he must have observed during his long residence in Maplewood.

I was intimately acquainted with his daughter-in-law[2] who lived so long at the corner of Durand and Ridgewood Roads and who was a generous and community-minded citizen of the town. Mrs. Durand intended to leave several of Durand's paintings to the town. I had suggested that they should be preserved here or in the Newark Museum, and I trust that this was done;[3] though I am not sure that she left any of his best works. Some public recognition should be made of him in our town. One of his best pictures with a suitable plaque in the Municipal Building would honor us as well as him.

---

[2] Helen Thompson Durand, the wife of Dr. Frederick J. Durand, a son of the artist. She was a trustee of the Maplewood Library for many years, resigning in 1932.

[3] There are two paintings by A. B. Durand in the Newark Museum, "Woodland Scene," the gift of J. Ackerman Coles, and a "Portrait of Mrs. Durand and Her Sister," given by Mrs. Helen Thompson Durand. She gave a landscape, unsigned but declared by her to be the work of A. B. Durand, to Alexander Stoddard, to be presented to the Maplewood Library when it should have a building in which to hang it. In 1942, after her husband's death, Mrs. Stoddard presented it to the Library. Little appears to be known of the disposal of the Durand Paintings that were in Mrs. Durand's possession at the time of her death.

There is a group of men who may be called the "mid-pioneers" of Maplewood who should have mention in any account of the town. They came here when the community was still a village with all the advantages of country-life—the quiet, the fine air, the beautiful trees and fields, the noisy brooks diminishing to soft murmuring after freshet time; and all the disadvantages of the country—poor roads, spring mud and restricted means of transportation. They believed in the community's possibilities and in its future. Moving here from cities like New York, Jersey City and Newark, they remained, even though their former city neighbors might jibe, "What do you do with yourselves nights?"

These mid-pioneers had a vision of the Maplewood which we enjoy today. Their foresight and daring have made possible not only the houses and streets of the present time, but the schools and churches, the library, the banks, parks and clubs. There were those who wanted "to wait" or "build smaller," or "not spend all that money now!" There were, fortunately, these other men who "saw big" and so built—to their great credit and our present advantage. If I were asked to name these men who were the big factors of the middle years, I would list E. C. Balch, William Kemp, Daniel Carpenter, W. H. Smith, John DeHart, G. K. Thompson, Samuel Memory, Milo Borden, Arthur Muir, G. E. Low, Maxwell MacMasters, J. G. Whitelaw and Leonhard Keyes—all of them among the early arrivals and each of them contributing something noteworthy to the town and its institutions.

There are many others, not here mentioned, who were born here and have lived here all their lives, who nobly carry on the traditions of "the elders"; to them the community owes a continued debt of gratitude. As one who had the privilege of being a citizen of Maplewood for nineteen years and of knowing intimately all of those named above, and of counseling and working with them for community betterment, I am happy to offer my tribute of high praise for their devotion, and to acknowledge my debt to them for their notable accomplishments. May each succeeding generation, inspired by them, keep their wide horizons and a like desire to serve generously for the common good. Of that earlier generation it could truly be said that they earned their living in New York, but they *lived* in Maplewood.

19 • Maplewood, 1902*

MAPLEWOOD is an example of the pastoral and mountainous in charming combination, having just enough of the urban character to enhance creature comforts and social attractiveness. MAPLEWOOD is not a syndicated town nor a speculative enterprise in town lots. The property owners live there because they like it, and an unusually large proportion of them have been identified with it all their lives. Those who appreciate MAPLEWOOD most are those who live there and enjoy the full charm of it in all its various phases from season to season. Even the winter has its attractions rivalled but not excelled by the summer and other seasons.

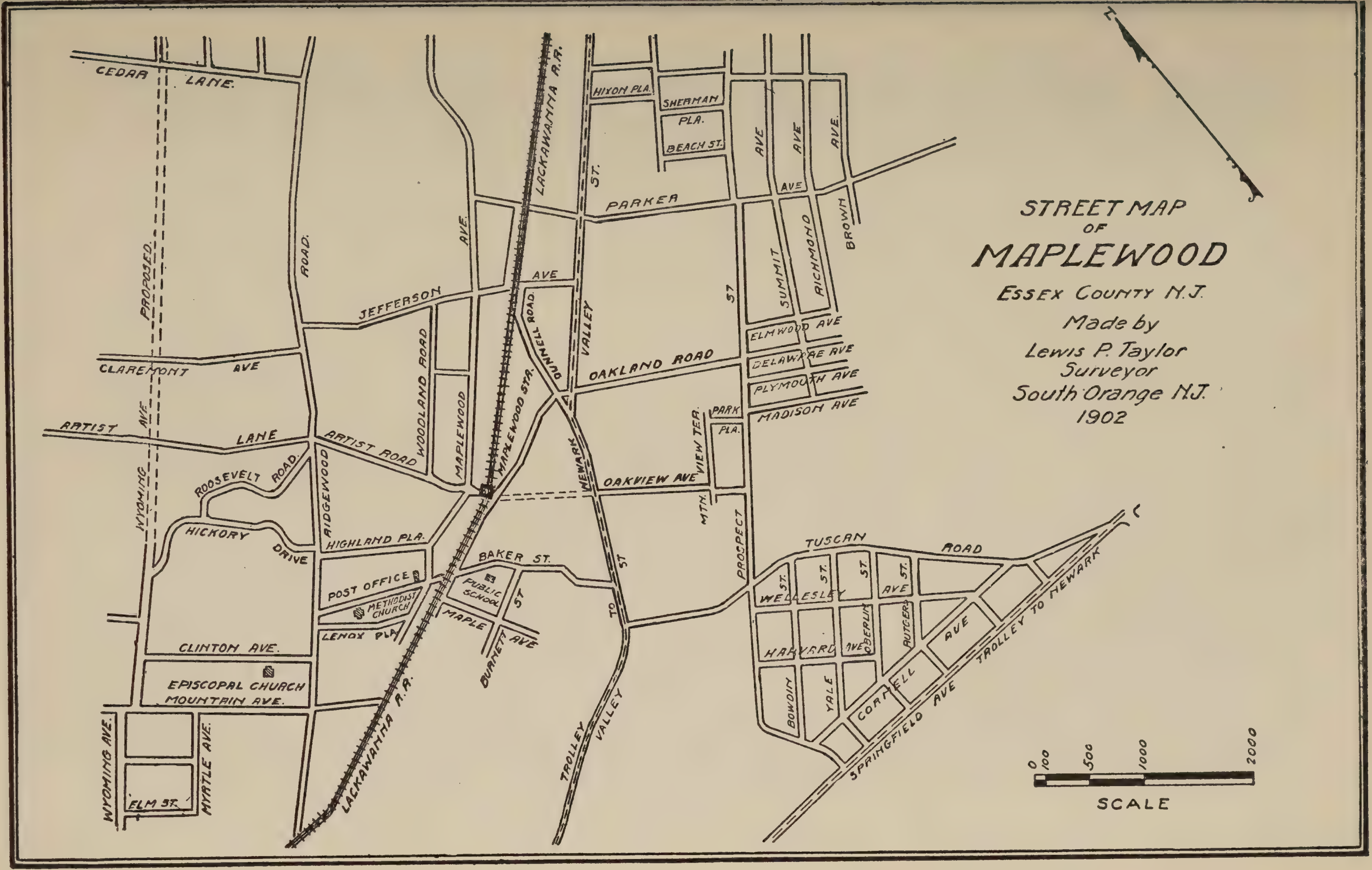
That MAPLEWOOD will grow inevitably, its residents are aware. Consequently, they are not desirous of new residents merely for the sake of numbers, but they want to attract people who desire to appoint their lives rightly and live them well, in order to insure the continuation of the present character of the place for years to come. Indeed, MAPLEWOOD is not likely to attract any others, so that its future is virtually assured as a place of permanent homes for families of culture and refinement, with neither the extreme characteristics of squalor on the one hand nor of great wealth or fashion on the other. . . .

On the easterly side and near the southern extremity of that magnificently wooded stretch of upland in the State of New Jersey known as Orange Mountain, and extending to and across the valley through which flows the easterly branch of the Rahway River, lies a village almost unknown beyond its immediate environs but of surprising beauty. Long ago this settlement was called Jefferson Village, but for more than forty years it has rejoiced in the descriptive name, MAPLEWOOD.

Here Nature has been more than prodigal in her wealth of forest verdure, and yet so destitute is the woodland of thicket and underbrush that it seems not so much the verdure of an unkempt forest as that of some far-extending English park.

---

* Reprinted from a booklet issued by the MAPLEWOOD Improvement Association about 1902.



STREET MAP OF MAPLEWOOD
Essex County N.J.
Made by
Lewis P. Taylor
Surveyor
South Orange N.J.
1902

CEDAR LANE.
PROPOSED.
ROAD.
CLAREMONT AVE
WYOMING AVE
ARTIST LANE
ROOSEVELT ROAD.
HICKORY DRIVE
RIDGEWOOD
ARTIST ROAD
JEFFERSON AVE
AVE.
WOODLAND ROAD
MAPLEWOOD
HIGHLAND PLA.
POST OFFICE
METHODIST CHURCH
LENOX PLA.
CLINTON AVE.
EPISCOPAL CHURCH
MOUNTAIN AVE.
WYOMING AVE.
ELM ST.
MYRTLE AVE.
LACKAWANNA R.R.
MAPLEWOOD STA.
DUNNELL ROAD
VALLEY ST.
NEWARK
TO
TROLLEY
BAKER ST.
PUBLIC SCHOOL
MAPLE
ST
BURNETT AVE
PARKER
HIXON PLA.
SHERMAN PLA.
BEACH ST.
OAKLAND ROAD
OAKVIEW AVE
MTN. VIEW TER.
PARK PLA.
PROSPECT ST
SUMMIT AVE
RICHMOND AVE
BROWN AVE.
AVE
ELMWOOD AVE
DELAWARE AVE
PLYMOUTH AVE
MADISON AVE
TUSCAN ROAD
WELLESLEY ST.
ST.
HARVARD AVE
OBERLIN
RUTGERS
BOWDOIN
YALE
CORNELL AVE
TROLLEY TO NEWARK
SPRINGFIELD AVE
0
100
500
1000
2000
SCALE

Traversing MAPLEWOOD here and there and forming a part of the main thoroughfares of the State are miles of that fine macadam road for which North Jersey is famous, illuminated at night by electric lights and conveying to the dwelling houses an ample supply of electricity, gas and excellent water for domestic use. A sewerage system to tidewater is now under construction.

Stretching along the top of Orange Mountain and lying partly in MAPLEWOOD is that wonderfully beautiful tract of park land known as the South Mountain Reservation. Thus for all time is reserved to the fortunate dwellers in the vicinity, the enjoyment of the mountain's natural grandeur, and the wide and far-reaching views of hill and valley and hamlet which charm those who mount to its summit.

But the mountain top cannot boast of developments superior to those of the vale, for down in the valley the Lackawanna Railroad, in a way most unusual with similar corporations and very refreshing to the commuting business man, has voluntarily erected one of the finest stations on the line, and by elevating its tracks has abolished all grade crossings. The new structure possesses every convenience required by the most fastidious traveller and its perfectly developed and pleasing architectural design makes it an aesthetic as well as utilitarian feature of MAPLEWOOD. From this station and at a commutation rate of six dollars a month, one may reach New York City in forty-five minutes on the MAPLEWOOD express trains or in an average time of one hour. Running direct to the business center of Newark is a trolley line which furnishes excellent service.

Besides its long-distance telephone, MAPLEWOOD has its own telegraph and express office, livery service, post office, and first class general store whose complete stock of all sorts is amply sufficient for all ordinary demands. The large department stores in New York and Newark make daily deliveries, and tradesmen and professional men of the nearby cities and towns vie with each other in efforts to furnish MAPLEWOOD with service in their respective lines unsurpassed by any metropolitan section.

To be counted among the attractions of MAPLEWOOD are its two churches, Methodist and Episcopalian, a volunteer fire department and an excellent public school. For this last an appropriation of $28,000 has been granted, and within a few months a change will be made from the present inadequate quarters to a large, well-lighted, perfectly sanitary school building.[1]

It is the children of the village who complete the picture. Their shining faces are the best index of the homes to which they belong and the wholesomeness of their surroundings, moral and material.

---

[1] The central section of what is now the Maplewood Junior High School.

20 • The Ward Home

The Marcus L. Ward Home on Boyden Avenue occupies forty-nine acres of land that formerly belonged in the Hawkins farm. The grounds have a frontage of 1,400 feet on Boyden, lying between Elmwood and Springfield Avenues. The natural beauty of the tract has been carefully preserved. On the east, a gentle rise of ground on which the buildings are situated sweeps up over open lawns from Boyden Avenue, and, on the west, provides a backdrop of native woodland of oak and beech. These woods adjoin Maplecrest Park.

The choice of the Hawkins land by the trustees of the Foundation established by the will of Marcus L. Ward, Jr., was determined only by the suitability of the tract for the purposes designated in the will. The Wards as a family had no connection with Maplewood. They had been closely identified with Newark from early days, having come from Connecticut to the Passaic in 1666 with the first settlers. The most famous member of the family was Marcus L. Ward, 1812-1884, Governor of New Jersey from 1865-1868 and Member of Congress from 1873-1875. He was an ardent Republican and was in the center of most of the hotly partisan contests of those years. Governor Ward had early become associated with his father in a flourishing business of soap and candle-making located on Market Street just below Broad.

Two sons of the Governor grew to maturity, Joseph M., and Marcus L., Jr., who, upon the death of their father, inherited a large fortune. The old Ward home in Newark stood at 27 Washington Street, the present site of the Newark Museum. The two sons never married and lived together in the old home until Joseph died in 1911. All the family property thus came into the hands of Marcus. He continued to live on in the family home alone, being from this time on "much by himself and undoubtedly a very lonely man."[1] Much of his time was necessarily given to the care of his large fortune. He was exceedingly reticent about his affairs, and even his secretary who worked closely with him is said to have had no real knowledge of the extent of the Ward holdings. At the time of his death in May, 1920, Marcus Ward's estate had an inventory value of $4,988,000.

---

[1] From *The Marcus L. Ward Home at Maplewood, N. J.*, by John R. Hardin, 1928.

His will was drawn in 1912 shortly after his brother's death. After providing for certain modest legacies, he devoted the entire residue of his estate to the establishment and maintenance of the "Marcus L. Ward Home for Aged and Respectable Bachelors and Widowers," to stand as a memorial to his father, the Governor. The foundation thus established was of a kind not common in this country. The two Homes most often compared with it are the Dickson Home in Washington, D. C., and the James C. King Home in Chicago. Although there is no knowledge of Marcus Ward's having any acquaintance with the Charterhouse in London, it is said to be so similar in type to the one that he set up that it is hard to believe he knew nothing of it.

Preceding their selection of the site in Maplewood for the Home, the Trustees of the Foundation made a careful study of existing Homes with regard to location, construction, rules of admission and administration. After an extended survey of available sites in this area the Maplewood acreage was decided on, and John Russell Pope was engaged as architect.

The Home was opened in August, 1927. It had at that time accommodations for eighty men. Additional building now provides for 116. In Mr. Hardin's words, the Home provides for the "comfortable maintenance of aged and respectable white bachelors and widowers over sixty years of age who have been bona fide residents of New Jersey for ten years preceding admission, and who, through misfortune, have lost the means they once had for their own support and have become wholly or partially unable to support themselves. . . . Applicants must be temperate, of good habits generally, and of a reasonable and amiable spirit and of good character and reputation. Preference in admission is given to those who have been sustaining members of society, contributing to the business or general prosperity of the community, and have occupied positions of some responsibility in business or professional life, and are possessed of qualifications that would contribute to the happiness of the other members."

The wealth of its endowment has made the Ward Home almost unique in its class. The beauty and high distinction of its architectural design are recognized and acknowledged not only here but abroad, and it is annually visited by enthusiastic students, officials and architects.

20 • Some Early Maplewood Houses

The Timothy Ball House*

The Timothy Ball house, known to all residents of the town as "Washington Inn," is beyond question the most interesting and impressive early house in the region, both historically and structurally. Although its six tall white columns supporting a graciously proportioned portico across the front give it the air and impressiveness of a mansion, it really began life back in 1743 as a plain farmhouse without either columns or portico, or, for that matter, dormers in the roof. But its original spacious proportions, its long roof-line, its wide gable, its solid stone chimneys and deep foundation wall of native reddish-brown sandstone, set it apart as a farmhouse of distinction in the Colonial days when many of the settlers in this area were small farmers, building small and unpretentious houses.

Its history is no less distinguished than its first simple external lines. Its builders were Timothy and Esther Ball, who had been married in 1734 and had settled in a cabin not far from the present house. Edward Ball, the grandfather of Timothy, had come from Connecticut with Robert Treat in 1666 and was a signer of the Fundamental Agreement among the Puritans who settled the town of Newark. All of the land lying between the Passaic River where the first beginnings of Newark sprang up and the top of the Orange Mountain, then called "Newark Mountain," was held to belong to Newark and it was not difficult to get a patent to a tract of land within that area. Edward's son Thomas settled on such a tract between North Farms and Jefferson Village. Among Thomas's sons was Timothy.

For nine years Timothy and Esther Ball lived in their first little house, and there several children were born. In 1743 they set about building a larger new house really adequate for their growing family, and more in keeping with the standing of a man of Timothy's substance. Its exact location is declared to have been determined by an itinerant water-diviner, who by the ancient bent-stick method, showed Timothy Ball where, by digging a well, he would find water. Nearly a year was consumed in putting up the new house for which native sandstone had to be quarried on the mountain, the blocks being dragged on sleds by ox-team, and oak trees had to be cut and hewn in the near-by woods. Even the laths in the walls were made of hand-split green oak saplings. Though scarce and costly, hand-wrought iron nails were used in the lathing, but the oak beams were pegged together with wooden pegs. The finishing touch was the placing in the chimney of a stone cut with initials and date: "T. & E. B. 1743." The gigantic walnut tree standing in front of the house is reputed to have been planted at this time and it is the one to which Washington supposedly tied his horse. Another gigantic walnut stands across the road and may indicate that the region was a walnut grove at the time the house was built.

---

* Washington Inn.

In 1758 Timothy Ball died of smallpox in the same epidemic that took the life of Jonathan Edwards in Princeton, and brought desolation to many a New Jersey settlement. His widow and two older daughters took over the management of the farm and the care of three younger sons who were still at home. Timothy had bequeathed to "my beloved wife Esther the use of all [his] Lands Tenements and Hereditaments during the time she shall remain my widow and no longer." His widow she remained to the end, and she lived to see three of her sons join the New Jersey Militia in the American Revolution, seventeen years after Timothy's death. For nearly fifty years she lived in the homestead with children and grandchildren and witnessed the victory of the Colonial armies and the election of Washington as President. Ultimately her son Usal owned the homestead and it was for the benefit of his heirs that the property was divided in 1802.

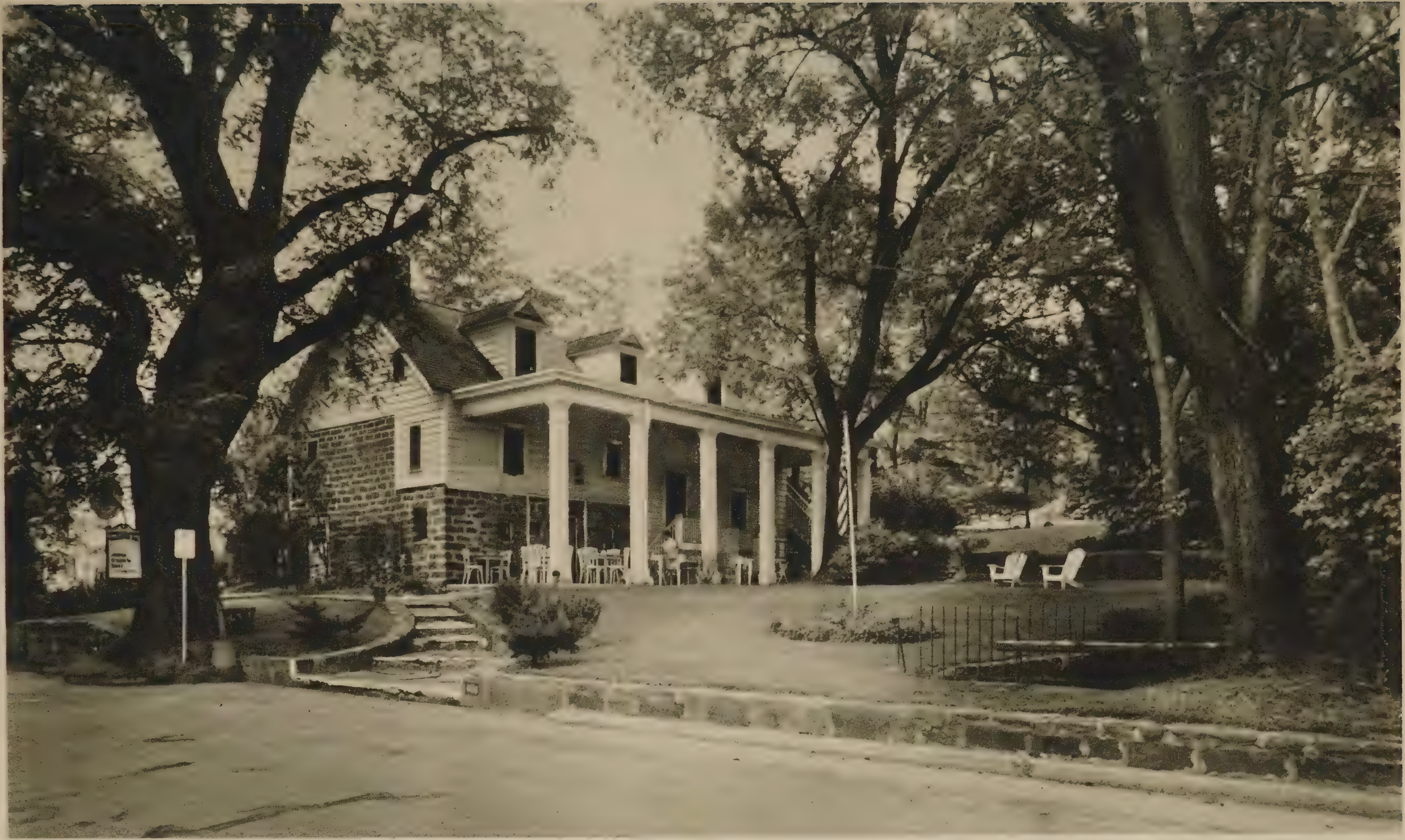
Meanwhile, during the time when Washington's troops were stationed near Morristown, Washington and his men were frequently in this vicinity observing the maneuvers of the British near Elizabethtown and on Staten Island. Finding the Ball family hospitable as well as devoted to the cause of the Colonies, Washington on occasion stopped at their house for warmth and food. The General is said to have spent more than one night under its broad roof, sleeping in a small room over the kitchen, during the alarming period preceding the Battle of Springfield, and even to have stabled his horse in the kitchen. The story is told of his having sent the wife of David Ball, one of Timothy's sons who was fighting with the Colonials, and her baby to a place of more assured safety on the top of the mountain. A watch tower on Coon Road on the mountain top above the house played an important part in the exchange of signals flashed from the Vaux Hall ridge regarding the movements of the British before the Battle of Springfield. And Washington, holding an expectation that the British would make their approach from the east along the Ridge Road, urged all the families living on the mountainside to go back into the wilder upper regions for the sake of safety. The Hessians, however, came by a different route and were met by the Colonial army at Springfield where a battle was fought and the British were defeated on June 23, 1780. The fortunes of battle were anxiously watched on that day by Washington and his aides from the rocky ledge now called "Washington Rock," at the south end of the mountain. Only a short distance north of the house, near West Cedar Lane, there stood during these stirring times a cavalry scout stable for forty horses.

Washington is declared to have called the Balls "cousins" after one of his earlier visits at the house when they discussed their Ball forebears, Washington's mother having been Mary Ball. It is not clear, however, whether such a relationship was actually established between them or whether the use of the title was a courtesy merely, albeit a warm acknowledgment on his part of his sense of understanding and kinship with them.

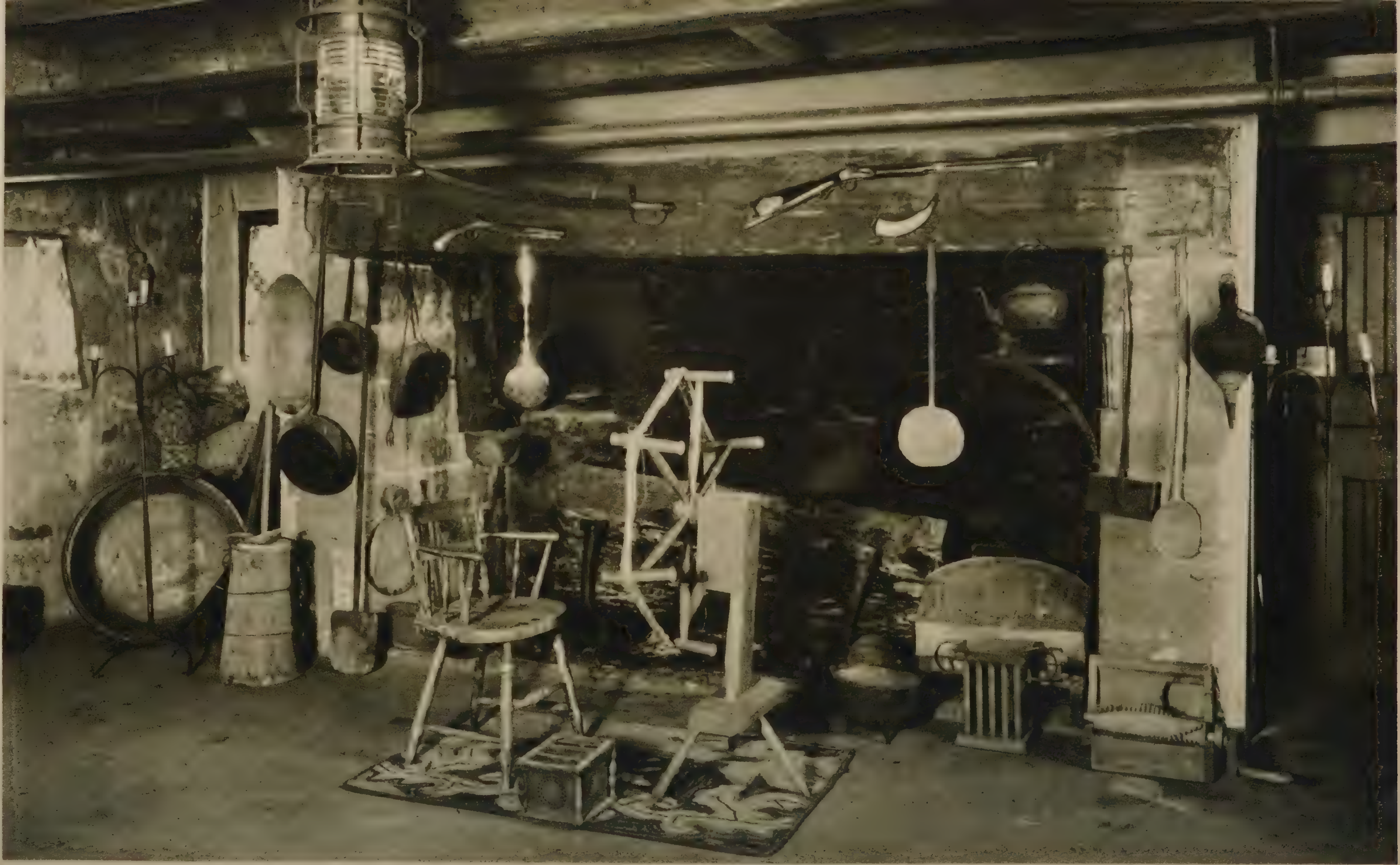
Until 1853 the house remained in the possession of the Ball family. From that time until 1919 it was variously occupied, gradually falling into a disrepair that caused a 1915 news article to predict that it could not stand much longer, "but would soon have to make way for up-to-date houses"[1] which had already begun to push their way along Ridgewood Road. Fortunately the interest of Mr. Frank J. Parsons in the Revolutionary associations of the neighborhood and the development of a residential area adjoining the plot on which the house stands resulted in its being taken over by the Washington Park Company who undertook its repair and restoration and added the dormers and the portico.

---

[1] *Newark Sunday Call*, February 21, 1915.



The Timothy Ball House, now Washington Inn



Kitchen fireplace, Timothy Ball House

Some time later it was bought back into the Ball family by a descendant of Timothy and Esther Ball, Arthur Ball of Muncie, Indiana, to whom it still belongs and whose stipulation is, in renting it to others, that it shall be used in a way to keep it open to the public.

In its construction and general plan the house is scarcely less interesting than in its historical associations. Although from Ridgewood Road it appears to be only two and one-half stories high, it is built on six different levels, a sort of zigzag from back to front. The lowest floor is at the rear, a half-story below ground level, and was probably designed for a storage cellar which was an essential feature of every house of its time. Five or six steps bring one up to the large kitchen—now the Inn dining-room—on the ground level, a room admirably planned for space and roominess, low-ceilinged, and dominated by a huge stone fireplace. So large is the fireplace—being eleven feet wide and over three feet deep—that it could take logs much too heavy to be got in by manpower. It is asserted that the logs for it were dragged in by a horse entering by the door on the ground level now under the portico and going out by a second door facing the road, at the farther side of the fireplace. The doors are admirably placed for such a use, whether or not the story is authentic. The hearth is still fitted with the iron kettles and cranes native to it, and is equipped with a deep Dutch oven whose stone extension stands on the outside chimney wall. The solid thickness of the stone wall shows in the depth of window and door jambs, and conveys a vivid impression of the welcome security and warmth that the house must have offered to Washington and his men, and to the chilled scouts from the near-by cavalry stable, on a cold winter's night. The original beams support the ceiling and the original floorboards throughout the house, covered in part by modern flooring, remain to give an idea of the strength and sturdy quality of its workmanship.

The distance to be traversed from one level to the next is so short that originally there were little more than ladder-like steps, and since they were very steep, the climber's head was sometimes in danger of striking the beam above as he went up. Even with short flights of modern stairs replacing the ladder from the kitchen to the floor above, the overhead beam still threatens and its solid oak hardness is even now cushioned to protect the unwary climber from an unexpected bang.

Leaving the kitchen by means of this short steep flight of steps, one reaches a pleasant hall on the parlor level. This part of the house is above the storage cellar and its windows look toward the rear. The front door for company occasions enters the hall by a raised stoop beneath the portico. A rear door opens out upon grass and garden. There are two parlors toward the back and a large and massive chimney in the center of the back wall. At this point we come upon a structural feature that recurs in several early Maplewood houses, two diagonal fireplaces facing into two separate rooms, but using one chimney. In the modernization of the house one of the fireplaces has been blocked up, but the diagonal section of wall remains. As far as it is possible to determine as yet, this house, built in 1743, is the first in this region to use this structural device. The originality of the whole floor plan stirs the wonder whether Timothy and Esther Ball had worked it out themselves and whether they originated the two-fireplaces-to-one-chimney design or had seen it somewhere else. Be that as it may, other early builders in the region seem to have recognized a good idea and adopted it.[2]

A few stair steps take one up from the hall to a slightly raised level over the kitchen where he finds the bedroom which was devoted to Washington's use during the months when he was coming and going in this area. Its east wall is against the chimney, insuring its being snug and warm, since the great fireplace in the kitchen below would have a fire in it day and night and the heated stones of the entire length of chimney would radiate a substantial and constant warmth. A small square window on the right-hand side of the chimney looks out upon the road. The Reverend George W. Clark, a descendant of Timothy and Esther Ball, speaks of the old house in his *Struggles and Triumphs of a Long Life*, and refers to this window. "Another interesting feature," he says, "is a small square aperture in the front wall of the house which leads to an old-fashioned built-in bed which for purposes of warmth adjoins the huge chimney." The bed has disappeared, but the little window remains to tantalize with questions concerning its location and its small size.

---

[2] The Old Stone House has such a pair of fireplaces, and the Littell house is unique in having two pairs.

Finally, a full flight of stairs—narrow and steep and undoubtedly enclosed, originally—takes one from the hall to the top floors, which are thrown together into one room, the east part being raised above the level of the west by three or four steps and having at present the appearance of a low balcony. In the northeast corner of this top level, against the chimney, a small room has been partitioned off, probably a late alteration. On these upper floors the two stone chimneys, one at either end, emerge as great piers which support the whole structure. There is no fireplace in either chimney on these top levels. The six dormer windows in the long roof, three on a side, now make this a light and pleasant room. But, originally, without dormers and with light from windows in the end gables only, this was a loft where the family probably had their sleeping quarters. This loft for sleeping and the absence of a featured staircase seem to strengthen the supposition that the house was not built as a mansion for formal living but as a homestead for the comfortable and efficient carrying-on of a considerable farm of the time. It is a house of originality and integrity and says much for the character of its builders.

The Old Stone House*

THE OLD STONE HOUSE on Jefferson Avenue, facing the Lackawanna Railroad, retains in a very large degree the appeal and charm of the early day in which it was built. It has not been possible to fix the date with certainty, but 1774 is the year most often mentioned in connection with its erection. It is not certainly known either who was the builder of the Old Stone House, although it is supposed that one of the numerous Ball family, possibly a son of Timothy and Esther, built it. In the matter of ownership it has had a far more checkered history than the Timothy Ball house. The map of 1815 shows J. Pierson as occupying it at that time. For some years from 1830 on, it was owned by Daniel Beach and his wife Betsy,[1] the sister of Asher B. Durand. It was

---

* 22 Jefferson Avenue; now owned by Mr. and Mrs. K. Montgomery Ogden.

[1] David N. Beach says of his "Aunt Betsy Beach" in *Reminiscences and Annals of the Beach Family*, that she "wrote very respectable verse and was something of an

Daniel Beach who in 1835 opened a store in the kitchen of the house, later to be run by Aaron Crowell, who still later moved it to a building on Valley Street where it was known as the "Clinton Valley Store."[2] During these years, also, it served as the Jefferson Village stop on the Morris and Essex Rail Road where the train could be flagged by waving a handkerchief by day and swinging a lantern by night. One bought a ticket from Newark or Orange to the Stone House.

The main body of the house is of native sandstone, the same as that used in the wall and chimneys of the Timothy Ball house. This stone occurs again and again in foundations and in chimneys in all the early houses in this region. The stone used is cut stone and it is so well set up that, in the century and more that the house has been jarred by passing railroad trains, it has never had to be more than repointed and mortar replaced in scattered places. The thick walls stand so solidly that in the hurricane of 1943 when a large tree was blown down upon a corner of the roof the house felt scarcely a tremor.

This part of the house contains a wide hallway reaching from front to rear where a glass-paned door opens upon a section of garden behind the house. The generous proportions of the hall give an air of spaciousness that is hardly anticipated from the compact and modest external dimensions of the house. For the Old Stone House is really a small house as compared with that of Timothy and Esther Ball, yet it has a warm and unpretentious dignity about it that appears to have little relation to its size. From the hall, on the right-hand side, two doors lead into front and back parlors, each of which has a diagonal fireplace, the two opening into one massive chimney as in the case of the parlor fireplaces in the Timothy Ball house. Toward the back of the hall on the left, a staircase leads up to a landing on which a window looks out into the garden. The light from this window and from the rear door makes the hallway cheerful and pleasant. The stairs proceed to a second floor, now modernized by dormer windows in the roof and divisions into bedrooms, but having been, in the day when

---

artist. Her being sister to Asher B. Durand gave her a kind of eminence about which she was very modest, but which appealed to her imagination. Her housekeeping was perfect. One will hardly in a lifetime taste the superior of the butter she made and rounded out into great 'rolls.' "

[2] See p. 148.

it was built, a loft not too brightly lighted from the north by small windows.

Opposite the doors into the two parlors another door opens into an ell built on a slightly lower level that requires two steps down to achieve its wide old floorboards. This ell is built of wood and may possibly be of later construction than the stone part, although the evidence points to its being very nearly if not quite as old. It is even possible that it is older than the stone part. Not infrequently the first settler on new land built hastily a modest shelter, and only in later years when affluence and standing had arrived did he or his successor "build on" what in these days appears to be the main part of the house. If this is true of the Old Stone House, then the original first unit was the wooden part with its low half-story sleeping-loft above, probably reached by a ladder and trap-door. This wooden ell may have been built very early and the date 1774 may belong only to the later stone part. Joseph Pierson's father, Deacon Bethuel Pierson, is said in *Ward's History of Essex County* (1884) to have "had a stone addition added to his dwelling-house." He died in 1791, aged ninety years, leaving two sons, Cyrus "who inherited the homestead, and 'Deacon' Joseph who owned and resided in the 'stone house' situated on the corner of Jefferson Avenue and the road to Pierson's mills."

In any case, the presence in this room of a huge old fireplace with Dutch oven obviously long-used for cooking indicates that this was the kitchen of the house and general center of family living from a very early day. Its ceiling is low and roughly beamed. There are windows and a door toward the front, the latter facilitating its use, first as a "front" door, possibly, later as store and waiting-room, if need be. An extension of the sloping roof above projects out over the doorway, affording protection from the weather for those going in or out. As a kitchen in the old days, and the bustling center of household activities, it must have been cheerful, warm and comfortable; transformed into a present-day dining-room, it has great charm.

The secluded setting of the Old Stone House today, screened almost equally from the street and from the railroad by the foliage of oaks and elms, of fruit trees and dogwood, gives it a rare privacy in a town like Maplewood. Long before the day when it was a store and railroad stop, however, it stood prominently beside the Valley Road between South Orange and Springfield.

Until late in the 1800's, Valley Street, as we know it, ran from South Orange only as far as Parker Avenue, the Crowell farm south of Parker Avenue at that point preventing Valley Street from cutting through. At Parker Avenue one traveling south on Valley Street in that early day had to turn west and cross the bridge over the River where the road turned south again across what was then the foot of Jefferson Avenue, and passed close in front of the Old Stone House. It shortly crossed back again over the River to continue along the route of present-day Valley Street. The short stretch of Dunnell Road which today lies between Parker and Jefferson Avenues west of the railroad tracks is a remnant of that early road.

In the early 1930's the United States Department of the Interior conducted an Historic American Buildings Survey consisting of photographs, measured drawings and descriptions of some 6,000 "houses, churches, public buildings, mills, bridges, and all other types of structures important in the cultural and economic history of the United States." The Old Stone House was included in this Survey and now boasts possession of the following certificate:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Washington, D. C.

This is to certify that
the Historic Building known as

OGDEN HOUSE

In the County of Essex in the State of New Jersey has been selected by the Advisory Committee of the
Historic American Buildings Survey

as possessing exceptional historic or architectural interest and as being worthy of most careful preservation for the benefit of future generations and that to this end a record of its present appearance and condition has been made and deposited for permanent reference in the Library of Congress.

Signed by Harold L. Ickes
Secretary of the Interior

The Tichenor House*

The shingled house standing diagonally on the northeast corner of Parker Avenue and Academy Street is known traditionally both as the Tichenor place and the Betsy Hand house, Betsy Hand having been born Betsy Tichenor. The house as it stands today was built at two different times, the part on the southwest side being the older. From internal evidence based on the type of its hardware—wrought nails, hinges and locks—as well as the trammels which antedated the swinging crane in the chimney, it seems probable that this half of the house was built about 1750.

It was originally a small house, only a story and a half in height, a low-ceilinged first-floor room having a half-story above it, and a lean-to at the back providing another small room. There were no stairs to the loft, but a trapdoor and a ladder for climbing. The first floor thus comprised two rooms, the front one of the two being the kitchen and living-room, the smaller one behind being used probably as a bedroom. The beams in the front-room ceiling that support the floor of the loft above continue through to this back room, so that these two rooms, together with the loft above, appear to have comprised the original house.

The square low kitchen on the front was the center of life in that little house, with an enormous chimney and fireplace on the west wall furnishing its primary feature. The chimney projects four feet into the room and is of massive size for so small a house. A huge long block of stone extends across the fireplace opening at the top where the mantel usually is, and is flush with the chimney wall above. An opening to a Dutch oven on the right was for a long time filled up with brick but is now open. The outside projection of the oven has disappeared. The stone used is the common red sandstone of the region. A doorway beside the fireplace opens on the Academy Street side of the house. This was the "front" door in that early day and entered directly into the kitchen from outside. In the rear room a smaller fireplace in one corner on a slight diagonal appears to use the kitchen chimney, but the two fireplaces are in no sense so precisely related or designed as in the case of the twin fireplaces in the parlors of the Timothy Ball house, and of the Old Stone House.

---

* Now owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Nies.

When the east half was added sometime near 1800 a narrow hallway between the old half and the new provided just enough room for a steep staircase to a full-height second story. The newer half shows certain evidences of a modest affluence and of a desire for elegance, as for example, the handrail of mahogany on the staircase. Its design is similar to the one in the Amzi Ball house, being narrow and easy for the hand to grasp, and curving down to the bottom step, its graceful sweep uninterrupted by a newel post. A new outside door was made to enter the hall opposite the foot of the stairs from the Parker Avenue side of the house, now the front. This door is an interesting one. In panels at the top there are two bull's-eye lights with the thick knobs of the glass-blower's pipe unusually prominent. The door itself is heavy with old hardware.

In the early day when this house was built there were open woods all about, from Academy Street up the slopes eastward as far as Boyden Avenue. Walnut trees predominated, among oaks and sycamores. A few still remain here and there in backyards. Most of them were cleared away early to make way for farms, and much of the oak and walnut timber cut down for that reason went into the structural framework and the interior finish of the early houses. Thus even a small farmhouse like the Tichenor house has beams of walnut and wide floorboards of oak. An odd fact about this property today is that eight feet along the Academy Street line of the lot do not belong to the present owners, being still involved in an old will. The stone hitching-post in the front yard bearing the date 1747 was brought from elsewhere and does not belong to the house.

The House on "Necessity Corner"*

THE yellow house on the corner of Ridgewood Road and Baker Street has been a landmark to generations of Maplewoodians. It gives a touch of early New England to a neighborhood that is now overwhelmingly modern New Jersey. Its site on the map of 1815 is marked "Necessity Corner" because, as John Durand explains, the schoolhouse stood there. Although hidden from view by later additions to the house, the schoolhouse still stands on its identical site and is, in its essential features, much as it was in 1800 and before. It has served for many years as the dining-room of the house.

---

* For many years it has been affectionately known as "the Doctor Taylor house."

It is reputed to have been built in the first place as a tavern, and it appears to be certain that during the Revolution it was used as such, and that Washington occasionally stopped there for refreshment when he was in the vicinity. Cupboard shelves with their solid doors are still in place, showing much use. At the rear a small entry gives access to a stairway that leads to what were originally two sleeping-rooms over the tavern. The upper rooms are no longer as they were, but the entry and the staircase are unchanged. Unchanged also are the wood paneling, the low ceiling and the fireplace with a mantel of wood ornamented by a simple border, hand-carved. Even the tavern's front door is as it used to be, although later additions across the front of the house have made it open into a front hall instead of directly out of doors.

Following Revolutionary times the Village school took over the little building. Sessions were irregular in those days, being largely dependent on itinerant schoolmasters and on the willingness of parents to pay the fees. A teacher[1] is known to have conducted school here in 1784. Not long after 1800 Asher B. Durand went to school here for several years. The little building continued to serve as the Village schoolhouse, used also for preaching services occasionally on Sundays, until 1833 when a new school building was projected. The little, square, one-room building was sold to Calvin H. Gardner for sixty-five dollars.

Whether Gardner turned it into a dwelling is not known, nor how long he owned it. During the years that followed it was variously owned and occupied, additions being added to it from time to time. During all these years its principal neighbors were trees and brook, the latter flowing down from the Roosevelt estate, "The Hickories," crossing the slope north of the house and continuing down Baker Street. The elm tree that is still one of the beauties of that corner had its beginning in these earlier days, for it is remembered fifty years ago as a handsome and impressive tree.

By 1900 the house was owned in Newark and was falling into a disrepair that was generally looked upon as hopeless. But in

---

[1] The teacher was Norris Baker, who settled on land along Baker Street and above on the mountain. He was the great-grandfather of Harry J. Baker.

1907 it had the good fortune to be bought by Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor in whose sympathetic hands it soon took on a new life of character and charm. Subsequent changes and additions that provided necessary office and modern dwelling-space were made with understanding and skill. The little tavern-school became the dining-room, all of its salient features preserved. So skillfully have the old and the new been blended that the house stands today as one of the most distinguished dwellings in Maplewood.

The Fleming House*

THE Fleming house appears to be the oldest of the four houses that were built by early Balls along Parker Avenue. The original Ball tract of land on the east slope of the valley lay on the north side of Parker Avenue between Boyden and Prospect, extending northward as far as Irvington Avenue. Aaron was the first Ball to take land in this section, settling here in 1741 and dying in 1752, when his will was probated. He was a brother of Timothy, who had taken land on the mountain side of the valley and had, in 1743, built what is now Washington Inn.

Aaron's will left all his "land and meadow" to his sons Silas and Joseph, and one hundred pounds to his son Aaron "to be paid by Silas and Joseph when he [Aaron] reaches the age of twenty-one years." On May 14, 1772, Silas conveyed to his brother Aaron, now twenty-one years old, thirteen acres of land for one hundred pounds. These acres appear to have been conveyed to Aaron in lieu of the hundred pounds left him in their father's will. This land lay along the north side of Parker between Norfolk and Richmond Avenues. Since no mention is made of a house on the land, the supposition is that Aaron, having learned the shoemaker's trade and being ready to settle down, built himself a house and a shop. The latter is said to have been standing as late as 1885. The date when the house was built could not have been far from 1775. This Aaron was the father of Dorcas Ball who was born in 1785, very likely in this house. She became the wife of Aaron Brown.[1]

The house has many of the earmarks of a very early one. Its height was originally only one story with a loft. Its gable is wide and gently sloping, its ceilings are low, its two stone chimneys are huge in proportion to the dimensions of the walls, and its fireplaces are broad and deep. The wide oak floorboards are two inches thick. Oak beams are held together with pegs for the most part, although wrought-iron and copper nails have been found. So hard is the wood in the beams today after 173 years that the modern wire nail is unable to penetrate it. The walls of the house are of brick under the clapboards. It is a small and unpretentious house, but its solid strength and unaffected simplicity convey a sense of security, comfort and charm that can hardly be exaggerated.

---

* Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Homer Fleming.

[1] See p. 211.

The Ripley House*

A HOUSE of unusual interest is the Ripley house at 523 Ridgewood Road. Two acres of the original farm land that originally belonged to the house when it was built lie on the mountain slope behind the house providing a wooded background of great beauty. On the 1815 map the house marked "H. Durand" on "Grub Street" is probably this house. Who its builder was is not known, nor the date of its building, with certainty. From its plan and construction it appears probable that it was built well before 1800, perhaps even as early as 1774, which is a date mentioned.

The south half of the house is the original part, the north half having been added much later. The spreading south gable, only a story and a half high, and its huge stone chimney-base are external evidences of an early date. Within, the hallway follows the usual early plan of extending from front to rear, with a staircase originally enclosed but now open. Its balustrade dates from the mid-1800's when the house was enlarged by a considerable addition on the north.

On the left of the hall there were originally two rooms, each with a fireplace of its own. Unlike the twin fireplaces noted elsewhere[1], only one of these was on the diagonal, the larger one being parallel with the outside wall. The front and larger of the two original rooms was undoubtedly the kitchen, for the huge, deep fireplace with its Dutch oven was clearly used for preparing the family meals. The smaller room behind the kitchen had a smaller fireplace extending diagonally across the corner of the chimney, one end of which formed a part of the dividing wall between the two rooms. This back room was very likely a bedroom. The present long living-room, made of these two rooms thrown together, thus has the unique distinction of possessing two fireplaces opening into one chimney. The chimney is of huge proportions and projects into the room almost four feet. Its hearthstone and the stones lining the fireplace opening appear to be original. Upstairs there are two bedrooms under the sloping roof, having the old uneven sloping floors, and one with a small fireplace opening into the chimney. In the basement thick stone walls supplement the stone chimney base in supporting oak beams and joists as sturdily as when the house was built.

---

* Owned by Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ripley.

[1] See the Timothy Ball house, the Old Stone House and the Littell house.

This house has fortunately been in good hands during its one hundred and fifty or more years. The north and later half, both upstairs and down, is well-planned and interesting in its own right. The rooms are spacious and handsome, indicative of the more comfortable and easy living of a later era. Outwardly, this later part harmonizes well with the earlier even though, being a full two stories in height instead of a story and a half, it tends to overshadow the older half. The front porch belongs, of course, to the later time. Altogether, the house, made up though it is of two parts, one pre-Revolution perhaps, and one post-Civil War, achieves a remarkably mellow and harmonious unity.

The Amzi Ball House

A DISTINGUISHED stone house known as the Amzi Ball house stood until 1929 on Parker Avenue near Boyden. It had been built in 1787 by Joseph Ball, son of Aaron and grandson of Thomas Ball. Aaron Ball was a brother of Timothy who built what is now Washington Inn, and of Ezekiel, who built Tuscan Hall in North Farms. Either the Balls as a family had a tradition of substantial houses behind them, or they were emulating each other in brotherly rivalry. In any event they built solidly and well.

An earlier stone house had stood on the site of the one built in

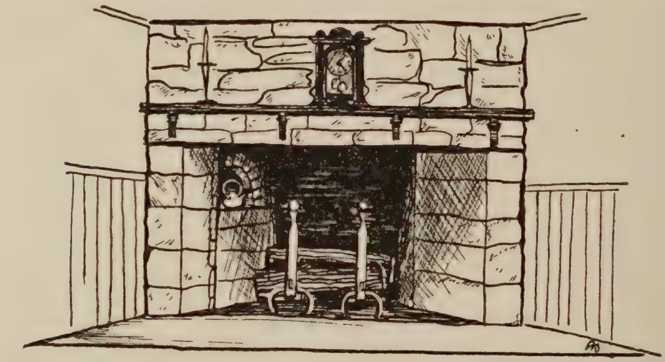
1787. It is not known whether Aaron Ball, who was the original settler among the Balls in the Parker Avenue section, built this earlier house himself or found it standing on the tract of land when he took possession in 1741. An earthquake is said to have weakened its walls so that Aaron's son Joseph tore down the house; and, planning a larger one, he used the original stones for the ends and back wall, but laid up the front with new stones carefully matched as to color, and sought out from quarries at considerable distances. The stone part of the house was fifty feet across the front, with an ell of wood at one end. The house stood well back from the road on the north side of Parker Avenue, reached from the road by a country lane. This lane is now Briarcliffe Court and is solidly built up with recent new houses.

Until 1927 five generations of Balls lived in this house, all descendants of Joseph the builder. In that year it was sold by the Ball family, and subsequently it passed through a short period of neglect, finally ending with a fire which did considerable damage to its interior. Being deemed by the owner in too bad condition to salvage, it was sold in 1929 to a company that was developing Wychwood, an early American residential section, in Westfield. The purchasers, with an appreciative eye on its quality as a fine old house, carefully removed all the undamaged woodwork and hardware, which proved to be considerable; took down the walls stone by stone, marked each one, and transported them to Westfield where the house was rebuilt in Wychwood Drive as a handsome example of early American architecture. It stands among apple trees, with a split rail fence between it and the road, and with the original well curb and sweep in the garden at the back. Within, although considerably modernized, especially in the second story, it retains most of the features of its early floor plan, and much of its early charm.

As it stood on Parker Avenue, its interior woodwork was made of walnut from trees that grew on the farm of seventy acres that surrounded the house. It had at that time two parlors at the west end with a diagonal fireplace in each room opening into a massive stone chimney, an arrangement found in the Timothy Ball house, in the Old Stone House, and in the Littell house. A wide and handsome front door opened into a spacious hall that extended to the rear wall of the house where a second door opened out toward the back. The staircase on the right-hand side of the hall was of walnut with slender spindles and a graceful handrail that curved down to the bottom step without a newel post. The double parlors were entered by doors on the left side of the hall, with the dining-room opening on the right. In the dining-room there was also a fireplace on the east wall, its chimney, which served the kitchen in the ell, being of brick instead of stone. The stone chimney at the west or parlor end of the house had a stone set into it bearing the date 1787. Nowadays chimney and date look down on Westfield apple trees.

The Littell House*

The house at 455 Ridgewood Road, sometimes called the Littell house, stands diagonally with relation to the street, and is fortunate in still having about it an acre of the land which was formerly the farm to which the house belonged. A modern front entrance and dormer windows somewhat belie its early age. It has, however, two fine stone chimney-bases set flush with the clapboards at either end of the house, and they, together with the wide gables of which they are essential parts, give definite testimony to its early origin. Inside, it has the unique distinction of twin fireplaces set diagonally so as to use the same chimney, at both ends of the house, making four diagonal fireplaces on one floor. This, as has been said elsewhere, repeats a structural arrangement



DIAGONAL FIREPLACE

---

* Owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Williamson.

that was locally much used in the day when the fireplace was the only way to heat a room and rooms were therefore of small dimensions with low ceilings, and carefully closed off. The broad central hallway runs from front door to back. The staircase was originally enclosed with a door at its foot for conservation of heat, but is now open with the wide handrail and heavy newel post of the middle 1800's. Hand-hewn oak beams in the basement and the original wide floorboards retain their solid strength.

The date of the house is thought to be about 1800. Sometime after 1806 Noah Littell was living in this house which, however, he is believed not to have built. On the map of 1815 there are two houses on "Grub Street," or Ridgewood Road, marked "N. B. Little," and "N. Little," either one of which may be the Noah Littell house. Noah Littell's wife was Jane Gildersleeve, one of the same Gildersleeve family to which "Elder" Joseph Gildersleeve[1] belonged.

A much smaller house belonging to the same farm stood opposite on the east side of Ridgewood Road. It still stands at right angles to the road as it did then, but now close to the sidewalk behind a white picket fence. It early comprised only the part toward the road, the rear being of a much later date, as is also the fan-like carving over its front door and windows.

The Aaron Brown House*

THE house at 81 Parker Avenue, still known as the Aaron Brown house, stands on original Ball land and was built by a member of the Ball family, in this case a woman, Dorcas Ball, and her husband, Aaron Brown. Dorcas Ball was born in 1785, the daughter of the second Aaron Ball.[1] Sometime about 1805 she married Aaron Brown and brought to her marriage some of the Ball land of her father. Not long after this she and Aaron Brown built the substantial house still standing on the corner of Parker and Richmond Avenues.

It was and still is another house that follows the Ball tradition of fine proportion, solid construction and roomy dignity. It was a story-and-a-half house at first, and its floor plan followed the long-tried, familiar arrangement of central hall containing the staircase, square double parlors on the one side, and dining-room and kitchen space on the other. The hall was commodious with a rear door that looked out toward the back. The two parlors on the west each had a diagonal fireplace, both opening into one huge chimney. The house now has two full stories. Of this enlargement Charles Newton Brown, great-grandson of Aaron, writes: "In 1880 it was a story and a half house. The old rafters were removed and new ones substituted, and of course a new roof—of split cypress shingles, every one of which was planed to make straight edges."[2] The house is fortunate in having always been well cared-for. Some of its original floorboards are still in use, and the present large and handsome living-room, created when the partition between the two parlors was removed, is made notable by one large fireplace and hearth which replaces the two diagonal ones.

---

* Now owned by Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Katzin.

[1] See p. 35.

It was built as a farmhouse, but the farm has disappeared and its surrounding acres have been sheared off to make way for suburban development. It stands at an angle not far back from the sidewalk, behind two huge sycamore trees that provide not only dense shade but a certain seclusion that adds much to its dignity and impressiveness.

The Brick House*

The Brick House at 18 Tuscan Road is a landmark to most Maplewood residents, being widely known as one of the earliest schoolhouses in the town. It was built in 1831 on what David N. Beach describes as a "sizeable area just north of a great ravine, broken out by a freshet in a brook that gurgled through its bottom. The brook, the possibility of building dams within it, and the schoolhouse itself on the dry and suitable area above, caused the location to be exceptionally good in respect to the out-door recess and noon times of the children."[1]

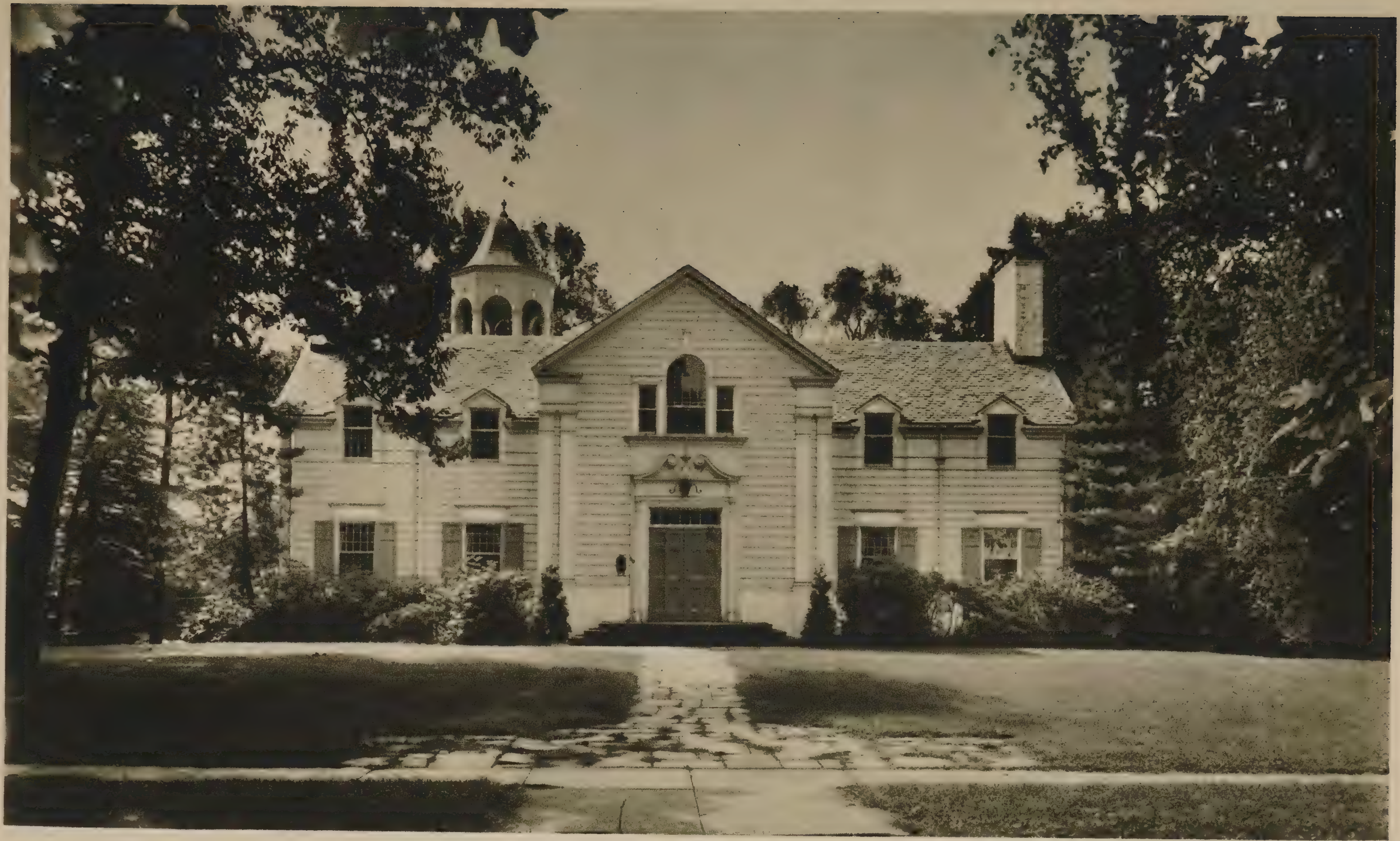
How much of its present structure dates from this early time, beyond its brick walls and probably the central location of its chimney, is conjectural. It seems probable that as a schoolhouse it

---

[2] From a letter to the present owners, written in October, 1940.

* Now owned by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Yerg.

[1] *Reminiscences and Annals of the Beach Family*, by David N. Beach.



Maplewood Woman's Club

Duck Pond, Memorial Park

had no second story and no mansard roof as today, but a common gable roof over the schoolroom. Heat was very likely supplied by a stove set in the middle of the room, the stove-pipe mounting straight to the ceiling and to the chimney above. During its thirty-seven years as a school it was used frequently for preaching services on Sunday and for other meetings.

When the two School Districts in the town were merged in 1868, the Brick School was sold. It was bought by Samuel P. Brown for $400 and turned by him into a dwelling house. The large space of the schoolroom was divided up into various rooms for living, with a partition wall providing a fireplace to replace the schoolroom stove. Perhaps at this time or perhaps later, a more roomy second story was provided by substituting for the early gable the mansard roof still in place today. The mansard roof was in the very heyday of its popularity in the 1860's. The second story thus provided is today much as it was near 1868, together with staircase and hallway. Extensive modernization of the first floor has left structural features generally unchanged except for enlarged window space and a pair of French doors, all skillfully designed for comfortable modern living.

The Pierson House

The Pierson house at 693 Valley Street is one of the notable houses in the town. It stands alone among early Maplewood houses in having still about it a large share of the land that comprised the original Pierson farm. It is distinguished in a number of ways, first and foremost being perhaps that it has been lived in by successive generations of Piersons through all of its hundred and five years of existence. It has gone through no periods of neglect but has had at all times watchful and affectionate care. The only other house in Maplewood with a similar family history is the Philander Ball house on Parker Avenue. The Pierson house is distinguished also in being an affluent house, designed and built for gracious living. It stands as it was built, its sturdy and well-proportioned mass, its classic columned portico, and its wide overhanging gable unaltered. It was built in 1843 by Lewis Pierson who had erected the Mill twelve years earlier. As has been told elsewhere,[1] this is the second Pierson house, the first having been torn down to make way for it.

Inside the house the classical influence continues in evidence. Fluted door and window jambs in the two parlors that occupy the front of the house repeat the fluted effect of the columns of the portico. Marble mantels brought from Italy follow lines of classic simplicity and dignity. These front rooms, high-ceilinged, generous in their proportions, which a wide doorway between them tends to enhance, give a clear impression of the judgment and good taste of the planners, as well as of the unhurried and skilled workmanship that went into its building.

In 1843 the fireplace both for heating and for cooking was still an important adjunct in every house. So it is not surprising to find that the chimney of the fireplace in one of the two parlors was used also by the kitchen fireplace in the room behind. That chimney was a gigantic one, being nearly five feet deep. Built of stone, its base is an anchor for the entire structure. The old kitchen is now the dining-room, and the space where the fireplace formerly was has become an arched and enclosed china-cupboard.

The staircase at the rear of the parlors is an interesting example of a stairway completely walled on both sides, and with its original woodwork unaltered. Upstairs, the hall, from front to back, and the bedrooms remain much as they were.

The air of distinction that the house possesses is accented by numerous old and handsome pieces of furniture, some of which date from the first little Pierson house that once stood near-by.

The Philander Ball House*

THE Philander Ball house which stands on Parker Avenue near Boyden was built by Philander Ball in 1849. He and his brother Richard Harrison were born in the stone house which their grandfather Joseph had built.[1] In the years since Joseph's day additional land had been acquired by the Balls on the south side of Parker, so when the two brothers inherited the farm they divided it, Richard Harrison keeping the original home place

[1] See p. 40.

* Occupied by Mrs. John G. Ball.

[1] The Amzi Ball house.

with the stone house, and Philander taking the land on the south side of Parker and building a new house on it.

The house still stands as it was built, two full stories in height, built on square lines, with two tall chimneys on the east and west ends, a large, impressive, white house of great dignity. It was a farmhouse in the day when it was built, with many acres about it; now it stands in the midst of one acre of pleasant grounds a short distance back from the street, screened from the traffic by a tall hedge.

This is another house in the best Ball tradition, although of a later date. Hall, parlors and dining-room are spacious and of fine dignity. The staircase is a much more prominent feature of the hall than in the earlier houses, having a wide and heavy handrail and newel post in keeping with the style of the period in which it was built. The glass side-panels at the front door are original glass. The door is furnished with the china door-knobs belonging to its era, as well as with a bell-pull that rings a sweet-toned brass bell on the inside wall near the top of the door. The pine floor-boards, fifteen inches wide, are still in place but are now covered with oak. The house boasts six fireplaces, four on the first floor and two on the second.

The Sayre House*

FINALLY, the Sayre house, facing on a quiet bit of Tuscan Road that used to be called "Academy Street" in Hilton, stands in the serene retirement of old age, with its back to the hurrying traffic on Springfield Avenue. It is a small house, a story and a half in height, with three little windows under the eaves that testify to its lengthening years. Except for a modern front entrance it stands as it was built apparently, inside as well as out. The date of its building was sometime near 1850, from the evidence of the size and style of its chimney and the type of its fireplace. The latter, a feature of the front room, is tall, slender, and not deep enough ever to have been designed for cooking. There is no other chimney that could have furnished a kitchen fireplace.

No small part of the charm of this house lies in its setting. Though not far back from the street, it is screened in front by trees and by clumps of boxwood that are said to be as old as the house. It still possesses on its east side an extensive garden that in summertime is a rich assortment of colorful blossoms and thrifty vegetables. It calls to mind the day not so many years ago when every house on the block was surrounded by a garden, when strawberries filled every "vacant" lot, and the whole neighborhood was famous for sweet peas and bachelor's-buttons grown by William Brown on the opposite corner. A line of trees and shrubs at the rear holds back the encroaching business on Springfield Avenue. May the day be long in coming when this gracious little house, a reminder of the dignity and simplicity of an earlier day, shall have to disappear in the interest of progress.

---

* Owned and occupied by Mrs. Horace Sayre.

Index

Aborn Opera in Hilton, 89, 135
Ackerson, T. B., 78
Allen, Samuel, 36
Allston, Washington, 9, 18, 22
American Academy of Fine Arts, 20
Anderson, the Reverend Charles A., 75 footnote
Arcularius, Edward R., 79
"Artist Lane," 9, 76, 162
"Aunt Rachel," 8, 9 footnote
Austin, Edward, 168

"Babel Chapel," 8, 35
Badger, Edward, 53, 58
Baker, Harry J., 60 footnote, 148-149, 157, 161; General Store, 60 footnote, 148, 157, 159, 165, 171, 175
Baker, Levi, 159
Baker, Norris, 60 footnote, 205 footnote
Baker, Thomas, 56, 60 footnote, 147, 161, 167, 177
Balch, E. C. Sr., 157, 160, 161, 162, 163-164, 171, 187
Balch, H. N., 160
Baldwin, David C., 112
Baldwin, John, 61
Ball, Aaron, first, 206, 208ff.
Ball, Aaron, second, 206, 211
Ball, Amzi, 132; Homestead, 208ff.
Ball, Arthur, 196
Ball, Charles M., 58
Ball, Dorcas, wife of Aaron Brown, 206, 211
Ball, Edward, 79, 82, 194
Ball, Ezekiel, 80
Ball, Joseph, 206, 208ff., 214
Ball, Mary, mother of Washington, 196
Ball, Noah, 57
Ball, Orville, 159, 163
Ball, Philander, 213, 214-215
Ball, Richard Harrison, 214
Ball, Silas, 206
Ball, Thomas, 79, 194, 208
Ball, Timothy, 80, 194ff., 206, 208; Timothy and Esther, 194ff.
Baptist Chapel, 35, 53, 57, 58, 185; and Grave yard, 58, 144
Bataille, Mr., 85
Beach, "Aunt Betsy" Durand, 45, 199
Beach, Daniel, 45, 50, 148ff., 181, 199ff.
Beach, David, 50-51, 179
Beach, David J., and J. Wycliffe, 48
Beach, David and Juniah, 48, 51
Beach, the Reverend David Nelson, 41 footnote, 43ff., 212
Becker family, 82, 90, 106; Carl, 131; John, 90; Louis, 90, 97, 130, 131; Norman, 90-91, 108, 132; Will, 109; William, 90
Becker's Grove, 88, 90, 129, 135
Beldome, J., 59
Berg hat factory, 83
Berry, Dr. Howard, 158, 162
Bicker, Henry, 162, 177-178
Bicycle races, 85-86, 134, 158, 166
Blizzard of 1888, 128, 139
"Bom Fort," 8
Borden, Milo, 187
Boyden, Seth, 94, 103ff., 131ff., 146, 149
Brick School House, 46 footnote, 56, 62-63, 212
Brower, Charles D., 145, 157
Brower, "Judge" Robert D., 145, 150, 157, 159, 160
Brown, Aaron, 48, 146, 206, 211-212
Brown, Dr. Bonnell, 58, 60; Hannah Baker, his wife, 33, 58; Cyrus Durand, his son, 58; Susan, his daughter, 58
Brown, Charles Newton, 212
Brown, Elmer, 136
Brown, Isaac P., 56
Brown, Ogden, 100, 107, 120
Brown, Dr. Phoebe, 96, 100ff., 132
Brown, Samuel P., 33, 63, 213
Brown, William, 120, 216
Brown, W. T., 96
Bruen, James M., 118, 119
Bryant, Mrs. Blanche, 36 footnote
Bryant, William Cullen, 9, 16, 19ff., 26
Buggy races, 85
Burnet, Timothy, 82, 99ff., 118, 120, 147, 168
Burnet, William, 147
Buttz, Henry A., 117

Campbell, John, 170
Camptown, 81, 82, 99

"Captain Sam," 8
"Captain Smith," 8
Carpenter, Daniel Hoagland, 38, 53ff., 63, 69 footnote, 80, 187
Casey, Carol Van Ness, 93, 94
Century Club, 21
Chapman, Dominie, 96, 132
Charlton, Dr. John R., 182ff.
Cherry Valley, 62, 150
Clark, the Reverend George W., 198
Clark, John B., 57
Clinton Hills, 43 footnote, 54, 55, 63, 173
Clinton Valley, 62, 148, 150, 200
Clover, Dr. L. P., 25
Cochran, Dave, 167
Cockburn, Peter, 76
Cole, Thomas, 9
Columbia High School, 144, 181
Congregational Christian Church, 119
Connecticut Farms, 52, 118
Conners, Mrs. Louise Briden, 97
Coon Road, 196
Cooper, James Fenimore, 19
Cope, George F., 82, 90, 91, 98ff., 114, 128, 138; Fred, 133, 138; John, 133, 138; Will, 133, 138; Charlie, 133, 138
Court House Election, 87-88
Courter, David, 166, 167, 168
Courter family, 82
Courter farm, 146, 168, 176
Courter, John E., 80
"Crooked Brook," 8, 36, 183
Crowell, Aaron, 48, 50, 148, 200
Crowell, Abner, 37
Crowell, Charles R., 56, 66, 148, 151
Crowell cider mill, 28, 48, 144, 159, 162, 179ff.
Crowell farm, 49, 148, 179ff., 202
Crowell house, 28, 45, 179, 181
Crowell, James, 48, 50, 177
Crowell, John Durand, 48, 50
Crowell, Newton, 55 footnote
Currier, Thornton, 158
Curtiss, W. H., 78, 164
Custer, General George A., 123

Dare, Hezekiah, 55 footnote
Day, Emma, 96
Day's Hill, 88
DeGrasse, Charles, 146, 158, 166, 172
DeHart, John, 171, 187
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 43, 64, 149ff., 165, 169, 182, 199
Deserted Village, The, Oliver Goldsmith, 15
Dickenson, Mary, 61
"Dominie Lane," 8
Doody, John, 76
Doremus, Amos, 138
Dunnell, Abijah, 151, 152
Dunnell, George, 151
Dunnell, Joseph, 151
Dunnell Mill, 144, 147
Durand, Adjutant, 59
Durand, Asher Brown, 3ff., 9ff., 60, 68, 146, 186, 205
Durand, Caleb, 33, 35, 57, 58
Durand, Caroline, daughter of Asher, 20
Durand, Cyrus, 8 footnote, 17, 58
Durand, E. W., 106
Durand, Frederick C., son of Asher, 22, 162, 186 footnote
Durand, Helen Thompson, wife of Frederick, 25 footnote, 186 footnote
Durand, Henry, son of Asher, 22
Durand, John, father of Asher, 9
Durand, John, son of Asher, 3, 10ff., 20, 35, 204
Durand, Lucy, daughter of Asher, 20
Durand, Lucy Baldwin, wife of Asher, 15
Durand, Mary Frank, wife of Asher, 22
Durand, Susan, 58
Duryea, Jacques and Company, 110

Eager, George W., 157
Edison, Thomas A., 71ff., 74, 153, 165
Edison Electric Light Company, 66
Edwards, Jonathan, 50, 195
Eggert, William, 55 footnote
Elizabeth, 88
"Elysian Fields," 19 footnote
Episcopal Church, St. George's, 162, 172, 177-178
Every Month, 84, 101, 118, 123ff.

"Factory Pond," 8
Fay, Gaston, 25
Feindt, L. E., 176
Foster, Henry W., 27
Fourth of July, 137, 164, 167, 171, 172, 184ff.
Foyle, Richard, 150
Freeman, Fannie, 178
Freeman, William (Billy), 158, 165-166, 172
Fuller, George, 186

Gant, Emma, 130
Gant family, 82, 116
Gardner, Aaron, 60
Gardner, Calvin, 55 footnote, 58, 62, 205
Gardner, Elijah, 55 footnote
Gardner, Mrs. Elijah, 150
Gardner, Ezra, 55 footnote
Gardner, Maria, 58
Gardner, Randolph, 162
Gardner, Samuel, 162, 171, 177
Gardner, Uriah, 60
Gavin, Jimmy, 136
Gerhardt, Karl, 111
Gildersleeve, Asa, 36 footnote
Gildersleeve, Caleb, 55 footnote
Gildersleeve, Caleb, son of Elder Joseph, 37
Gildersleeve, Ezra, father of Joseph, 36ff.
Gildersleeve, Ezra, brother of Joseph, 37
Gildersleeve, Ezra, son of Joseph, 38, 58
Gildersleeve, Jane, 211
Gildersleeve, John, grandfather of Joseph, 36
Gildersleeve, John, son of Joseph, 37, 38, 53, 55 footnote
Gildersleeve, Elder Joseph, 35ff., 57, 58, 60, 211
Gildersleeve, Mary, wife of Joseph, 37, 38, 58
Gildersleeve, Sally, daughter of Joseph, 38, 58
Gildersleeve, Mathias, 151
Goldsmith, William, 175
Goodrich, Pastor, 133
Gospel Chapel, 119
Governors Island, 4
"Great Maple Swamp," 8
Griffith, Edward, 96
"Grub Street," 8, 35

Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 9, 16, 19
Halsey, Edmund R., 86, 135-136, 170
Halsey, Mrs. Edmund R., 117
Hand, Betsy, 48, 203
Hand, Moses, 30 footnote
Hand, Uriah, 60
Hardin, John R., 193
Hastings dairy farm, 90
Hausmann, Ernest W., 80
Hausmann's Pond, 106
Hawkins family, 82, 192
Hawkins, William, 89-90
Headley's General Store, 84, 136
Headley, Leonard, 82
Headley, William C., 96
"Heathen Street," 8, 35
"The Hickories," 76ff., 205
Hilton, 27, 53, 67, 79 footnote, 85, 130ff., 135, 145, 173, 215
Hilton Free Public Library, 92, 96-97, 133
Hilton Hotel, 84, 85, 135
Hiltonia, 100, 147, 168
Hilton "Indians," 87, 129
Hilton Methodist Church, 93, 114 footnote, 115ff., 131, 133, 135, 145
Historic American Buildings Survey, 202
Hoboken, 19, 23
Hogan, Caleb, 58
Hogan, Ira, 58
Hotel Hilton, 134
Houston, Gavin, 156
Howell, William, 96
Hudson, Hendrick, 4
Hurst, Bishop John F., 117

Ingersolls, 147
Inman, John, 9, 16
Inness, George, 186
Irving, Washington, 9, 16
Irvington, 86, 145ff.
Irvington-Millburn road race, 166

Jacobs, Captain, 159
Jefferson Village, 3ff., 27, 31, 35ff., 39, 54, 60ff., 69, 82, 144, 150, 173, 188, 194, 200
Jerolaman family, 82
Jerolaman, Henry, 106ff., 120, 131, 146
Jerolaman, Ella, 96
Job, Dr., 56
Jones, George Clifford, 99, 128ff.

Keller, Sam, 137, 138
Kemp, William H., 67, 161, 187
Keyes, Leonhard, 167, 187
Knowles, Dr., 175
Knox, William H., 168

Laidlaw, Walter, 76-77
Lake George, 24
Lake, James R., 160
Lake, Mrs., 165
Lee, Mrs. Clayton D., 75 footnote
Leney, W. S., 12
Leni Lenape Indians, 81
Lightning Brook, 84, 106 footnote, 129, 131

Liquor drinking, 28, 34 footnote, 170
Littell House, 210-211
Littell, Noah, 211
Little, Aline, 59
"Little Maple Swamp," 8
Lockwood, R. M., 53
Lockwood's Hotel, 84, 135
Looby, James, 166
Low, George E., 58, 187
Lowenthal, Dr., 167
Lyon, Joseph, 59

MacKenzie, Mrs. A. E., 75 footnote
MacMasters, Maxwell, 187
Main, Lucius C., 119
Manners, Lottie, 65
Map of Jefferson Village, 8
Maplecrest Park, 79, 85, 115, 129, 168, 192
Maplewood, 53ff., 67, 69ff., 143ff., 150, 173, 182ff., 188ff.
Maplewood Country Club, 147, 163-164, 166, 171, 183
Maplewood Field Club, 164, 166, 171
Maplewood Inn, 84
Marshall, Thomas, Vice-President of the U.S., 184
Maverick, Peter, 9ff.
Maxwell, James B., 67, 70, 155
Mayer, Dr. Alfred, 25 footnote
McDonough family, 82, 106
McDonough, Michael, 120, 131
McDonough's Hill, 120, 128
McGuffey's First Reader, 114
Meeker, Dayton, 132
Memorial Park, 144, 146, 163, 174, 183
Memory, Samuel, 187
Menzel family, 91-92; Hugo, 91-92, 96; Laura, 91-92, 96
Merck vest factory, 83-84, 132
Metropolitan Museum, New York, 24 footnote
Middleville, 27, 53, 82, 85, 90, 103, 113ff., 123
Middleville Union Association, 100, 101, 118, 123
Millburn, 81, 82, 85, 145
Montclair, 82
Morrell, Frank H., 115, 131
Morrell, W. H., 115, 131
Morris and Doty, 118, 123ff.
Morris and Essex Railroad, 43, 45, 63, 104, 149ff., 200
Morrison, Daniel, 64ff., 147, 152, 158, 165, 177
Morristown, 3, 27, 39, 54, 81, 195
Morrow Memorial Methodist Church, 57-58, 144, 158, 162, 182, 185
Morse, S. F. B., 9, 16, 18ff., 23, 105
Muir, Arthur, 187
Murchison, the Reverend Colin, 53
Murphy, Kathryn Ricalton, 75 footnote

National Academy of Design, 9, 20ff.
"Necessity Corner," 8, 61, 204ff.
"Neighbor Joseph," 8ff., 35ff.
Newark, 3, 5, 13, 27, 55, 79 footnote, 82, 83, 87, 143, 194
Newark cider, 6, 55
Newark Mountain, 82, 194
Newark Museum, 24, 25 footnote
New York City, 4, 12ff., 53, 80, 83
North Farms, 27, 60, 79ff., 82, 85, 92, 111ff., 194

O'Brien, J. Charles, 161
Old Stone House, 45ff., 148ff., 181, 182, 199ff., 203
Olympic Park, 88, 90, 135
Orange, 32, 54, 82, 83, 143ff.
Orange Mountain, 3, 9, 39, 43, 49, 51, 54, 137, 186, 188, 194
Osborn, Joseph, 82, 96, 97ff.; Laura, 98, 115

Pansy growing, Hilton, 90-91, 108
Parcell, Earnest, 96
Park, Edson, 112
Parker, Governor Joel, 47 footnote, 180
Parsons, Frank J., 75 footnote, 196
Paulus Hook, 33, 81
Payne, Ebenezer, 102
Payne, John Howard, 9, 20
Pfau's Hotel, 135, 137
Philadelphia, 80; Centennial Exposition, 87, 106, 118, 123
Philhower's Tavern, 84
Phoenix Paper Mill, 151, 152
Pierson, Abby Susannah, 40 footnote, 45, 63
Pierson, Deacon Bethuel, 201
Pierson House, 213ff.
Pierson, Hubert, 161-162
Pierson, Jabez, 33
Pierson, Joseph, 199, 201
Pierson, Lewis, 40, 45ff., 56, 62, 213
Pierson, Lewis Henry, 161-162, 170, 176

Pierson's Mill, 39ff., 56, 147, 163, 166, 213
Pierson's Pond, 45, 129, 163, 170, 171, 172
Pierson, Samuel, 39, 40
Pierson, William, 32
Ponds in Hilton,
  Becker's Upper and Lower, 120, 128
  Burnet's, 120
  Griffith's, 128
  Hausling's, 120, 128
  Hausmann's, 120, 128
  Jerolaman's, 128
  Lockwood's, 128
Pope, John Russell, 193
Post Office, 7ff., 56, 76
Post, Rachel, 8 footnote
Povey and Belcher, 118
Presbyterian Church, 3, 143
Prospect Presbyterian Church, 168, 185-186

Queen Victoria, 107, 131

Rahway River, 40, 43, 54, 56, 147, 183, 188
Reading Club, Hilton, 92ff.
Reed, Luman, 21
Reeve, Victor F., 38
Reeves, Fred, 158
Reeves, Harold, 159
Reeves, Harvey, 151
Ricalton, Elizabeth, 66, 153, 165-166
Ricalton, James, 64ff., 69ff., 153ff., 162, 165
Riker, C. B., 159, 170, 178
Roosevelt, C. V. S., 55 footnote, 56, 63, 76ff.
"Roosevelt Park," 78, 160, 164, 169, 172
Roosevelt, Theodore, 74, 77ff.
Ross, Sam, 173, 175

Saengerfest, 88
St. Joseph's Catholic Church, 119
Salter, Mrs. Charlotte C., 62
Sayre House, 215
Seasons, The, James Thomson, 15, 18
Sharp, Thomas, 63, 77
Shedden, John W., 54
"Shunpike," 81
"Sketch Club," 20
Skimmerton, 87, 137
Slaves on Essex County, 30 footnotes
Smallpox, 50, 195
Smith, Caroline, 58
Smith, Frederic W., 86
Smith, Isaac, 76
Smith, Mrs. Lucy, 53
Mrs. Smith's store, 176
Smith, Samuel W., 61
Smith, Stacey, 178
Smith-Taylor House, 48
Smith, Truman, 165, 173
Smith, William B., 62
Smith, William H., 53, 158, 161, 162, 187
South Mountain Reservation, 190
South Orange, 27, 38, 43, 67, 143ff., 147
Springfield, 3, 5, 10, 35, 39, 51, 79, 143ff., 151, 196
Stewart, Charles, 96; General Store, 136, 137
Stewart, Juliaette, 102-103, 136, 165
Stoddard, Alexander R., 186 footnote
Stoddard, Mrs. Alexander R., 25 footnote, 186 footnote
Strawberries, 92-93, 103ff., 131ff., 159, 169, 215

Taylor, Dr. G. H., 61, 204ff.
Terrill, Phebe, 58
Terrill, "My mother" Phebe, 58
Thayer, the Reverend A. A., 110
"The Harbor," 80 footnote, 105, 120, 138, 146
Thompson, George K., 187
Tichenor House, 48, 146, 203
Treacy, Ellsworth, 178
Treat, Robert, 79, 82, 103, 194
Trenchard, "Aunt Hannah," 53, 55 footnote
Trenchard, Odell, 58
Trimpi, William, 147, 169
Trumbull, John, 9, 14ff., 18, 20
Turkey Mountains, 43, 49
"Turtle Lake," 8
"Tuscan," 173
Tuscan Club of Hilton, 54, 85
"Tuscan Hall," 80, 208

Underwood and Underwood, 73, 153
Union Chapel, 100, 101, 119, 133
Universalist Chapel, 116

Vanderlyn, John, 9, 18 footnote, 19
Vanderveer, Elias, 55 footnote
Van Ness family, 82
Van Ness, Andrew, 92, 94ff., 114, 121, 145

Van Ness, Caleb, 83, 92, 93, 95, 114
Van Ness, Eugene, 92
Van Ness, James, 92ff., 96
Van Ness, John, 92-93, 106, 120, 131, 137
Van Ness, Peter, 92
Van Ness farm, 146
Van Ness Hill, 120, 128
Van Ness Library, 94, 95ff., 139
"Vaux Hall," 41 footnote, 62ff., 82, 150 footnote
Vincent, Bishop John H., 117
Vinegar Hill, 50, 180

Ward Home, 89, 192ff.
Ward, Marcus L., Governor of New Jersey, 192
Ward, Dr. William Rankin, 101 footnote, 102
Ware, Percy, 133-134
Washington, General George, 51, 174, 195ff., 205
Washington Inn, 194ff., 206
Washington Rock, 196
Whitelaw, J. G., 187
Whittingham, Dr., 25, 56
Williams, R. C., 149
Williams, Thomas, 98, 138
Wilson, Mrs. George C., 75 footnote
Woodbury, Will, 147, 170
Woodman, Mrs. George (Lucy Durand), 25
Woods, Jim, 168
Wychwood, Westfield, 209